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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

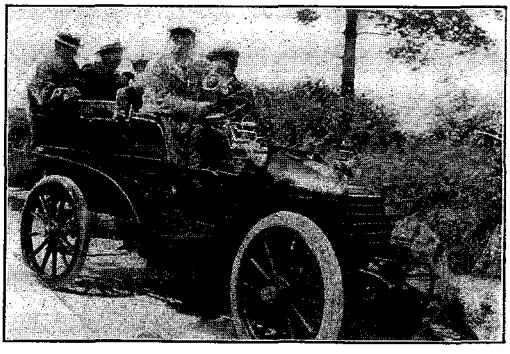
An American Note

That the author of *The Old Wives Tale* and *The Five Towns* is a writer of substantial talent is something that we unhesitatingly affirm. But now that Mr. Bennett has visited us, been lavishly entertained, and taken his departure, has it not all been just a little bit absurd?

Departed Greatness

Two exceedingly shrewd and observing practitioners of the detective story are Samuel Hopkins Adams and Burton Egbert Stevenson. Both take this form of narrative very seriously, and are quick to detect the flaw in any tale that is not builded on a sound foundation. Naturally both instantly pointed out the astonishing weakness in the plot of the latest Sherlock Holmes story, which appeared in last month's *American Magazine*. The tale concerns the disappearance of an English gentlewoman who has fallen into the hands of a scoundrel, known as "Holy" Peters, and the woman who passes as his wife. These latter two plan to make way with their victim by chloroforming her and burying her in a specially designed coffin with the body of a little old woman for whose burial the proper certificate has been obtained. Sherlock interposes in the nick of time. The story has ingenious points, but with the immediate comment of Mr. Adams and Mr. Stevenson that the odour of chloroform is one of the most penetrating of all odours, the whole edifice of the Doyle tale comes tumbling to the ground.

It is about time, we think, for readers to allow Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to have his way and stop writing Sherlock Holmes stories, for the later tales have shown conclusively and convincingly that, in the language of the ring, the sleuth of Upper Baker Street "cannot come back." In recent reincarnations he has proved quite as lifeless as his prototype, Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, who died a few months ago. From the degenerate and clearly incompetent Sherlock Holmes of to-day it is a relief to turn to stories and characters in which Doyle is putting some enthusiasm—the tales that make up his recently published *The Last Galley*, for example. "Printer's proof or trireme?" was the pertinent interrogation of some one to whom we recommended the book the other day, and in reply to that question we shall explain that the last galley is the remnant of the defeated Carthaginian navy vainly trying to escape



CONAN DOYLE IN 1900 DRIVING A PARTY OF CRICKETERS IN A CAR THAT THEN REPRESENTED THE LATEST IDEAS OF MOTOR CONSTRUCTION

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AHMEEN RIHANI AND SHEIKH ISKANDAR AZAR
According to the author of The Book of Khalid Sheikh, Iskandar Azar, with his three or four widely read humorous books, is a kind of Syrian Mark Twain.

to the African shore. *The Last Galley* is not an important book, but it is an interesting one. In the author's own words it represents an attempt to invade a region between actual story and actual history, and it is very much more worth while than the obviously laboured and half-hearted attempts to resuscitate a character whose powers began to wane about the time that his creator first began to occupy himself in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration.

Forster's Life

A holiday book that should have an enduring career is the memorial edition of John Forster's *Life of Dickens*. It contains, in addition to the original text, five hundred portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations that have been collected, arranged and annotated by B. W. Matz. Probably most of the readers of THE BOOKMAN have read Forster's *Life*. To those who have not our advice is to do so as soon as possible, for it is one of the most comprehensive and entertaining of biographies. Carlyle compared it to Boswell. Some critics maintain that the want of conversation in Forster's book is its weakness, but to us this seems rather a commendable fault.

Dickens's Early Earnings

THE BOOKMAN has expressed itself frankly on the subject of the Dickens stamps designed for the financial benefit of Dickens's heirs of the present day. We disapproved of them at the beginning, and we disapprove of them now. As we have pointed out, the American public paid Dickens very generously for his readings in this country, and the novelist, after a life during which he did not stint himself, to say the least, left an estate of approximately half a million of dollars. For Dickens even from the days of his first fame, which came early in life, was always a substantial money winner with his pen, and not the least interesting pages of Forster's *Life* are those which deal with his early literary earnings. He was but twenty-four years of age when Chapman and Hall suggested to him the writing of the *Pickwick Papers*. There was no financial agreement except a verbal one. Each number was to consist of a sheet and a half, for which the publishers were to pay fifteen guineas; and two numbers were paid in advance in order that Dickens might have the money on which to marry. *Pickwick* altogether cost Chapman and Hall three thousand pounds.

The arrangement made for *Nicholas Nickleby* was that Chapman and Hall should pay Dickens twenty separate sums of one hundred and fifty pounds each for five years' use of the copyright, the entire ownership of which was then to revert to Dickens. In view of the weekly publication that he projected in 1839 an additional fifteen hundred pounds was paid at the close of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Dickens was also to receive fifty pounds a week for his contributions to the periodical, of which all risks were borne by the publisher. Nevertheless, it was not long before he felt himself seriously underpaid, and in 1843 he finally broke away from Chap-

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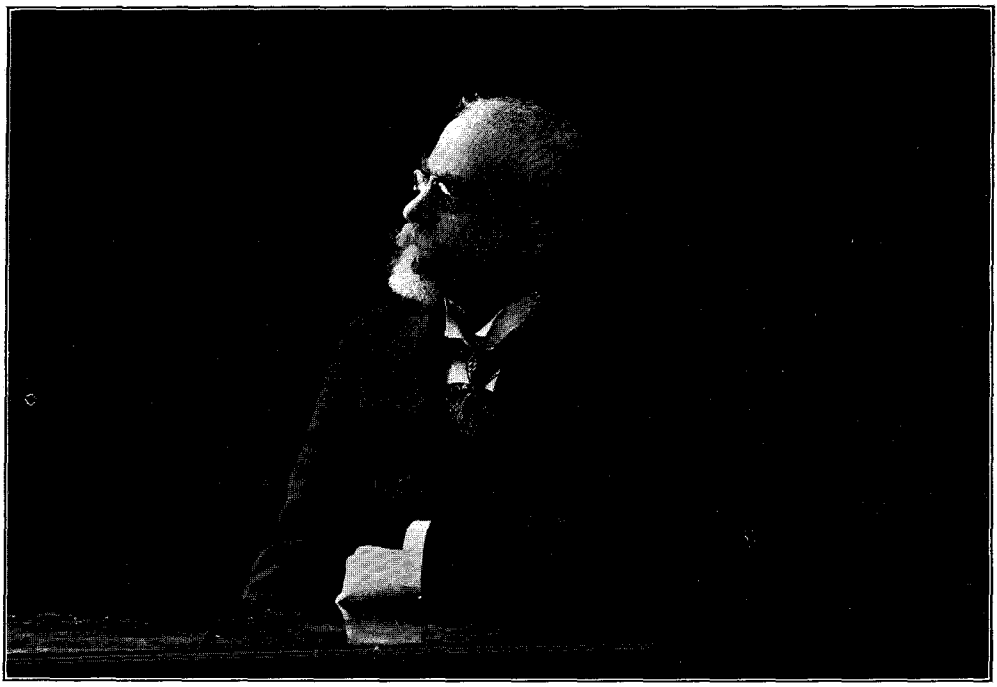

PIERRE PONAFIDINE

man and Hall, and threw in his fortunes with Bradbury and Evans. It was that firm that published *The Christmas Carol,* which, despite an injudicious form of production, earned him almost a thousand pounds from the sale of fifteen thousand copies before the close of the first year. As part of his arrangement with his new publishers he made an agreement, executed on the first of June, 1844, by the which, upon advance made to him of twenty-eight hundred pounds, he assigned to them a fourth share in whatever he might write during the ensuing eight years. No obligations were imposed as to what work should be written, if any, or the form of it. By 1847, when *Dombey and Son* had appeared, Dickens, then only thirty-five, was in the full flush of his financial prosperity. The accounts for the first half year of Dombey were so much in excess of what had been expected from the publishing arrangements that from this date all embarrassments connected with money were brought to a close. His future profits varied, of course, with his varying sales, but there was always enough. "The profits of the half year are brilliant," he wrote to Forster. "Deducting the hundred pounds a month paid six times I have still to receive two thousand two hundred and twenty pounds, which I think is tidy." At the same time, and at practically the same age, his great contemporary was a poorly paid literary hack, going about trying to find a publisher with courage enough to issue in monthly parts a series of scenes dealing with English society—the book that was to develop into *Vanity Fair.*

Pierre Ponafidine

The season has brought out several books dealing with Oriental topics, and at least one of them is reported to have had a considerable material success. This is *Life in the Moslem East,* by Pierre Ponafidine, Russian Imperial Consul-General at Constantinople. Pierre Ponafidine has been in the Russian Consular service for thirty-seven years. He equipped himself for the work by studying Arabic, Turkish, and Persian. In 1874 he was appointed to service at Teheran. Since then he has been stationed at Tabriz, Bagdad, and Meshed, while his various duties have taken him at one time or another to most of the towns in northern Persia

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Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

SIR GILBERT PARKER AND THE LATE KING EDWARD VII

and the Persian Gulf, as well as to Egypt and to India. He was one of the pioneers of his country in Transcaspia and the Caucasus, and special missions, of which the most important was the Anglo-Russian Pamir expedition of 1895, have also taken him to Bokhara and Tashkend. He has been Consul-General at Constantinople since 1903.

J. H. Fabre

If you have not read *The Life of the Bee* this paragraph is not for you; only our commiseration that you have not yet enjoyed that most charming, human and poetic study of insect life. But if you have read the book, you will recall M. Maeterlinck's tribute to the man whose name you had never heard, his master in the rare art of observing the ways of the insects:

> Fame is often forgetful, negligent, behindhand or unjust; and the crowd is almost ignorant of the name of J. H. Fabre, who is one of the most profound and inventive scholars and also one of the purest writers and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets of the century that is just past.

Hardly any one could read this generous praise of a scholar who is also a poet without an impulse to search out the man and his work. Knowledge of him was not, however, easy to come at in English. A volume of selections was published ten or a dozen years ago. Now at last Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, the sympathetic translator of Maeterlinck, has performed a like service for Fabre. In a volume entitled *The Life and Love of the Insect*, he gives us the Frenchman's studies of a creature scarcely less fascinating than the bee—the Sacred Beetle, the Scarab of the Ancients. One perceives here the source of the Belgian's inspiration. Fabre is as minutely, painstakingly informative as his disciple, and he writes no less admirably, with the same delightful fancy, the same gentle humour, the same quaint charm. He is a very old man, born in 1823; and at the last he has come into a little portion of his kingdom, for while his fame is spreading abroad he is adored at home, and Mr. de Mattos tells us that his birthday is now celebrated annually at Sérignan and at Orange.

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LADY GREGORY

Strange Collaborators

George Moore, in the first volume of his *Hail and Farewell,* gives an amusing picture of Lady Gregory, who has been called the mother of the Irish drama, and whose company of players has experienced so many strange vicissitudes. George Moore and Yeats went to Coole, Lady Gregory's Irish home, for the purpose of writing *Diarmuid and Grania.* They worked on a seat under a weeping ash in the garden, quarrelling as to how the play should be written, Lady Gregory intervening when the talk waxed loud. She would cross the sward and pacify them, and tempt them out of argument into the work of construction. Yeats had some very positive ideas about the use of words, protesting against the use of any that might recall a particular epoch. For example, he thought the words "honour" and "ideal" suggested the Middle Ages and should not be used. He felt that the word "glory" was charged with modern idea—the glory of God and the glory that should cover Lord Kitchener when he returned from Africa. The word "soldier" represented to him a man wearing a red tunic; an equivalent had to be found, "swordsman" or "fighting man." He considered "hill" a better word than mountain, and pointed out that the word "ocean" was not known to the early Irish, only the sea.

With two collaborators, each having very dogmatic ideas, it is no wonder that there were constant disputes, and that all the tact that Lady Gregory possessed was required to renew amicable relations. Yeats's theory was that the first act of

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every good play is horizontal, the second perpendicular, and the third circular. Moore agreed to this, and the matter of construction was adjusted. But it was not so easy to reach a satisfactory basis for the writing, and finally Moore said that he would sooner write the play in French. Yeats said: "Why not write it in French? Lady Gregory will translate it." And that night Moore was awakened by his collaborator with the following suggestion: "Lady Gregory will

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER AND ANOTHER "MUSICAL AMATEUR"

translate your text into English. Taidgh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregroy will translate the Irish text back into English."

It will be a long time before any one has the last say about James McNeill Whistler, and it will be a long time before any one will express himself more vigorously than Mr. Frank Harris has lately been doing about the celebrated controversy between Ruskin and Whistler and the trial which resulted in a verdict of one farthing damages, without costs, in favour of the American painter. As Mr. Harris sums it up:

Whistler versus Ruskin

> This Whistler was exhibiting some of his work, notably some "Nocturnes," night scenes on the Thames. The worst the trading-folk and their servants, the journalists and critics should do if they didn't like the work would be to pass by in reverent silence, recognising the nobility of the intention. But, no! A man, self-styled a critic and connoisseur of painting, declared that this priest of art, Whistler, was insulting the public, throwing his paint-box, so to speak, in their faces, and asking money for the insult. No more preposterous and improbable accusation was ever made; it was shamefully cruel besides, and the very reverse of the truth. But it was repeated and re-echoed in every London paper with triumphant yells of obscene delight amid the hee-haws of the multitudinous, furry-eared crowd. Had Ruskin tried to stop a financier from swindling or a tradesman from stealing he would have had a warm time of it in England *even though he had told the truth.* But Ruskin could practically ruin a great artist with a foolish lie and English journalism and English prejudice would help him in every way.

Howard Pyle, the illustrator, who died suddenly at Florence, Italy, on November 9th, had been associated for more than thirty years, both as author and artist, with the periodical publications of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. He recently gave this interesting account of his first successful venture as an artist to Mr. James B. Morrow, who quoted the painter in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:* "I had been in New York for a year and a half, perhaps, when I painted my first important picture. It was made in black and white and called "The Wreck in the Offing." A crew of a life-saving station were in a room playing cards by the light of a lantern. The door burst open and a man in oilskins, streaming with spray and rain,

Bohemian Days

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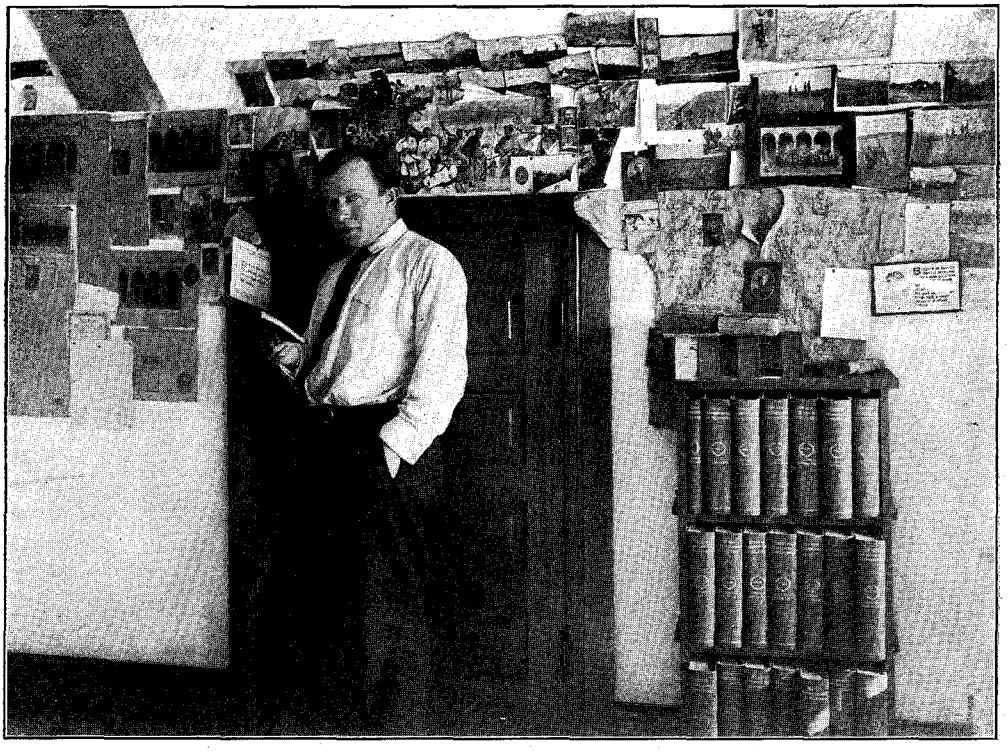

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

told the news of the disaster. I spent weeks on that picture. When it was finished five cents was the total sum of my remaining cash resources. I knew the idea was worth fifteen dollars even if the picture were rejected. But I neglected to consider that the art editor might be absent. It was a shock, therefore, when I found that he had gone home for the day. However, I left the picture. Walking back to my studio, miles away, I stopped to see Frederick Church, who was always kind to young artists, but I could not bring myself to the point of letting him know that I was penniless. I told the young men who shared my studio that I was ill and had lost my appetite. But when they had gone to the restaurant I searched my old clothing and found half a dollar; it paid for my dinner that night, my breakfast next morning, and my carfare back to Harper's. My nerves were on edge when at last I faced the art editor. My picture, big as a house, was standing on his desk. I felt sure the minute I saw it that it had been declined. 'Mr. Harper,' the art editor said, 'has looked at your picture and likes it. Indeed, he intends to give it a double page in the *Weekly*.'

"Since that eventful morning," Mr. Pyle continued, "my ways have been in pleasant places. I was paid seventy-five dollars for 'The Wreck in the Offing,' and the first thing I did was to take a friend to Delmonico's for luncheon. I want to add that I thought I foresaw the time when illustrating would be a very important part of art life in this country. I never lost confidence in my early judgment, and I am glad I have lived to see American illustrating a dignified and major factor in our national art evolution." "Why did you leave New York and come back to Wilmington?" was asked. "I found the diversions in New York too many and attractive for sustained and serious effort. When I made up my mind to move I didn't linger, but packed my effects and bought a ticket." "How do you work and when do you play?" "I come to my studio in the morning and stay until six o'clock in the

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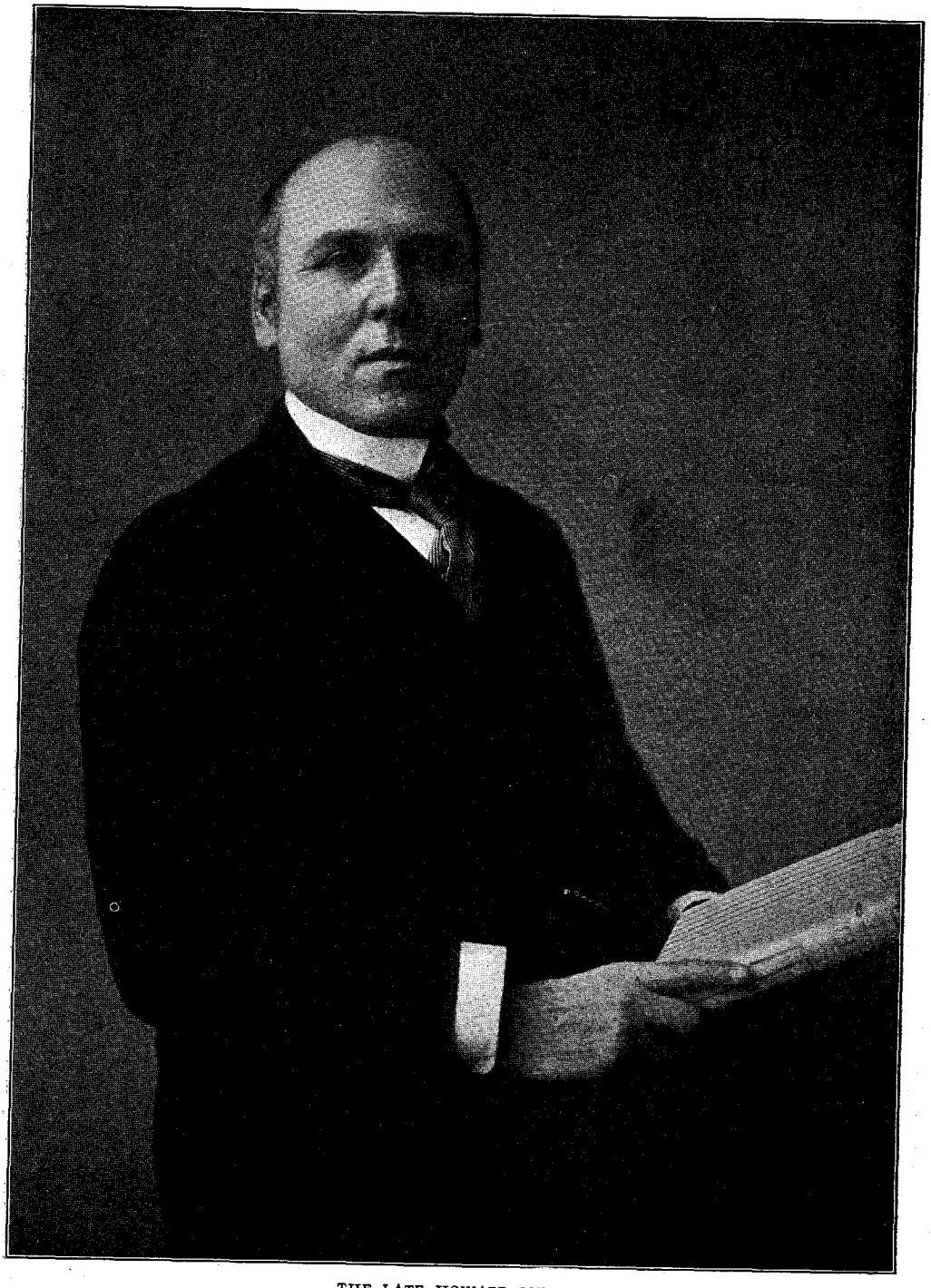
summer, and so long as I can see in the winter. When I shut the doors of this building I shut my mind to paints, pencils, and pictures. I don't think of art except when I am here. I don't talk it. I stand up while I work and that is all



THE LATE HOWARD PYLE

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the physical exercise I ever get. My recreation is found in the social life of the fine old city of Wilmington, and it is equal to the best in the United States."

Best Sellers of 1911

Some day we are going to print what we hope will be a sweeping vindication of that exceedingly useful, significant, and much maligned department that appears in the last pages of every issue of THE BOOKMAN. As we have said before, when we print the list of "the best selling books" we are not under the impression that we are pointing solemnly to stupendous monuments of literature. We do not even claim that every individual report is absolutely accurate and unbiased; but we do implicitly believe that these reports, collected and weighed, are accurate and unbiased in the bulk. But the vindication for this department that we plan will not deal with matters of personal integrity. We are going to dip into the subject of the "best sellers" of the past, and we believe that in these "best sellers" we shall find nine-tenths of what has proved permanent in literature. We have not the slightest doubt that in ancient Rome there were scoffers who fleered at Quintus Horatius Flaccus on the grounds of his popularity, professing vastly to prefer to his *Odes* the verses of some less favoured bards. Unquestionably, in the London of the early seventeenth century there were critics who deplored that popular taste which took theatre goers to the Globe to witness the plays of Mr. Will Shakespeare. (We refuse to be drawn in any way into the old controversy.) A hundred years later and the "best sellers" of England were Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson. Another hundred years, and they were Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer-Lytton.

With this month's issue THE BOOKMAN completes its seventeenth year, and we have been looking over the old volumes with an eye to that much-discussed question of "best sellers." The first number of the magazine bore the date of February, 1895, and though there were reports of book sales from nineteen different cities, there was then no summing up of these reports such as there is today. Going over those lists of the first issue according to the system now followed, we find that the first "best seller" was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. In a month when there were only about half as many reports as are now received that book led with a total of 138 points. Other books of prominence among the best sellers of that time were *The Prisoner of Zenda, The Manxman, Golden House,* and *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.* We do not think that these books have been entirely forgotten. If they have been, where are the masterpieces of that year that grew in obscurity, only to emerge at the bidding of a wiser and more discriminating posterity?

The best selling books for 1895 were Ian MacLaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,* Paul Leicester Ford's *The Honorable Peter Stirling.* They were not *Père Goriots* or *Vanity Fairs,* to be sure, but we think that librarians will bear us out in saying that they are still fairly widely read. For 1896 there were Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis* and Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty.* 1897 saw on the crest of popularity James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible,* Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune,* Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne* and Hall Caine's *The Christian.* In 1898 the book that stood out as the year's best seller was Edward N. Westcott's *David Harum.* In 1899 there were several strong contendants: *David Harum* was still in the field, as were Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel,* Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* and the various books dealing with the philosophy of Mr. Martin Dooley of Chicago. In 1900 the books of chief prominence in the list were *Red Pottage, Alice of Old Vincennes, To Have and To Hold,* and *Janice Meredith;* in 1901 they were *The Crisis, The Right of Way* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* A compilation made from the lists of THE BOOKMAN for the eight years from 1895 to 1902 inclusive showed that the three leading best sellers of that period were *Quo Vadis, David Harum* and *The*

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Crisis. The best selling authors of the same period were, in order, Winston Churchill, Gilbert Parker, Ian MacLaren, James Lane Allen and Sienkiewicz.

In the matter of "the best selling books" as studied in THE BOOKMAN lists the year 1911 may be said to have come in in petticoats. Turn to THE BOOKMAN for last January, and among the six most popular books there reported you will find that the first, second, third and sixth were written by women. These were respectively Mrs. Barclay's *The Rosary* with 178 points, Mrs. Thurston's *Max* with 150 points, Mrs. Barclay's *The Mistress of Shenstone* with 127 points and Miss Abbott's *Molly Make-Believe* with 99 points. Fourth and fifth places in the January lists were held by Meredith Nicholson's *The Siege of the Seven Suitors* and Stewart Edward White's *The Rules of the Game.* Mrs. Barclay's exceedingly vital tale was again the leader for February with a point total of 298. In this month the motto of "Best Sellers by Women" was even more flaunting. *Molly Make-Believe* was second, *Max* third, Mary E. Waller's *Flamstead Quarries* fifth, and *Mary Cary* sixth. Mr. Stewart Edward White was the only masculine intruder. Perhaps the fact that at the time he happened to be hunting lions in Africa may have been partly responsible for his temerity.

Again in March *The Rosary* was the leader, this time with 230 points, 36 points above its nearest competitor, *Molly Make-Believe.* The men novelists seemed to be acquiring new courage, for Mr. Emerson Hough's *The Purchase Price* was third, the highest position so far held in the year by a man's book. In explanatory extenuation it must be said that Mr. Hough's story was over 100 points below Miss Abbott's book. *The Mistress of Shenstone* was fourth, *The Rules of the Game* fifth and a newcomer, *The Golden Silence,* sixth. In April, for the first time since December, 1910, *The Rosary* was not in first place. That its popularity was far from going to pieces, however, was apparent by the fact that it held second position with the respectable total of 185 points. Twelve points above it was *Molly Make-Believe.* Sixth was *Mary Cary.* The other three books were masculine newcomers, Gaston Leroux's *The Phantom of the Opera* third with 138 points, Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil* fourth with 116 points, and Jeffrey Farnol's *The Broad Highway,* destined to have rather an enduring success, fifth with 96 points.

In May, for the first time during the year, a man's book was the leader, Mr. Farnol's *The Broad Highway* having taken first place with 191 points as against 154 points for *Molly Make-Believe. The Prodigal Judge,* by Vaughan Kester, who was to enjoy the success of his book for so short a time, was third, with 111 points, and *The Rosary*—its last appearance in the lists—fourth with 105 points. *The Root of Evil* and *The Phantom of the Opera* were fifth and sixth. In June *The Prodigal Judge* with 279 points was the leader with *The Broad Highway* second with 210 points. David Graham Phillips's posthumous book *The Grain of Dust* was third with 170 points, *The Golden Silence,* by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, fourth, *Molly Make-Believe* fifth, and the much discussed *Marie Claire* sixth. In July again *The Prodigal Judge* was first, and again *The Broad Highway* was second. These books had respectively 240 and 224 points. In this month the other contenders made an exceedingly poor showing, *Miss Gibbie Gault,* which occupied third place, totalling only 93 points. *The Golden Silence* was fourth, Mr. Harrison's *Queed,* a book destined to be heard of again, fifth, and *The Grain of Dust* sixth.

The high point record for 1911 was achieved in the August issue, when Miss Mary Johnston's *The Long Roll* took the lead with 311 points. In second and third places, separated by only two points, were *The Prodigal Judge* and *The Broad Highway. Miss Gibbie Gault* was fourth. *Queed,* occupying the same position that it did the preceding month, had made a gain of 32 points. In sixth place was Miss Ellen Glasgow's *The Miller of Old Church.* In September the race among the leaders was a close one. *The Long*

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Roll was first with 271 points, and *The Prodigal Judge* second with 217 points. *Queed,* running strongly, had crept up to third place and was only four points behind *The Prodigal Judge.* Although *The Broad Highway* had dropped back to fourth place it totalled the same number of points that it had in August. *Miss Gibbie Gault* was fifth and *The Miller of Old Church* sixth. By October *Queed* had taken the lead with 243 points, while *The Long Roll* had dropped from first to sixth place. For the third consecutive month *The Prodigal Judge* was second. For third and fourth places there was a tie between two books making their first appearances in the list, Mr. Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and Mr. Beach's *The Ne'er-Do-Well.* Another newcomer, Mr. Locke's *The Glory of Clementina,* was fifth.

From the feminine point of view October and November were the least satisfactory months of 1911. In October Miss Johnston's *The Long Roll* was sixth. In November it was a little better, for Margaret Deland's *The Iron Woman* was fifth. The November leader was *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* which with 294 points reached the second highest total of the year. Only 32 points below it was Mr. Chambers's *The Common Law,* which in turn had a 33 point lead over *The Ne'er-Do-Well. The Harvester* was fourth, and *Queed,* the leader for the preceding month, sixth. The last month of the year showed for the seventh time a woman's book in the first position. This was *The Iron Woman,* which with 260 points, had a 39 point margin over *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* December brought no new contender into the list. *The Harvester* was third with 196 points, *Queed* fourth with 132 points, *The Ne'er-Do-Well* fifth with 112 points and *The Common Law* sixth with 100 points.

JANUARY

1.	The Rosary	178
2.	Max	150
3.	The Mistress of Shenstone	127
4.	The Siege of the Seven Suitors	123
5.	The Rules of the Game	100
6.	Molly Make-Believe	99

FEBRUARY

1.	The Rosary	298
2.	Molly Make-Believe	165
3.	Max	108
4.	The Rules of the Game	94
5.	Flamstead Quarries	91
6.	Mary Cary	85

MARCH

1.	The Rosary	230
2.	Molly Make-Believe	194
3.	The Purchase Price	93
4.	The Mistress of Shenstone	66
5.	The Rules of the Game	62
6.	The Golden Webb	58

APRIL

1.	Molly Make-Believe	197
2.	The Rosary	185
3.	The Phantom of the Opera	138
4.	The Root of Evil	116
5.	The Broad Highway	96
6.	Mary Cary	77

MAY

1.	The Broad Highway	191
2.	Molly Make-Believe	154
3.	The Prodigal Judge	111
4.	The Rosary	105
5.	The Root of Evil	94
6.	The Phantom of the Opera	88

JUNE

1.	The Prodigal Judge	279
2.	The Broad Highway	210
3.	The Grain of Dust	170
4.	The Golden Silence	147
5.	Molly Make-Believe	109
6.	Marie Claire	85

JULY

1.	The Prodigal Judge	240
2.	The Broad Highway	224
3.	Miss Gibbie Gault	93
4.	The Golden Silence	91
5.	Queed	82
6.	The Grain of Dust	71

AUGUST

1.	The Long Roll	311
2.	The Prodigal Judge	198
3.	The Broad Highway	196
4.	Miss Gibbie Gault	142
5.	Queed	114
6.	The Miller of Old Church	66

SEPTEMBER

1.	The Long Roll	271
2.	The Prodigal Judge	217
3.	Queed	213
4.	The Broad Highway	196
5.	Miss Gibbie Gault	105
6.	The Miller of Old Church	51

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OCTOBER

1.	Queed	243
2.	The Prodigal Judge	164
3.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	151
	The Ne'er-Do-Well	151
5.	The Glory of Clementina	139
6.	The Long Roll	114

NOVEMBER

1.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	294
2.	The Common Law	262
3.	The Ne'er-Do-Well	229
4.	The Harvester	192
5.	The Iron Woman	116
6.	Queed	110

DECEMBER

1.	The Iron Woman	260
2.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	221
3.	The Harvester	196
4.	Queed	132
5.	The Ne'er-Do-Well	112
6.	The Common Law	100

SIX TIMES MENTIONED

Molly Make-Believe.
The Broad Highway.
The Prodigal Judge.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Rosary.
Queed.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Long Roll.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

The Rules of the Game.
Miss Gibbie Gault.
The Winning of Barbara Worth.
The Ne'er-Do-Well.

TWICE MENTIONED

Max.
The Mistress of Shenstone.
Mary Cary.
The Phantom of the Opera.
The Root of Evil.
The Grain of Dust.
The Golden Silence.
The Miller of Old Church.
The Common Law.
The Harvester.
The Iron Woman.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Siege of the Seven Suitors.
Flamstead Quarries.
The Purchase Price.
The Golden Webb.
Marie Claire.
The Glory of Clementina.

In the list for 1911 twenty-seven books were represented as against thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for 1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901, and twenty-nine for 1900. 1911 showed the fewest number of books represented since we have been compiling these records, nine less appearing than in 1908, when the highwater mark of thirty-six was reached. None of the books in the 1911 lists was published anonymously, and there was but one which was the result of collaboration. As a matter of fact it is several years since Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have not provided one such book. Including this American wife and English husband, twenty-eight authors were represented, and of these twelve were women. In addition women held first place in seven out of the twelve months and second place in five months.

"Nothing to Wear"

In *A Retrospect of Forty Years,* which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, William Allen Butler confesses to feeling a pang of mortification that his chief, if not only claim to public recognition, was the writing of a few pages of society verse. But these few pages were the famous "Nothing to Wear" verses, which were quoted all over this country and England, and republished in edition after edition. "Nothing to Wear" originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in February, 1857. In both William Allen Butler's family and that of his wife the male sex were in the minority, and it was therefore natural that in family reunions personal topics, near and dear to the feminine heart, should have been frequently prominent. Thus in the course of time the phrase "nothing to wear" became very familiar to Mr. Butler's ear, and the idea occurred to him that it might be used effectively as the text of a good-natured satire. The idea of giving a moral turn to the subject did not come until he had made considerable progress in his work on the poem, which occupied odd moments of leisure in a

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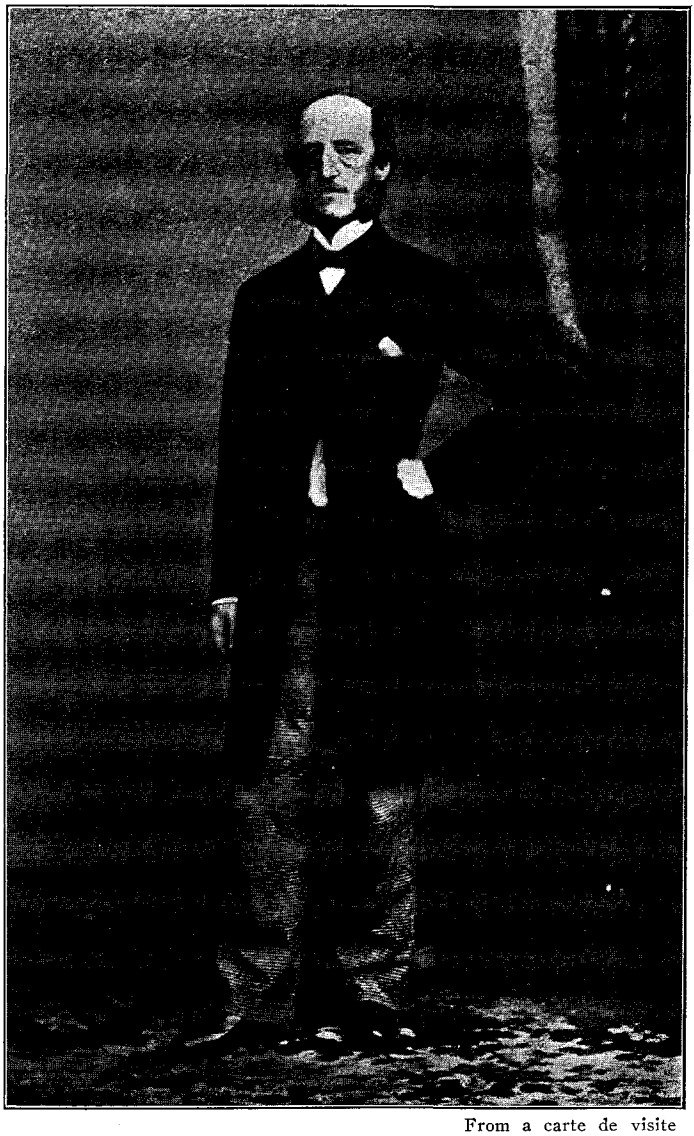
very busy winter. When the verses were finished Mr. Butler took them to his friend, Evert A. Duyckinck, who turned them over to *Harper's Weekly*. There was no thought of securing a copyright, and the cheque for fifty dollars which he received from the Harpers represented the entire pecuniary benefit that Mr. Butler derived from "Nothing to Wear."

As it went to the Harpers the poem contained three hundred and five lines. When Mr. Butler received the proof sheets they were accompanied by a note saying that the addition of twenty-four lines would fill out the last page, and he wrote the required number, inserting them in the body of the poem. "Nothing to Wear" was taken up by the press, and was reprinted in newspapers all over the country. In England it was quite as popular. It was published in book form in London by Sampson, Low and Company, who, in their preface, say that it



From a carte de visite

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER IN 1857, THE YEAR OF THE WRITING OF "NOTHING TO WEAR"

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VIEW OVER THE HUDSON FROM ROUND TOP, WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER'S HOME DURING HIS LATE YEARS

had achieved in America a popularity as great as that achieved in England by Hood's "Song of the Shirt." It appeared also in various English magazines and newspapers. Harriet Martineau in an article on "Female Dress" in the *Westminster Review* quoted it entire. Charles Sumner, who was in Europe at the time, sent the author a copy of the French prose translation, which contained a curious note in reference to the "Mrs. Harris" spoken of in the opening lines as "famous in history." In utter ignorance, apparently, of Dickens's immortal creation, the translator stated that the reference was to a lady who had lost her life by an accident at Niagara Falls. A German translation in verse, with illustrations, appeared in the *Almanach de Gotha.*

In view of the unexpected popularity Mr. Butler suggested to one of the Harpers that the house bring out "Nothing to Wear" as a book. He was told that as eighty thousand copies of the *Weekly* containing the poem had been sold, the demand had been thoroughly satisfied. Another and newer firm of publishers thought differently, obtained permission from the Harpers, and brought out the verses in an attractive form with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, a well-known artist. This firm afterward claimed to have sold twenty thousand copies of the book. Of course no return from this went to Mr. Butler, who soon found that he had made another mistake in publishing "Nothing to Wear" without giving his name to the world as its author. His reason for anonymity had been that he had feared that if he were known to be a writer of verses, it might injure his standing as a lawyer.

As has been said, the poem originally appeared early in February. In July a claimant for the verses came forward in the person of a girl of fifteen, who had reported to her family that she had written the first nine lines, and thirty out of the concluding portion, and that the whole body of the poem (two hundred and ninety lines) had been interpolated by another hand; that while on a visit to New York she had dropped the manuscript, and shortly after discovered the missing lines as published in "Nothing

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MARCEL TINAYRE. BY ROUVEYRE IN THE "MERCURE DE FRANCE"

to Wear." The tale, substantially as told by the child's father, was as follows:

My daughter, about a year ago, in a ramble through the woods near the house where I reside, accidently tore the skirt of her dress. This incident caused her to exclaim, perhaps with some vexation, "There, now I have nothing to wear!" and this exclamation was succeeded by the reflection, "How many are in the habit of declaring that they have nothing to wear, who really have no just cause for complaint, while, on the other hand, multitudes might make the same complaint with truth, as well as sorrow!" He goes on to say that "three fragments, the first consisting of nine, the second of twenty-four, and the third of six lines were written by her on the same sheet of paper and subsequently brought by her on a visit to this city (New York). She had the manuscript in her hand on leaving the cars near Twenty-sixth Street, and passing through the crowd it was lost."

The claim thus put forth in behalf of the juvenile aspirant compelled Mr. Butler to disclose his authorship, which he did by the publication of a card stating explicitly that every line of "Nothing to Wear" was original with him. Horace Greeley exposed the absurdity of the claim in a *Tribune* editorial, and *Harper's Weekly* characterised it as a manifest fraud, pointing out that although the poem was published in February, the spurious claim was not put forth until July. The first nine lines of the poem, which the fifteen-year-old girl claimed to have written, are as follows:

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone and shopping together.

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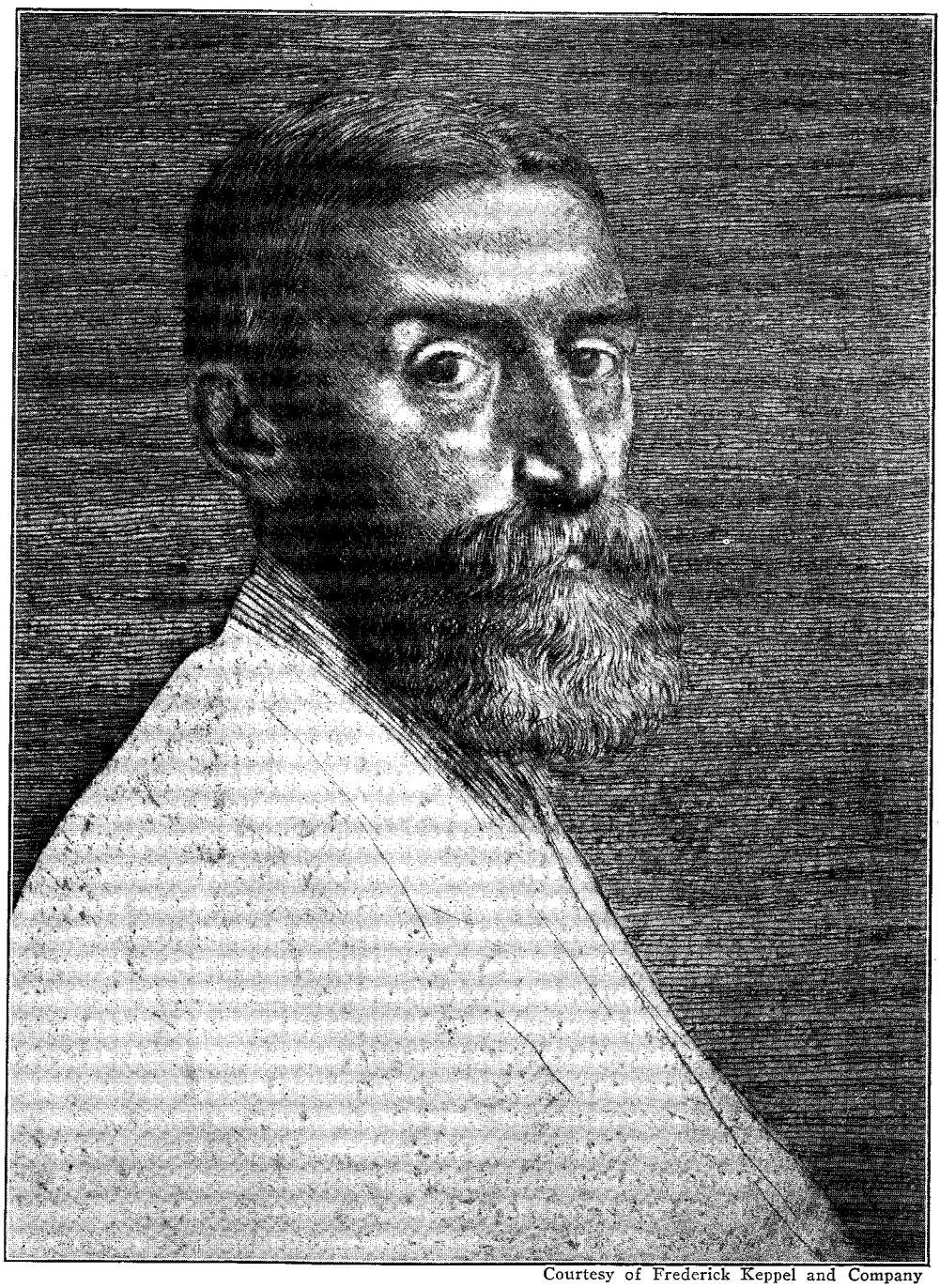
ETCHINGS BY LEGROS



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

E. J. POYNTER

The late Alphonse Legros was born at Dijon in 1837. He studied under Lecoq de Boisbaudran, and in 1857 exhibited a portrait of his father. Two years afterward his "Angelus" was highly praised. In 1863 he became Professor of Etching at South Kensington, and in 1876 was appointed Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, London, to succeed E. J. Poynter. His genre pictures were usually of French rural scenes, painted with marked realism; and his portraits, such as Tennyson, Longfellow, Huxley, and Poynter, are notable.

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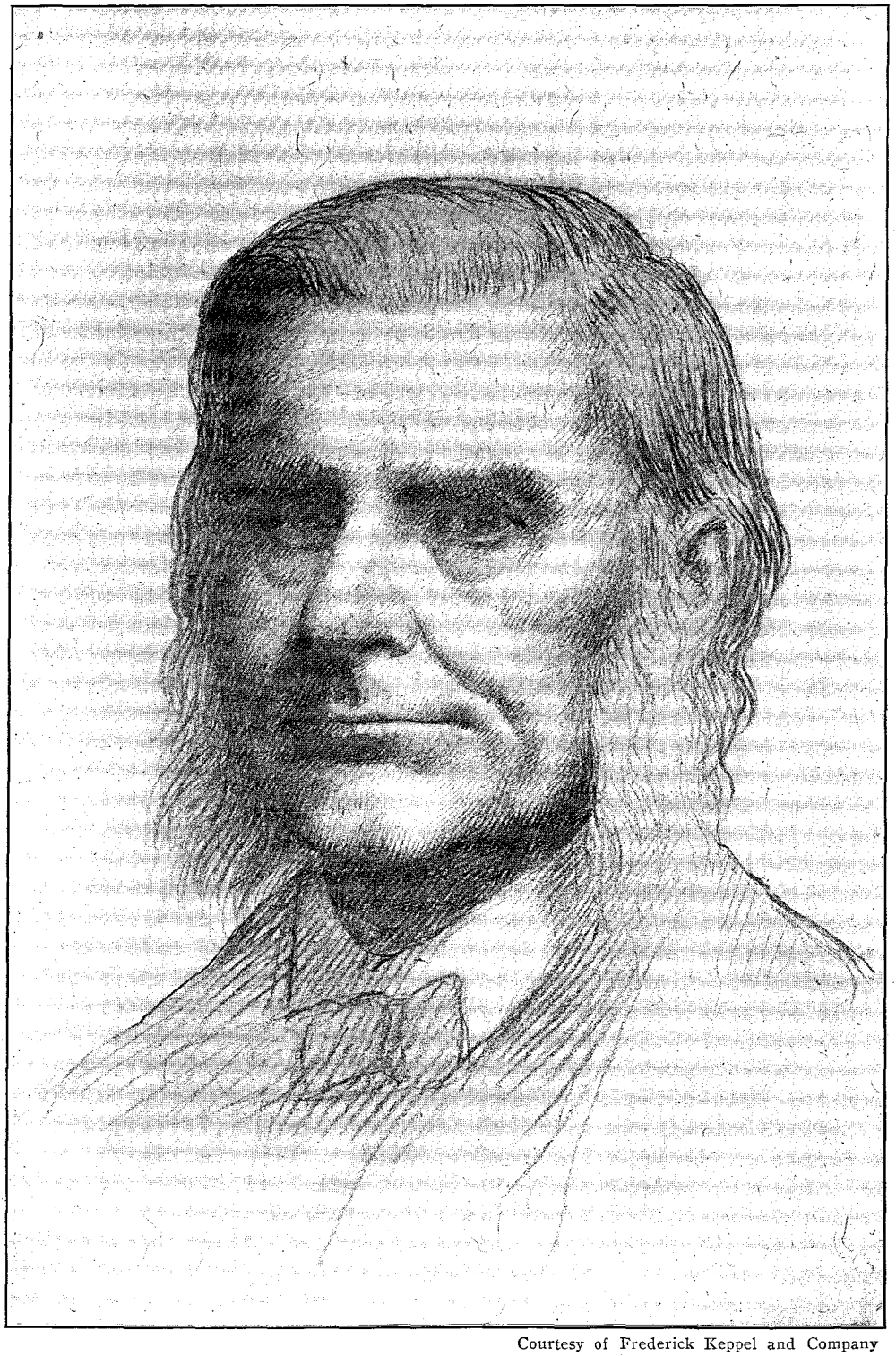

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PROFESSOR HUXLEY

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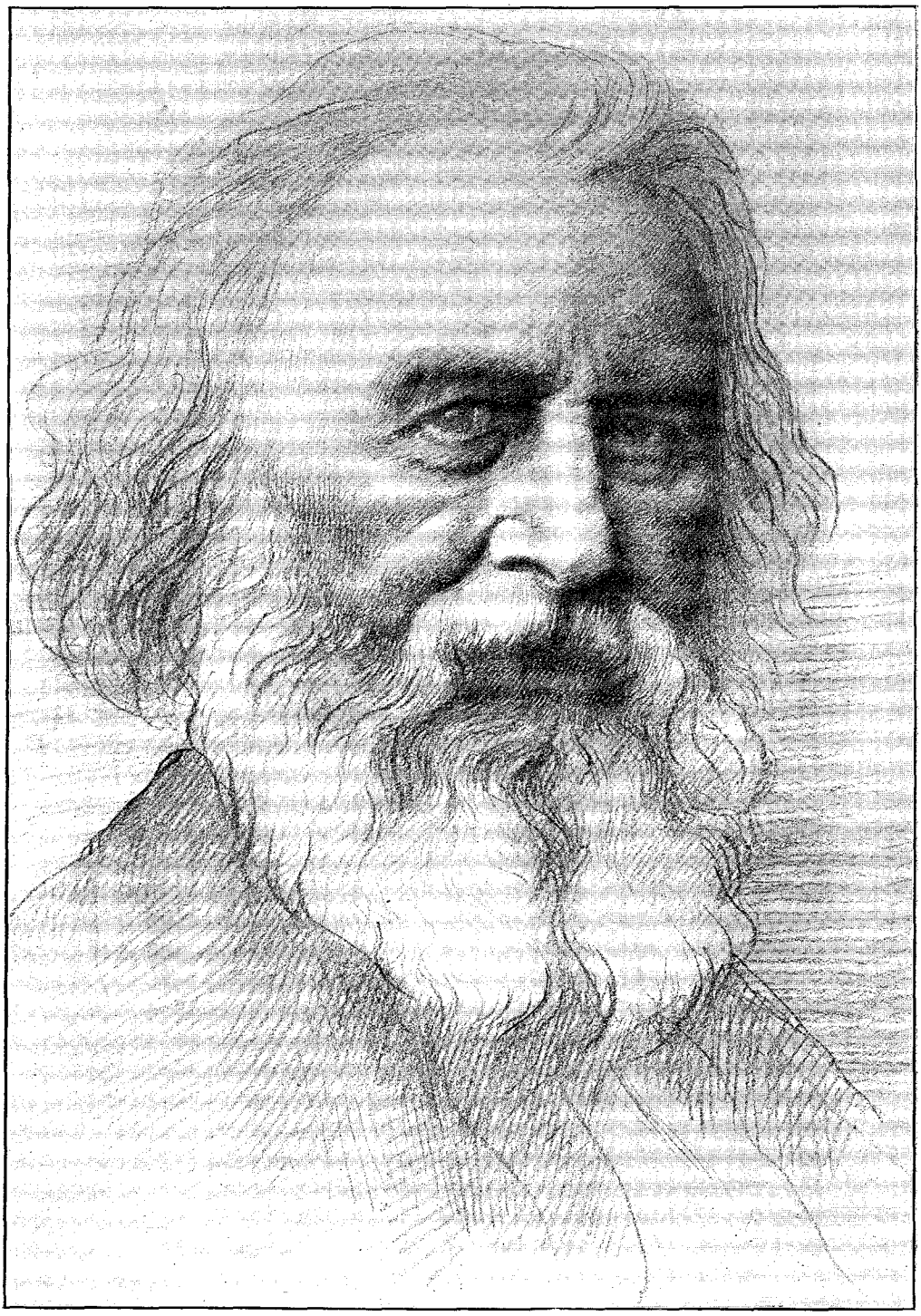

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

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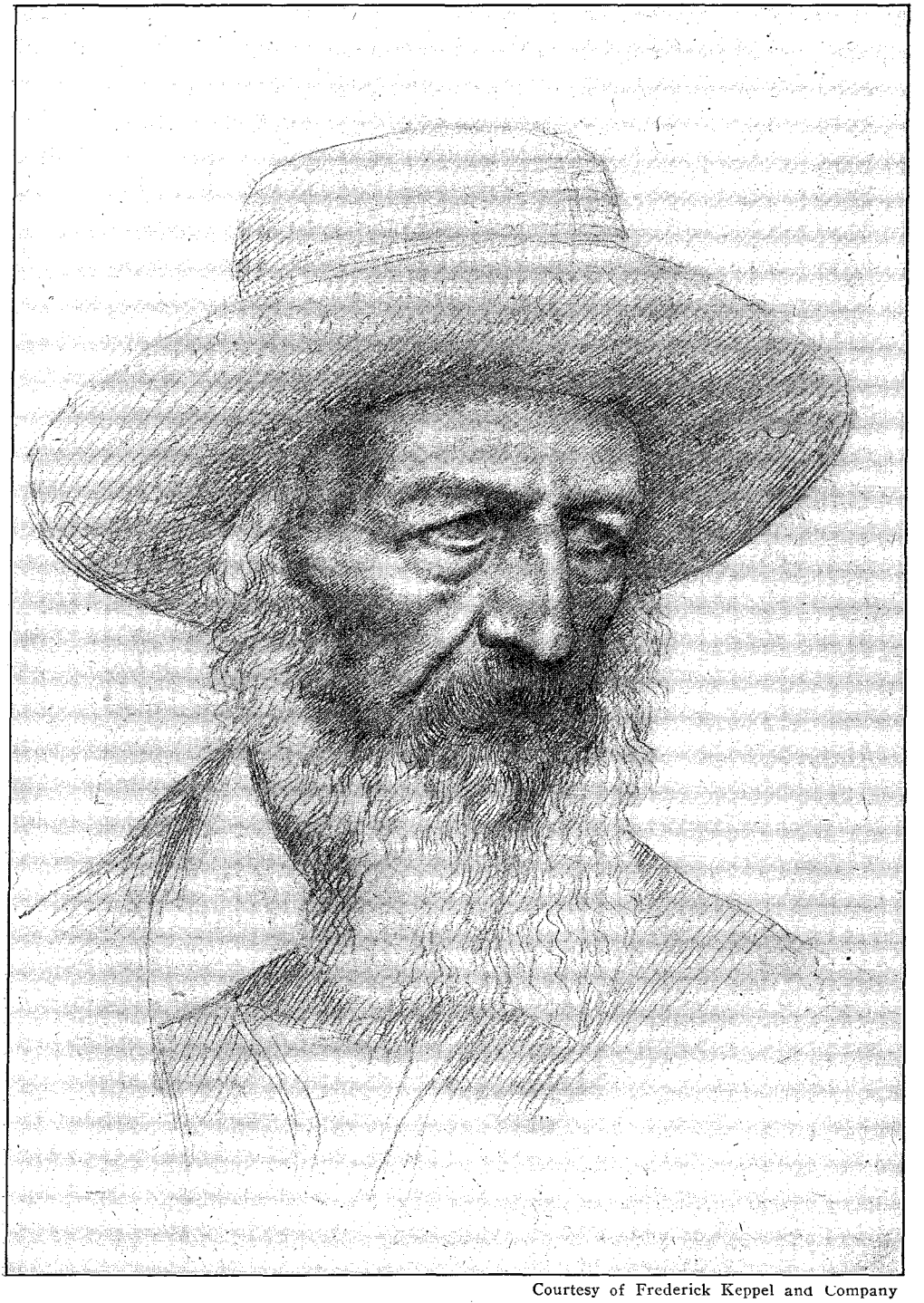

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LORD TENNYSON

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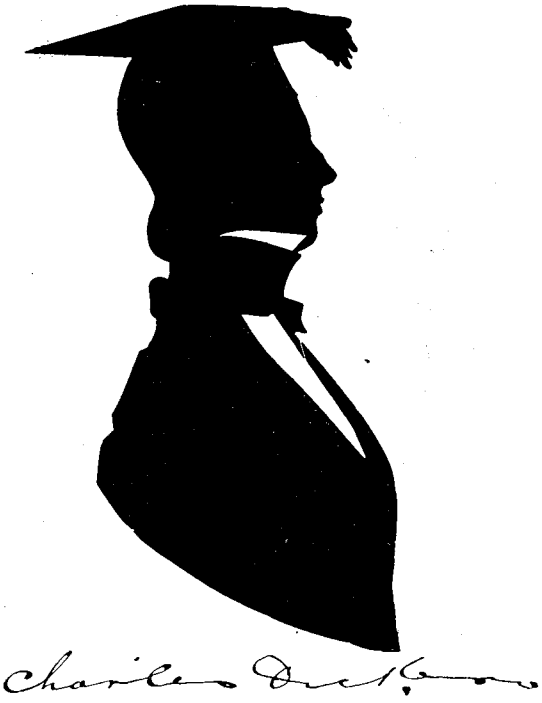
SOME MEN OF LETTERS IN SILHOUETTE

BY NEVILL JACKSON

HE silhouette is the step-sister of photography, the poor relation of the miniature; cheap portraiture was a novelty at the end of the eighteenth century when Etienne de Silhouette lived. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the masses had discovered the charm of personal portraiture and prince and peasant thronged the studios of the clever silhouettists, groping, had they but known it, for the still cheaper sun picture that Daguerre was making ready. In 1839 Daguerre was in Paris registering his appliances for the taking of Apothecary's pictures as the sage of Brentwood calls them. In the same year August Edouart, the clever French artist, landed in the United States and began that tour which resulted in the formation of the most extraordinary pictorial record that any nation has inherited.



These portraits, of which no fewer than three thousand six hundred have recently been discovered, seem to be of great value, for not only is each portrait marked at the back, in Edouart's fine pointed handwriting, with the name of the sitter, the date and place of its taking; but methodically kept list books and indices corroborate the details and often give others.

August Edouart was born in 1788 at Dunkerque and served well under Napoleon. When the Empire fell he married and went to England. Losing his property in the political crisis in France in 1825 he accidently discovered his great talent for catching a likeness in silhouette and used this talent as a means of livelihood. From the first his natural gift of keen observation, not only of feature, but of character, stood him in good stead and raised him from the ruck of silhouette cutters.

In addition his extraordinary business-like and methodical ways of naming and dating his subjects soon gave him a very fine collection of portraits of persons of all ranks. His exhibition was a great attraction. With it, he travelled all over England, Scotland and Ireland.

For eight years Edouart continued his work in the British Isles, and by that time had nearly fifty thousand silhouette likenesses. Then, though by no means a young man, he determined to visit America. The New World was filling the minds of artists and men of letters as well as the business men who saw there a new El Dorado. A friend wrote to Edouart in 1838. "Write to me from America. The Americans are known to encourage talent of every description; and I hope to see you return laden with the produce of your labours in that fresh and interesting country." Edouart literally worked his way up to Liverpool, for at the end of 1838 he was taking portraits in that town. He must have crossed the Atlantic early in January, for at the end of that month, 1839, he was taking por-

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RUFUS WILLIAM GRISWOLD. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1839

traits in New York. His address in that city was 114 Broadway, where he stayed with a man named Roe Lockwood. According to old letters addressed to him, his bankers appear to have been Messrs. A. Bell & Company, Fulton Street, New York.

In 1839 no fewer than three hundred and eighty-one portraits were taken of citizens of the United States living at New York, Saratoga, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. Among the editors and journalists were S. G. Goodrich, author of *Peter Parley's Tales,* taken at Boston; the Rev. E. G. Smith, who is entered as the "late editor of the quarterly *Christian Spectator";* William Leete Stone of the New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

In 1840 Edouart worked in New York, Boston, Saratoga, Philadelphia, Washington, Delaware, Baltimore and Brooklyn. Five hundred and thirty-one portraits are in the folios with the date of that year. In 1841, the great year of the Log Cabin Presidential Campaign, no less than seven hundred and sixty-five silhouettes were added to the great collection, including those of Harrison, Tyler, Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. If only that year's work was left of Edouart's American portraiture there would be a distinguished selection of political, official, financial and professional celebrities.

In 1842 nearly seven hundred portraits were taken. 1843 and 1844 made together an addition of one thousand and forty-nine; then, during the remaining five years of Edouart's tour, there was a sad falling off in the silhouettes preserved to us. Eight in New York and Saratoga in 1845. Four in 1846. One in 1847. One in 1848. Two only in 1849, the reason being that probably these few that remain were slipped into the volumes with the years already past and the main collection of these last five years when, in all probability, Edouart was working as hard as ever, have been lost.

In December, 1849, Edouart sailed for home in the ship *Oneida.* Encountering a terrible storm off the coast of Guernsey the vessel was wrecked in Vazon Bay. Edouart and the other passengers narrowly escaped with their lives and little of the baggage was saved. The fourteen folios of silhouette portraits which

COLONEL STONE, OF THE NEW YORK "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER," AND WILLIAM CUTTER, EDITOR OF "COLEMAN'S MONTHLY"

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S. G. GOODRICH, AUTHOR OF "PETER PARLEY'S TALES. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1839

did not go to the bottom of the sea were given by the artist to the Lukis family, who hospitably entertained him on his rescue; he did not practise his profession again, for he was broken in health and spirits after his losses and terrible experience. He died in 1861 at the age of seventy-three. During research work, while compiling a *History of Silhouettes,* the writer found the folios still in the possession of a descendent of the Lukis family. The value of this collection lies in the complete detail given with each and the undoubted authenticity of the portraits. The stigma that America had no literature had long been removed before Edouart came to the United States. During the first years of the nineteenth century men had been too busy clearing farms, cutting roads, building towns and planning how to make the most of Nature's prodigal resources to have time for literature and art.

Then came an age of magazines and reviews, and because of the length and breadth of the land, every town had its own publication. Philadelphia, which seems to have long been the literary centre, headed the list with sixteen publications, New York came next with eleven. The writers of these magazines seem to have largely acted as censors and moralists. They did not attempt to pander to the mode or taste of the moment, but to provide such mental food as they thought would be beneficial to their readers. One is struck with the number of clergymen who edited papers when glancing at Edouart's lists. The *Monthly Mirror* assures its readers that "it shall contain a variety of matter calculated to improve and amend the mind." The methods of the magazine editors were peculiar, being very safe, if slow. They advertised for several weeks in some local paper setting forth the programme of their "Museum," "Repository" or "Magazine," and thus, obtaining sufficient subscribers, they brought out their first number, which was probably a jumble of instruction, sallies of wit, essays on politics or travel besides tales moral and innocuous, calculated to instruct and amuse the young.

Besides these magazines there were terrible instructors of youth, such as *The Juvenile Magazine, Religious Moral and Entertaining Pieces in Prose and Verse,* and the *Juvenile Portfolio;* such were read by the well-to-do; the masses still read political pamphlets, newspapers or sermons.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, OF CAMBRIDGE. BOSTON, DECEMBER 7, 1811

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With regard to poetry and novels one can quote no less an authority than J. B. McMaster.

The charge of intellectual subserviency to Great Britain must not be taken too seriously. That our countrymen in 1825 should prefer *Marmion, The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Lalla Rookh, Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* to the novels of Brown, the poetry of Trumbull and Dwight, and the odes and laments that abound in the repositories of the time, was right. We do so to-day. Their preference was not subserviency, but sound literary judgment. Never in the course of two centuries had Great Britain produced at one time such a goodly company of men of letters. Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans, Burns, Byron, Hallam, Coleridge, Keats, Moore, Wordsworth, Scott, were authors with whom our countrymen could not compete. Their novels and poems went everywhere, sold everywhere, were read everywhere, not because the Americans were without literary judgment, but because they possessed it in the highest degree.

Even in 1840 de Tocqueville says that "England furnishes America with the books they read, and also with the books they write, for these are all English in substance." Then came Boz with his bitter criticism of the manners and customs of the young country. The people were eager to read what the great novelist had to say about them, and read it with wry faces. So eager were they that, according to *Niles Register* of November, 1842, fifty thousand copies of *American Notes* were sold in New York in forty-eight hours, and the Philadelphia *Ledger* says that a bookseller disposed of four thousand copies in less than two hours and could have sold a thousand more. However, the hatchet was buried. During Dickens's second visit, he made handsome acknowledgment of "changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the Press, without whose advancement no advancement can take place anywhere." Then every one forgot or pretended to forget what had been so scathingly said before and no one appeared to remember the "Parody on English Criticism" which had appeared in the *North American Review* and every one was happy or pretended to be so. But that reconciliation in 1868 was long after Edouart had left the country.

Apart from all unfriendly criticism, Boz had touched the spot when he hinted that the Americans of the forties took their pleasures sadly. The "prevailing seriousness and melancholy air of business" was carried into the few leisure hours of the people. At this time Grund gives it as his opinion that with a very few exceptions no theatre was a financial success. Few ladies ever went to one. "To frequent the theatre was considered no recommendation of character even for a man, and many religious sects would not allow their members to enter a playhouse." The lecture room and evening services were the only amusements besides newspaper reading at the time of Edouart's tour, and the lyceums and lecture halls were crowded with men and women who listened to dissertation on animal magnetism, phrenology, phrenomagnetism, and such subjects. Many of the lecturers were charlatans; others clever men who earned a good livelihood by their wits and by the gullibility of the public.

There is a quaint group in one of Edouart's folios in which L. N. Fowler, Practical Phrenologist, is taken in the act of exercising his talents on the head of Franklin Poole. These portraits were taken November 28, 1839, at New York. The Philadelphia *Ledger,* May 19, 1842, says: "We examined phrenology and now regard it as a demonstrated branch of anatomy and physiology, and having taken the same attitude toward mesmerism, we say that much of it is proved and that whatever is asserted is worthy of examination." Edouart did but hold a mirror to the fashions of the day in thus portraying the phrenologist at work.

In the Baltimore *Sun,* of March, 1843, an amusing description is given of a scene which took place after the lecture of Doctor Jeter on phreno-mesmerism. A physician went on the stage in response to the lecturer's invitation and, taking the hand of the subject in his, pretended to mesmerise him; then, touching the bump of veneration, one of the

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THEOPHILUS PARSONS OF HARVARD.
BOSTON, FEBRUARY 24, 1842

SIR WALTER SCOTT. EDINBURGH, 1831

audience called out, "You are touching combativeness," whereupon the subject "began hammering away at the doctor, who then made a speech and declared the exhibition a humbug." The Albany *Journal* of March 6, 1842, warned the public of "a wandering phrenologist who has stolen a watch," and the Detroit *Advertiser* of "a mesmerist guilty of fraud."

Every one will remember the inimitable description by Boz of his interview with Doctor Crocus while "the chicken fixings" were being prepared. How the wily doctor professor declared aloud his love of the freedom in America "and many of the bystanders shake their heads in concert with the Doctor and laugh too, and look at each other as much as to say, 'A pretty bright and first-rate sort of chap is Crocus!' and unless I am very much mistaken, a good many people went to the lecture that night who never thought about phrenology or about Doctor Crocus either in all their lives before." This was at "Betteville, a small collection of wooden houses huddled together in the very heart of the bush and swamp." No doubt L. N. Fowler, Practical Phrenonolgist of New York, was no less keen a judge of human nature with or without bumps than was Crocus.

It is extremely interesting to see in Edouart's pictorial record the fashions and foibles of the day faithfully portrayed; with no exaggeration there is not the slightest bias toward caricature even in those subjects such as the pseudo-scientific lecturer at his work. The mind of the artist was without complexity, he used the power given to him for absolutely faithful portrayal without fancies of his own.

It is a mighty throng that he has left us; they come ghostlike "after many years" to confront the men and women of to-day. Old Omar in the twelfth century knew of the shadow picture and used it in graceful imagery:—

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow Shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun illumined Lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show.

PORTRAIT OF AUGUST EDOUART

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"TWICE-TOLD TALES" OF THE MAGAZINES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

HEN Charles Hanson Towne, the writer of verse, was editing *The Delineator* several years ago, he received through the mails one morning early in December a contribution in the shape of three lyrical stanzas. The manuscript carried with it the name of its sender, who said she was also the author, together with the latter's address, the price she wished for the poem and a brief note that mentioned the facts that she had spent considerable time on the effort, was duly proud of it and trusted the editor might view it with a proportionate degree of ecstatic admiration and financial approbation. The reader may imagine the editor's subsequent astonishment when, upon looking over the verses, he discovered that they were precisely the same as some he himself had written two years before and published under his name in another magazine. Calling his stenographer, the editor dictated the following letter to the woman:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your verses entitled ——— and to inform you that I have found them admirable. I cannot praise them highly enough. Indeed, I liked them so well that I wrote them myself two years ago.

The letter was brought to a conclusion with a statement of the plain facts in the case and an explanation was requested. But to this day the contributor in question has maintained an abyssmal silence. In this regard, however, she is unlike most of her brothers and sisters who, from time to time, send to the magazines, as original compositions, plagiarisms of one kind or another, succeed in having such contributions printed through a slip in the busy, crowded editorial rooms, and subsequently, upon disclosure, seek to defend themselves against the charge of the twice-told tale. The ingenuity and amazing bravado of some of the excuses offered by these persons shall form the basis of the present article. Obviously, the present writer cannot say what proportion of truth is contained in the excuses, nor would he care to, indeed, if he could. For a simple, though probably violent opinion on the subject, he refers the reader to the nearest magazine editor.

About two months ago, one of the "popular fiction" magazines published in New York learned from a deluge of letters that poured into its offices several days after the date of publication that among its contents was a seemingly deliberate plagiarism of one of O. Henry's "modern Bagdad" stories. The scene had been transferred from Madison Square to the Thames Embankment and the names of the characters had been changed, to be sure, but there was the rest of the story almost exactly as Sidney Porter had written it! It had so happened that neither the editor nor the chief "reader" of the magazine had ever read the O. Henry tale, and consequently had not detected the similarity. Every one who understands the extremely large number of fiction manuscripts that arrive in a magazine office and every one who understands at the same time the limitations of human machinery in the matter of constant reading action will, in turn, be able to understand that such lapses may readily transpire. The editor, upon discovering the deception, demanded an explanation from the writer of the twice-penned tale. The man lived in Seattle, Washington. His reply to the editor follows:

I am insulted at the insinuations you have made in your letter regarding my story. You say it is exactly like a story of O. Henry's and *I* say in reply I have never heard of O. Henry or ever read any of his stuff. Similarity is often nothing more than a coincidence. There is a man in Seattle who is dead ringer for President Taft! Could you call him a plagiarist? And I am a dead ringer and often have been mistaken for "Gypsy Mike," a notorious

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character hereabouts! Am I, therefore, a plagiarist? I do not think so. You'll have to blame Nature!

The editor of one of the foremost weekly publications received a letter several months ago from a reader, in which the latter pointed out a poem in a recent issue and at the same time pointed out the fact that it was a direct transcript of a poem by a well-known writer of verse that had been printed elsewhere two years previous. Investigation showed that the person was correct, and a letter was despatched post haste to the man who had submitted the accused contribution. His reply possessed several appealing qualities. In it he stated that he was a married man and that he lived with his wife and ten-year-old son in a small town in Southern California. "From time to time in my earlier years," he went on to say, "I wrote verse. I had hundreds of these poems in my possession when I married, and a couple of years ago I read some of them to my wife. She liked them so much that she obtained my permission to submit them to some of the magazines. Several were actually accepted. In the meantime, my little boy was (and he still is) practising the Spencerian style of penmanship. Every evening my wife goes over his lessons with him and, for practice exercise, makes him copy a paragraph out of a book, or something of the sort. In this way it must have come about that the poem in question was copied by my son and subsequently and accidentally found its way into my manuscript drawer. The rest you may appreciate. My wife accidentally took it out with the other manuscripts, believed it was one of the many original poems, had it typewritten and carelessly sent it to you as a contribution."

The present writer three years ago published an article entitled "Nothing Succeeds Like Failure" in one of the metropolitan journals. The article dealt with the very large amount of financial gain that was derived from theatrical productions that had failed and that were presented again to the world in various transmigratory forms. Nine months later, the same article—the same word for word with the exception of the title and the brief introductory paragraph—appeared under another writer's name in a Western magazine. The editor's attention was called to the pilfering, and he in turn called the contributor to account. The reply of the latter was simple and undeniably to the point. He said that he had never seen the original article! And yet, such are the queer tricks old Dame Coincidence plays, the two articles were identical save for about seventy-five out of three thousand words.

Four years ago, the editor of one of the best known of the fiction magazines discovered on the day after issue that his publication contained a short story that was precisely similar, title and all, to a story that had been printed in the same magazine about five years before. He looked up the records and found that the tale had been more recently submitted by a woman in Virginia. In reply to his letter requesting an explanation, the woman forwarded the following note:

> The joke is on you. Several months ago, at a meeting of our afternoon literary circle, it was said that a New York magazine editor could not be fooled with a manuscript that he had already used in his magazine. I took the opposite view and wagered I *could* fool an editor. You, dear sir, are the answer!

This may strike the reader as an exaggerated case, which forsooth it is; but it is none the less a true one. An illustration of similar calibre, although possessed of a different motive, is to be had in the instance of a magazine which, seven years ago, printed a long poem that it had published three years previously. The poem, in the second case, had been accepted from a man in Pennsylvania. When accused, the latter made reply that his poem was original, that he had written and submitted it years before without avail to several publications in New York, had upon receiving it back with the last "editor regrets" slip placed it in his desk and had submitted to the magazine in direct point after a respectable lapse of time. "Undoubtedly some scoundrel connected with one of the other magazines to which I had sent my excellent poem learned it by heart and repeated it casually to a friend, who, believing it to be original with the fellow

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who had recited it, copied it and submitted it to you as a poem original with him. The world is full of such rascals!" The editor looked up the office records again to make certain of his ground and replied to the correspondent in this fashion:

The poem we printed first was the work of ——— ———, who, as you will recognise at once, is one of the three best known writers of verse in this country. Will you, therefore, permit me to plagiarise a bit in turn? I, however, will be honest and tell you I am borrowing from your recent letter. My plagiarism, specifically and beautifully relevant, is: *Undoubtedly some scoundrel . . . copied it and submitted it . . . as a poem original with him. The world is full of such rascals!*

One of the most curious of the recorded cases of twice-told magazine tales is credited to a fiction magazine that suspended publication about five years ago. This magazine, a week after the issue of its August number, received a letter from a subscriber who pointed out to the editor that one of the fiction stories bore a remarkably close relationship to a story that had been published in England several years before. The editor looked up the two stories and saw that the subscriber was correct in his statement and that the only slight difference in the two stories was the use, in the second tale, of a silver candlestick in place of a small statue that figured largely in the evolution of the narrative. A letter was sent to the man who had been paid for the presumably purloined second story and a letter was received from him two days later by the editor. His explanation was startling. "I am a somnambulist. I have been a somnambulist since childhood. I cannot, it appears, be cured. While walking in my sleep I have been charged with doing many curious things. Now comes your accusation, seemingly well-founded and entirely just. This is the most curious of all. Did I copy that story in my sleep and did the candle I carried in my midnight wandering insinuate itself through my subconscious mind into the copied story in place of the statuette? Who can tell definitely? It would seem so. Do not censure me. Forgive and pity a man cursed with a habit such as I. Forgive and forget!" This letter is quoted not word for word from the original, but in the form in which it was repeated to the present writer by one of the editors who received and read it.

About two months ago, one of the widely read magazines published in New York printed a short story that bore a very close analogy to a story by one of the most famous of present day writers. Although most of the names of the characters had been altered, the re-writer of the story had had the temerity even to use one of the original names. When charged delicately with having been too greatly influenced by the writer of the first story, the author of the tale in its second version bravely replied to the editor that, strangely enough, it did seem as if she had been too greatly influenced by the said writer; that, indeed, after she had read over her manuscript before submitting it to the magazine she had detected the unmistakable similarity and had been a wee bit doubtful as to whether or not she ought to send it in as an original piece of work; and that, finally, she had settled in her own mind that "it was just a peculiar coincidence." The editor, by his own confession, did not have the courage left to reply to this gorgeous document.

A case that several editors consider to be worthy of a high place in a chronicle of this specific character happened three years ago, the magazine directly concerned being of the fiction-special article class. This publication received through the mails a short story from a hitherto unknown writer in a middle-western State. The tale was read, deemed worthy of print, was accepted and a cheque in payment forwarded to its creator. Four months later the story was published in the magazine. Picture the surprise that awaited the editor when, on the day that his magazine appeared on the stands, another magazine issued at the same time from another publishing centre revealed the identical story, signed, however, with a different name. In answer to the demanded explanation, the writer of the story that appeared in the first magazine calmly replied that he was the author of both

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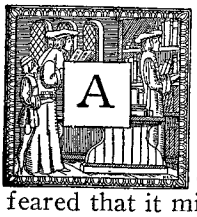
manuscripts, that the idea of the story and its method of execution had been entirely original with him and that he had liked his product so well that he had submitted it under three different names to three magazines at the same time. One of these had rejected the story, but two, he was proud to say, had exercised better judgment. His justification for submitting the story and subsequently selling it to two magazines he announced as follows:

A woman buys the exclusive model for a hat from a milliner, pays a large price for it and the next day sees one just like hers on some shopgirl. A man buys an exclusive pattern from his tailor, has the suit made up and the next day sees the same thing (made up, of course, three times as cheaply) on the first barkeeper whom he encounters. The exclusive model and pattern carry celebrated French and English fashion-arbiters' names. The cheaper imitations carry imitations of these names. Forget the silly, snobbish ethics of trade and recall the propitious results! The shopgirl and the barkeeper are thus made able to feel "up to" the lady and gentleman and are given great satisfaction for little money. Now, my story! Do I not please twice as many people by publishing it simultaneously in two magazines? Like the imitation model and pattern, my second sale brought me only one-third the sum of money that was paid me by the first magazine. Leaving editorial feelings on the question aside, I will refund the cheques to either or both magazines if any subscribers of each or both complain that they did not like my story. I am a fair dealer, but I believe in giving the public a chance!

The direct result of the increasing advent of twice-told tales in recent years has been the introduction into some quarters of the magazine editorial circle of the so-called "literary reference" slip. The "literary reference" is sent by the editor to unknown writers before their products are accepted for publication. The strange writer is requested therein to name any publications in which his previous work may have appeared, to specify several reputable persons who may vouch for him and to announce to the editor in a similarly catalogued manner his standing in the literary community. The forms of these "references" vary widely. In some instances, merely a brief letter requesting information is sent to the writer whose product has been read and deemed suitable for the purposes of the magazine. The "reference" movement has been born; it is still in swaddling clothes; but it seems to be growing quickly—and it seems to be here to stay.

MUSIC AND POLITICS

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS



A PERFORMANCE of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *The Mikado* was stopped in London recently under orders from the British Foreign Office; which feared that it might give offence to Japanese officials then in Great Britain, with whom negotiations were pending for a treaty between the two countries. The ridicule which met this action quickly resulted in a withdrawal of the prohibition; and the episode became, in diplomatic parlance, "a closed incident." Nevertheless, it is a humorous illustration of the interplay of music and politics which forms an entertaining chapter in the biography of humanity. The conjunction is less of a mésalliance than might at first appear. The artist laying his emphasis on the ideal and the politician with his stress on the practical frequently touch hands. The emotional appeal, persuasive both in music and in politics, may account for the association and suggests an explanation of the apparent anomaly of the composite artist-politician such as Jean Baptiste Lully or Richard Wagner.

Patriotic songs have played their part in the building up of nations from the

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day when Israel on the banks of the Red Sea burst into a pæan of jubilation over their deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

> Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done valiantly; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

chanted the priests; and the children of Israel, answering them in song, expressed for the first time the spirit of national unity and independence. Down through the Middle Ages the *trouvères* and *jongleurs* composed and sang ballads which breathed so strongly the love of country, that they created a community spirit and fired the warriors to deeds of almost superhuman prowess. To the minstrel Taillefer, spurring on the army of William the Conqueror by his singing of the "Chanson de Roland," is credited in large part the victory at Hastings. The "Rakoczy March," that fiery epitome of the Magyar spirit, had actually to be forbidden performance by the Austrian Government, such was its effect upon the combustible Hungarians; while the "Lilliburlero" had once, according to Dr. Percy, "a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero and contributed not a little to the Revolution of 1848." The words are the merest doggerel, as the following verses show:

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilliburlero bullen a la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilliburlero bullen a la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la.
Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,
And he will cut all de English troate.
Dough by my shoul de English do fraat
De law's on dere side, and Creish knows what.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
"Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog."
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog, and Ja...s is de ass."

Of course it was the music that carried such stuff down and "sang a deluded prince out of three kingdoms"—as one historian phrased it.

The "Marseillaise," the best of all national airs, stirred the French revolutionists to the utmost depths of their being. The soldiers marched to the attack on the Tuileries with "Aux armes, citoyens" on their lips; and all through that seething period of revolt its strains, wherever heard, were the signal for fresh accesses of violence in the name of "Liberté, égalité fraternité." The Mrs. Malaprop who said that there was nothing in the world more exciting than to hear the French pheasants sing the "Mayonaise" was not exaggerating the effect of the song, that as much as any other single influence cost Louis XVI his life.

Probably the earliest recorded instance of the musician in politics is David, the harpist, whose career began when he was employed by Saul to chase away the evil spirits that threatened the King's reason. And David played so skilfully that "Saul was refreshed and was well and the evil spirit departed from him."

In the sixteenth century, the great singer, Farinelli, was called upon to play the rôle of David at the court of Philip V of Spain. Arrived at Madrid at a time when the King was a prey to melancholy, neglecting affairs of state and causing his queen and ministers grave anxiety, Farinelli was asked to try the power of his art. He was placed in a room adjoining that occupied by the King and sang a few tender airs with magical effect. Philip, deeply moved, sent for the artist and bade him name his own reward. Farinelli, who had been primed in advance, made a deep obeisance; "O sire," said he, "I have but one wish, that thou shouldst be restored to thy people in the fulness of health." The King, cured of his malady, resumed the sceptre, but insisted upon retaining Farinelli at his court; and during the last years of the King's life the singer performed nightly the same four songs.

Ferdinand VI suffered from the same infirmity as his father; and Farinelli exercised his remarkable curative powers upon him also, with signal success. He became the King's favourite, enjoying a position second only to that of his royal patron and exerted a potent influence in the affairs of the nation. Once he requested an embassy for a courtier whose hatred of him was well known; and when the King reminded him of it, he

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replied: "True, but this is how I desire to take my revenge." It is easy to understand how so clever a tactician maintained his dual rôle successfully for more than twenty years.

Taking part with the King in the various pageants which were so much in vogue at the court of Louis XIV of France, was a young Italian of obscure origin named Jean Baptiste Lully, who had been brought from Florence by the Chevalier de Guise in response to the request of Mademoiselle de Montpensier for "un joli petit Italien." Apparently his appearance disappointed the lady; for he was relegated to the kitchen as a scullion. However, his performance on the guitar soon redeemed this fault, and he quickly mounted the social ladder, until the King, attracted by the boldness of some youthful escapade, took him into his service. This stroke of luck laid the foundation of Lully's fortune. He is one of the most singular types of genius the world has ever seen. Branded by Boileau as a *coeur bas,* a *coquin tenebreux,* a *bouffon odieux*—all doubtless well deserved—he nevertheless established his position as the foremost composer in France, founder of modern French opera and an artist of the first rank. Combining brilliant musical gifts with the art of the born courtier, full of resource and intrigue, he knew how to win the favour of the King as well as of the King's favourites. He was made leader of all the court entertainments, composed the music and himself acted comedy parts, to the huge delight of the royal guests. Once, when he had temporarily displeased the King, Lully, in his zeal to amuse, so forgot the stage limits that he jumped into the orchestra and landed on top of the clavecin, in the ruins of which he sat, while the King, laughing immoderately, at once forgave him. The strength of his hold is illustrated by the story told of him, that when a performance was delayed and a messenger was sent to announce that the King had come and was waiting, Lully coolly answered: "His majesty knows that he is master here and is perfectly free to wait as long as he pleases."

Almost the converse of this anecdote is told of another king who was quite as proud of his own talents and more insistent upon his prerogatives than was Le Grand Monarque. Frederick the Great was honouring a company of invited guests by playing the flute for them—and playing it well even for a king. In the middle of a number, Johann Sebastian Bach was announced; and the King stopped his playing at once and said: "Enough of my music, gentlemen, Old Bach has come." The era of Bach was one in which music and politics were often closely associated. Yet Bach himself, living apart from the world of men, was much less a factor in political life than his brilliant and worldly contemporary, George Frederick Handel. Handel, who was for many years an important figure at the court of England, was a special favourite of the unpopular Hanoverian King George; and the pro-English party headed by the houses of Rutland and Marlborough made a political issue of the situation by importing the Italian composer Buononcini and opposing his work openly and directly to that of Handel. And so the two musicians, quite involuntarily, were pitted against each other in a fight, the issues of which concerned neither themselves nor their art. To us the affair with its genteel English acerbity seems as footless as it did to at least one of their contemporaries, who wrote:

> Some say, compar'd to Bononcini
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle;
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

But they do these things differently in France. Gallic emotions always rise quickly and high; and what was in England a neat political issue, became across the channel, the real "Guerre des Bouffons." This famous controversy was precipitated by the unprecedented success of Pergolese's *La Serva Padrona,* played by an Italian troupe called Les Bouffons, in the sacred precincts of the French Opera House. The music of the opera was contrasted with that of the French composers to the detriment of the latter. Paris split into two furious factions. The King and Mme. de Pompadour led

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the French party. The Marquise was a born actress with a fine rich voice, the effect of which upon the King she knew only too well. In the various court entertainments she was usually the principal figure; and scenting dangerous rivalry, she entered into the fight with an interest as strongly personal as artistic. Naturally the Queen supported the opposing element. Pamphlets literally rained in the opera house, some from the "coin du roi" and others from the "coin de la reine." Voltaire, with his usual humour, wrote of the turmoil that ensued:

Je vais chercher la paix au temple des chansons:
J'entends crier: Lulli, Campra, Rameau, Boufons!
—Êtes vous pour la France ou bien pour l'Italie?
—Je suis pour mon plaisir, Messieurs. Quelle folie
Vous tient ici debout, sans vouloir m'écouter?
Ne suis—je a l'opéra que pour y disputer?

Rousseau's famous Lettre sur la Musique Française marked the culmination of the controversy. It ended:

Les Français n'ont point de musique et n'en peuvent avoir; ou si jamais ils en ont une, ce sera tant pis pour eux.

On this, some one sententiously commented, that if the French really had no music, what was the use of going to war to destroy it. When the air cleared, as it did soon enough, it was discovered that the Italian party had been put to rout and French opera comique was established as a national art form.

Even when political capital was not to be made of it, the favour of kings and courtiers was, prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, sought by the artists in various fields of activity, who were generally dependent for their position upon those high in political life; and even the most uncompromising among them found it expedient to play polite politics in the interest of their art, by dedicating the choicest of their works to noble patrons. The most notable example of a masterwork with a political origin is Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. General Bernadotte, during his residence in Vienna in 1798, as ambassador from the French nation, suggested to Beethoven the composition of a symphony in honour of Napoleon. At that time Napoleon was looked upon as the champion of freedom, the saviour of his country, the embodiment of republican ideals, with which Beethoven was in thorough sympathy; and he willingly accepted the proposal. Before the symphony was published, Napoleon became Emperor; and when the news reached Vienna, Beethoven was violently angered. "After all, then, he is nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample all the rights of men under foot to indulge his ambition and become a greater tyrant than any one!" With these words, he seized the music, tore the title page in half and threw it on the ground. He never again referred to the connection between his work and Napoleon, until news of the latter's death reached him. Then he said, "I have already composed the proper music for that catastrophe," meaning of course the funeral march. But the whole symphony, with its essentially revolutionary character, is a musical portrait of Napoleon as Beethoven idealised him.

There is something really humorous in the difficulties that Verdi experienced in disassociating his music from the complicated Italian politics of his day. Most of the librettos to Verdi's operas are poor enough; but one realises that there is some excuse for them, when he reads of the shifts to which the authors were put in their efforts to escape police interference. Whenever there was nothing to which a papal prince objected as irreverent or profane, there was sure to be something which a petty potentate construed as *lése majesté*. *Rigoletto,* based upon Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse,* was refused performance until François I was reduced to the rank of an inoffensive Duke of Mantua; since in Italy it would never do to permit a King to appear on the stage in the unattractive light in which Hugo presented him. But the climax was reached when the performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera,* written for San Carlo at Naples, was interdicted because of supposed political allusions. Verdi's stubborn refusal to make the desired changes precipitated the very out-

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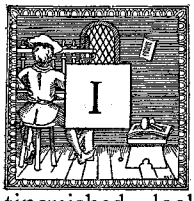
burst of patriotic enthusiasm which the police had been seeking to avoid. Crowds followed the composer through the streets, shouting "Viva Verdi!" with the covert acrostical interpretation:

Viva
*V*ittorio
*E*mmanuele
*R*e
*D*i
*I*talia.

The artist-politician *par excellence* was, without doubt, Richard Wagner. His recently published autobiography adds interest to the familiar accounts of the part he played in the Revolution of 1848. He heard the rumble of the drums at Dresden, where he was struggling vainly for recognition, unable, although conductor at the opera house, to secure the acceptance of his recently completed *Lohengrin*. An elaborate scheme for the organisation of an ideal national theatre, which he drew up, had received scant consideration. All his suggestions were scornfully opposed until, as Mr. Henry T. Finck sums it up: "Reform was obviously impossible; what was there left but revolution? So he became a revolutionist and a member of secret societies." In the spirit of a Crusader, he took up arms in the cause of art, which was his religion, giving himself heart and soul to the political struggle. His exact share in the active work of the revolutionists is disputed. But it seems certain that he undertook the musical direction of the fight, led the signals and rang the alarm bells—doubtless effectively enough, if the potency of his music be a correct criterion, to justify his inclusion in the list of active participants who were banished on the collapse of the movement. Forced to flee the country, he was for ten years an exile. It is true that during the last of these years he wrote some of his greatest music. Yet the fact remains that his incursion into politics cost musical art six of the best years of his life; nor was politics the gainer thereby. In this instance, unlike that of David, of Farinelli and of Lully, the intermingling of music and politics produced not harmony but discord.

THE COURTSHIP OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

BY CHARLES S. OLCOTT



IN the summer of 1797 two young men were riding together along a country road near the pleasant little village of Gilsland, in the north of England. The more distinguished looking of the two was twenty-six years of age. He was a tall man of athletic frame, who rode as though incapable of fatigue. His complexion was fresh and clear, his eyes bright and twinkling with fun. A pleasant smile played about his lips, giving place at times to a merry laugh. The geniality of his countenance was rendered dignified by a massive brow of the kind which commands respect without repelling affection. There was a peculiar grace and charm in both face and figure, which almost irresistibly caused a passer-by to follow his first glance with a second and longer scrutiny.

As they rode along the two companions chanced to pass a young lady, also on horseback, who immediately attracted their notice. Her form was like that of a fairy, light and full of grace. Her long silken tresses were jet black, her complexion a clear olive and her eyes a lovely brown, large, deep-set and brilliant. Young and vivacious, with a natural air of gayety, she was both pleasant to meet and charming to look upon.

At the ball which took place in the evening there was much rivalry among the young men for the honour of dancing with this vision of loveliness, who had

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MISS CHARLOTTE CARPENTER. FROM A MINIATURE AT ABBOTSFORD, PRESENTED TO SCOTT AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE. NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

blotted out all other thoughts from their morning ride. To the tall young man fell the privilege of taking the fair stranger to supper, and this was the introduction of Walter Scott to Miss Charlotte Carpenter. The evening of September 30th, immediately following the ball, was one of the happiest Scott ever knew. A friend records that he "was *sair* beside himself about Miss Carpenter;—we toasted her twenty times over—and sat together, he raving about her until it was one in the morning."

This was not Scott's first love affair, but it was equally genuine. Some four years previously he had chanced to meet at the Greyfriar's Church in Edinburgh, a very charming young lady of seventeen. As the Sunday service closed an unexpected shower came up. Scott had an umbrella and the lady had none—sufficient reason for escorting the fair one to her house. There was also sufficient reason for falling in love with her, for Miss Williamina Stuart was not only beautiful in face and figure, but lovely in character. Highly educated, accomplished in music and painting, well versed in literature and with the best family connections, she was still a sweet girl, of charming manners and no affectation. For three years Scott cherished the most ardent feelings of love, but in silence. He was then a young man of small worldly prospects. He had written nothing and was unknown outside the circle of friends in the law courts, where he was but a beginner. This, however, would not have been an insurmountable difficulty had the love been mutual. But the young lady had already given her heart unreservedly to an intimate friend of Scott's, William Forbes, a man of noble character. She gave Scott no encouragement, but frequently wrote him in a friendly way, chiefly concerning literary topics. After many months of patient restraint Scott finally wrote her a frank and unreserved declaration of his feelings, and received in reply a letter which filled him with many forebodings but with "new admiration of her generosity and candour." She urged upon him the continuation of their simple friendship as the "prudent line of con-

WALTER SCOTT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE EDINBURGH VOLUNTEERS, PRESENTED TO MISS CARPENTER AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE

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THE SANITARIUM AT GILSTAND, ORIGINALLY SHAW'S HOTEL, WHERE MISS CARPENTER STAYED WHEN SHE FIRST MET SCOTT

duct." Unfortunately, Scott read between the lines, as too hopeful persons sometimes do, sentiments which were not intended. The final disappointment came in the autumn of 1796, and in the following January Miss Stuart became the bride of Walter Scott's successful rival. It is pleasant to think that the success of the one and the disappointment of the other led to no bitterness. Both were men of noble and generous minds. And in the days of Scott's adversity, when he was wearing away his own vitality in a desperate but honourable endeavour to pay debts caused by no fault of his own except too great trustfulness in others, Sir William Forbes, though his own bank was one of the heavy losers in the disaster that overwhelmed Scott, came forward with offers of assistance, and even went so far as to pay secretly a large and pressing debt, that his friend Sir Walter might not be entirely crushed.

The poet never forgot the tender experiences of these years, and long afterward drew a lovely picture of Williamina in *Rokeby:*

Wreathed in its dark brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So lightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale:
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivaled the blush of rising day.

But Walter Scott was a young man, and in his great big heart there was still room for love. If he thought his heart was broken, he admitted that it was "handsomely pieced" again. The meeting with Miss Carpenter occurred in the summer following the marriage of his first love. The impressions of that incident may be found in *Rob Roy*, where there is a charming account of Miss Die Vernon as she first appeared to Frank Obaldistone:

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. . . . Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided

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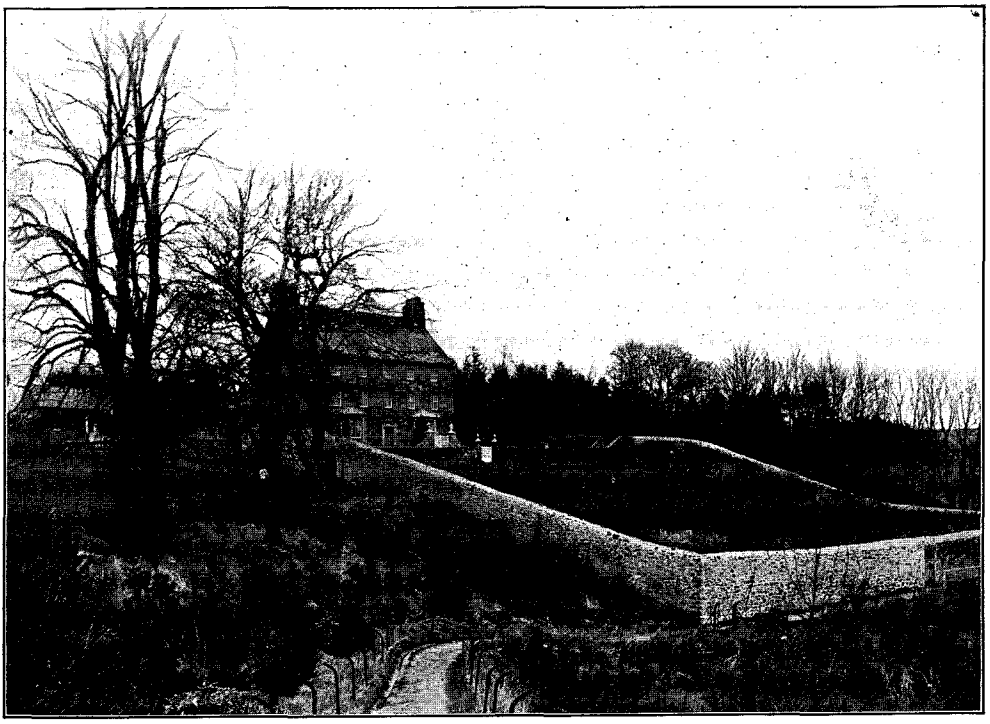

WARDREW HOUSE, NEAR GILSTAND, WHERE SCOTT STAYED WHEN HE WAS COURTING MISS CARPENTER

her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance.

Fascinated with the vivacity and attractiveness of this young woman, Scott stayed on at Gilsland much longer than he had intended. The lovers strolled through many delightful paths—walks which left their impress upon the poet's mind and gave him many backgrounds for his future verses and tales.

Miss Carpenter had rooms at a large hotel, known as Shaw's, where the gorgeous ball was held, and Scott was at the Wardrew House, a private residence with a picturesque walled-in garden on the slope of a hill not far away. One could fancy them descending into the glen which separates these two houses, where they might drink of the mineral springs which give a local fame to the place. Then like the faithful page of the Baron of Triermain, no doubt they "crossed green Irthing's Mead" and wandering along the shady bank of this pleasant stream, reached

> the favourite glade,
> Paled in by copsewood, cliff and stone,
> Where never harsher sounds invade
> To break affection's whispering tone
> Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
> Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.

Then, turning a bend in the stream, perchance he invited her to

> Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
> Mossed is the stone, the turf is green,
> A place where lovers best may meet
> Who would not that their love be seen.

Here is the so-called "Popping Stone" where, local tradition asserts, Scott asked the momentous question. Whether this is true or not makes no difference. The question *was* asked and the stone *is* there. Whatever virtue there may be in the stone, it is certain that thousands of young couples have found their way thither, although, as one young woman was heard to remark, "If you can't find it, any other large stone will do," and they have literally worn it way until now

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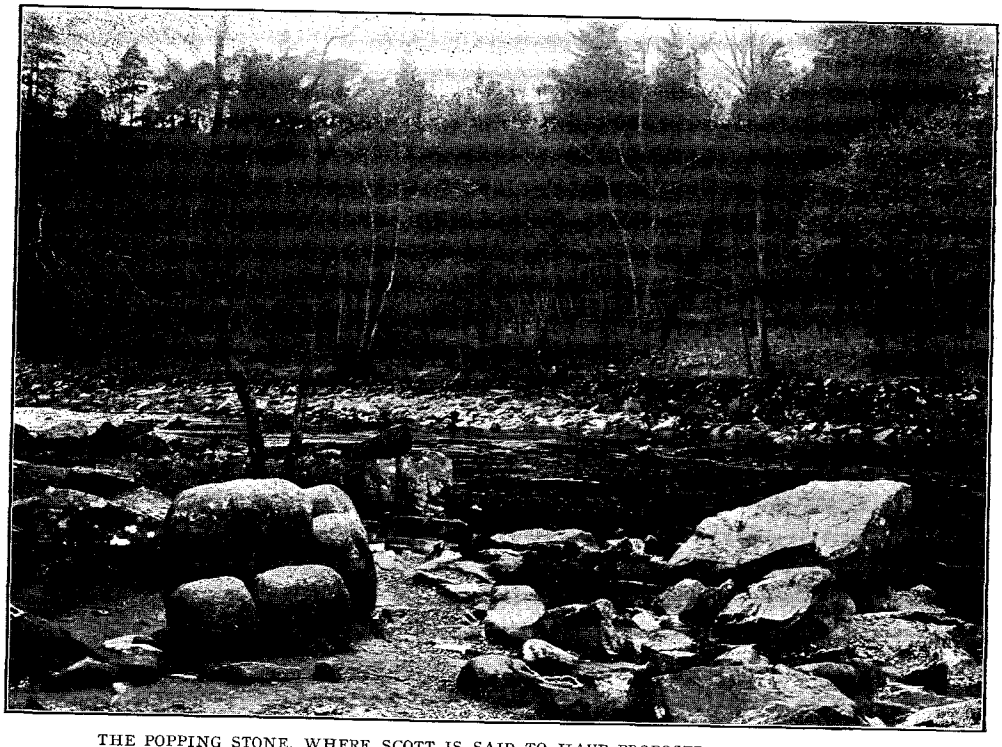
PART OF THE OLD ROMAN CAMP AT AMBOGLANNA, BUILT A.D. 79

it is scarcely half its original size. Perhaps the two lovers strolled, or rode their horses westward and stopped for a while at the ancient Roman camp of Amboglanna, one of a chain of forts probably built by Agricola in A. D. 79. It was to view this place that Harry Bertram (in *Guy Mannering*) journeyed from the Lake District into Scotland by the unusual route which took him to Mump's Ha', a disreputable and, in those days, dangerous ale-house, where he met Meg Merrilies and Dandie Dinmont. Prior to 1831, the house was about as Scott describes it, but now it is a respectable little shop, not far from the Gilsland station. The landlady of Mump's Ha', or Beggar's Hotel, known as Tib Mumps,



THE POPPING STONE, WHERE SCOTT IS SAID TO HAVE PROPOSED TO MISS CARPENTER

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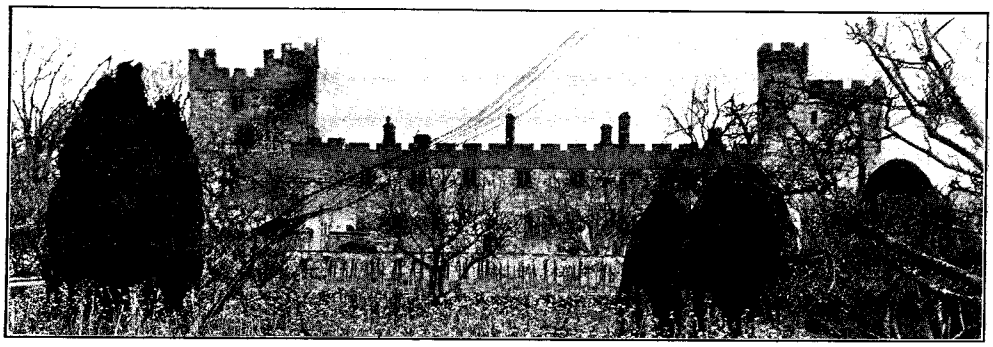
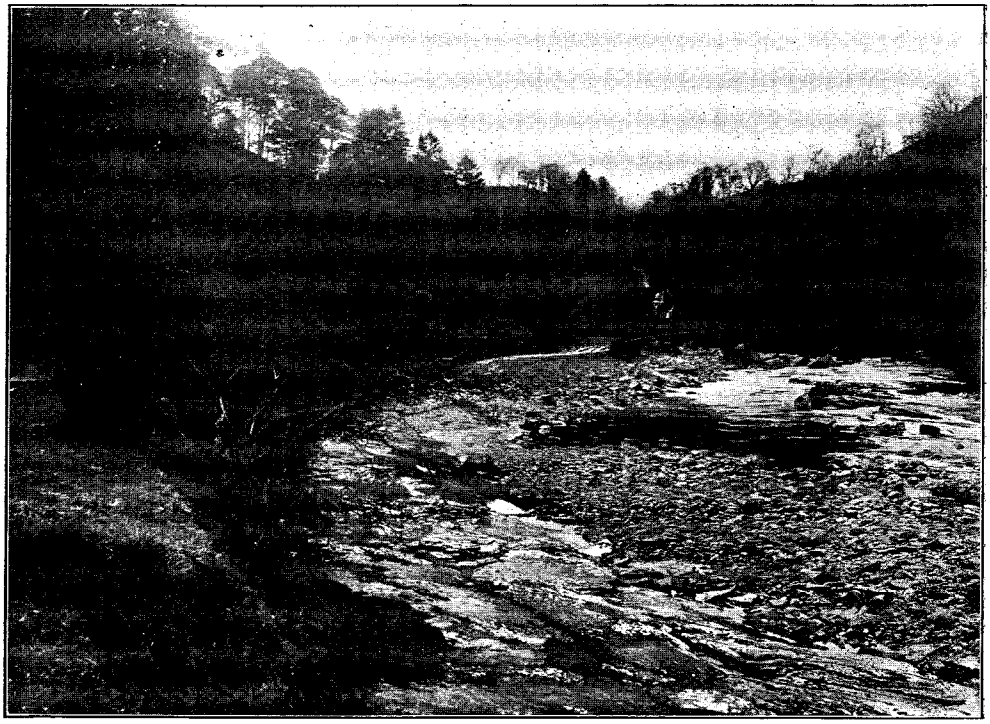


NAWORTH CASTLE, THE HOME OF "BELTED WILL HOWARD"

was a real person. Her name was Margaret Teasdale. She died at the age of ninety-eight and lies buried in a neighbouring churchyard.

A little farther west they would come to the beautiful old ruins of Lanercost, in which is the tomb of Thomas, Lord Dacre, to whom Marmion, with his last dying gasp on the field of Flodden, sent a message with his signet ring. Near by and entered through a beautiful park is the fine old feudal castle of Naworth, the stronghold of the Dacres and later of the Howards. There is no record of the date of the castle, but it was in existence in the early part of the fourteenth century. Lord William Howard, whose full-length portrait hangs at the head of the Hall, was the most famous of its occupants. He is mentioned in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

> His Bilboa blade by Marchmen felt
> Hung in a broad and studded belt;
> Hence in rude phrase, the Borderers still
> Called noble Howard, belted Will.



THE RIVER IRTHING, NEAR GILSTAND

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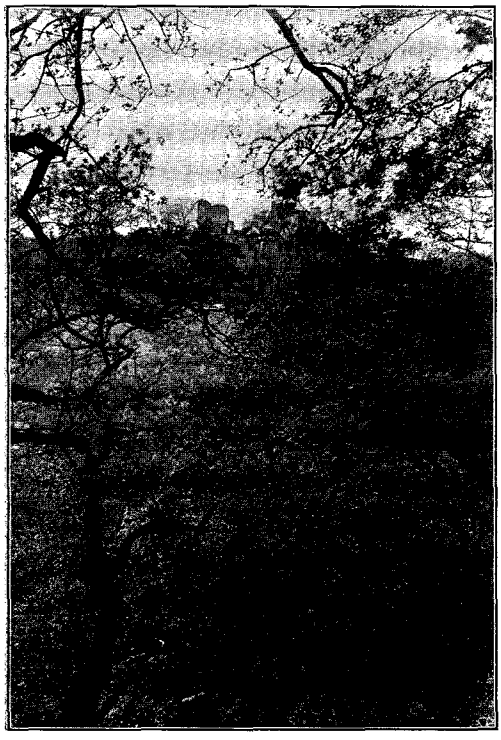

ROSLIN CASTLE FROM THE VALE OF THE ESK

The place which seems to have interested Scott the most in these rambles was the old ruined wall of Triermain Castle. He saw more of it than can be seen to-day, for a great part of it remained standing until 1832. But it was a ruin in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Scott's imagination, however, soon rebuilt and repeopled it, and Sir Ronald de Vaux became immortalised in *The Bridal of Triermain,* though forgotten in the pages of history. In almost the latest years of his life, the novelist came back to these scenes of his early manhood for another character whom he took from the same old castle of Triermain, the big and burly, but always faithful, Sir Thomas de Multon of *The Talisman.*

During the autumn of 1797, Scott was a frequent visitor to the city of Carlisle, where Miss Carpenter was living in Castle Street. A few steps beyond the site of her house is Carlisle Cathedral, the most striking feature of which is the beautiful East Window, said to be the finest in England. The cathedral was founded by Henry I in 1101. During the Civil War it was occupied by soldiers, who pulled down ninety-six feet of the nave to build fortifications. The portion that remained, thirty-nine feet, was later inclosed and used as the parish Church of St. Mary. Here, standing between two great Norman pillars of red sandstone, on the day before Christmas, 1797, Walter Scott and Charlotte Carpenter were married. They went to live in Edinburgh, but during the succeeding summer took up their abode in a charming little cottage with a thatched roof and a delightful garden on the banks of the river Esk at Lasswade. It was then a small house with only one room of fair size, though now very much enlarged. The thatched portion, however, is carefully preserved. Mrs. Scott's good taste and her husband's enthusiasm soon converted the house and grounds into a veritable bower of delight. Unfortunately, the rustic archway of ivy, which Scott took so much pleasure in fashioning, has disappeared. But the vale of the Esk still remains, to thrill the souls of the romantic. Not even in lovely Scotland is there a river or glen to surpass it. Deep down between precipitous cliffs and rocks, shaded by tall trees and overgrown by a bewildering profusion of creeping plants and overhanging vines, the little river flows merrily along, seeming to sparkle at every bend with some new recollection of the romantic legends or fantastic tales of the barons of old, who once peopled its ancient castles and drank their wine while they listened to the rhythmic stories of the minstrel bands. Here six happy summers were spent. Friends came down from Edinburgh and new friendships were formed with important personages living in the villas and castles of the vicinity. All found that Scott had formed a connection with one who had the "sterling qualities of a good wife," to quote Lockhart's phrase. The brothers of the *Mountain*—a group of boon companions who were closely associated and very fond of each other's society—welcomed Mrs. Scott with the greatest delight. A married life of perfect serenity was inaugurated, which lasted until the death of "the ever faithful and true companion" in 1826.

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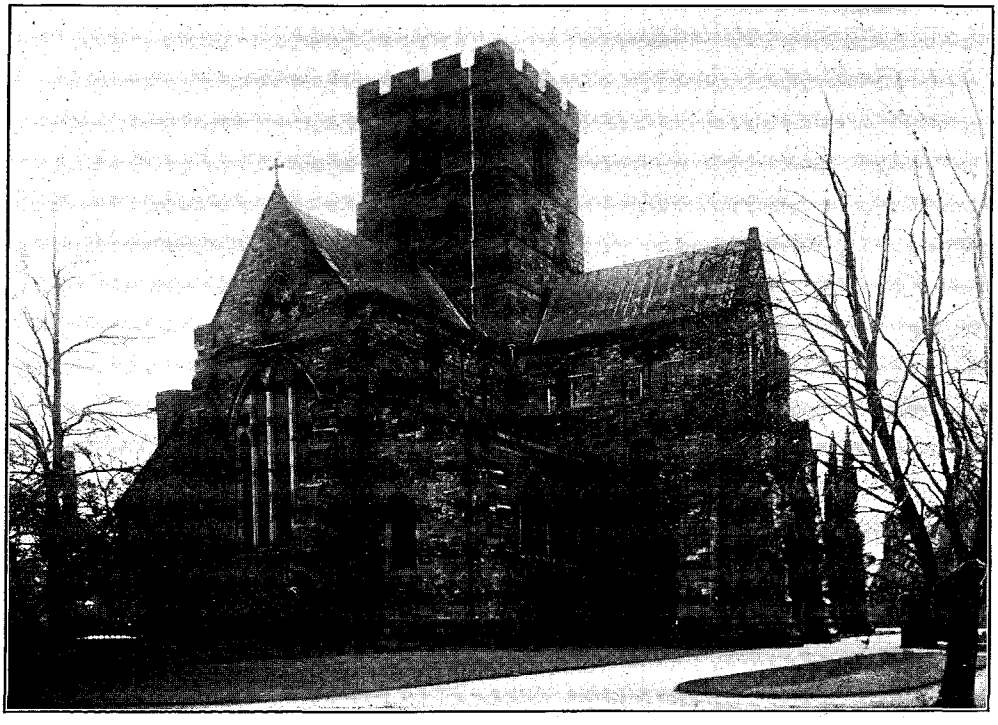
In a confidential letter to Lady Abercorn, written in 1810, Scott refers to his attempt, in the *Lady of the Lake,* to make "a knight of love who never broke a vow," and mentions his own melancholy experience of early days. He adds "Mrs. Scott's match and mine was one of our own making, and proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides, which has rather increased than diminished during twelve years' marriage. But it was something short of love in all its forms, which I suspect people only *feel* once in their lives; folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing rarely venturing a second time out of their depth."

These words should not be misconstrued. Whatever the ardency of his first love, the second was no less sincere and true. If the first was the highly poetic type, the young dream of a peculiarly sensitive nature, the second was the kind that enables young couples to meet in peace and serenity all the varied problems of life, to establish their housekeeping in mutual helpfulness, to laugh away their cares, as Scott wrote to Miss Carpenter, or if the load is too heavy, to share it between them, "until it becomes almost as light as pleasure itself." It was in this spirit that the young people established their household gods in the cottage at Lasswade.

To a man of Scott's disposition, happy in his new home life, with every incentive to improve his opportunities, his mind steeped from infancy in the rude ballads of the border country and his heart bounding with delight at the beauties of Nature, this new environment seemed all that was needed to turn his whole thought to Poetry.

> Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
> By Esk's fair streams that run
> O'er airy steep through copsewood deep
> Impervious to the sun.
>
> There the rapt poet's step may rove,
> And yield the muse the day;
> There Beauty, led by timid Love
> May shun the telltale ray.

No afternoon stroll could be more delightful than through the valley of the Esk as far as Roslin. Many go to Roslin by coach from Edinburgh, but they fail



CARLISLE CATHEDRAL, WHERE SCOTT AND MISS CARPENTER WERE MARRIED

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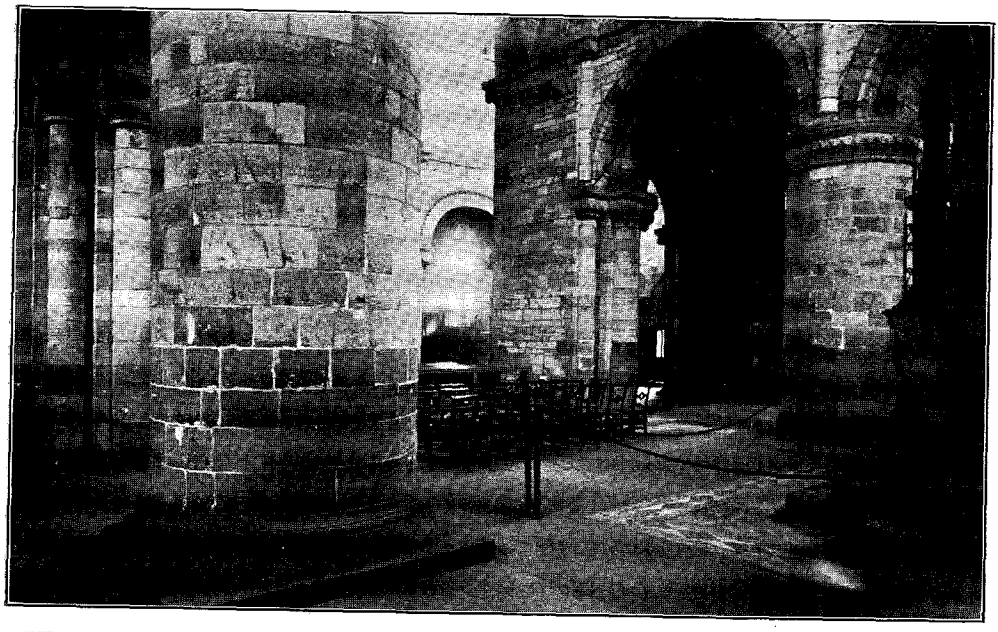
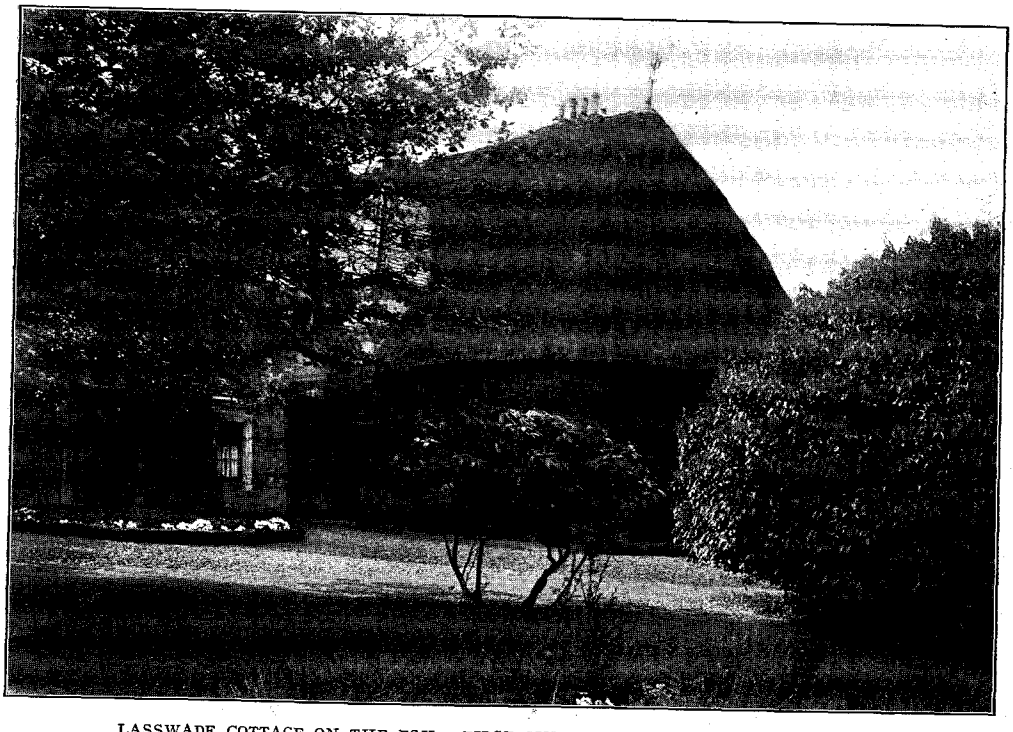


INTERIOR OF CARLISLE CATHEDRAL. THE CHAIRS MARK THE SPOT WHERE SCOTT AND MISS *CARPENTER STOOD* AT THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY



LASSWADE COTTAGE ON THE ESK. FIRST SUMMER HOME OF THE SCOTTS

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to see the glen. A better way is to go to Hawthornden and walk through the gardens and grounds of the ancient castle where the poet Drummond lived and wrote to his heart's content of the beauties of the scene. Here one may see the caves, cut out of the solid rock beneath the castle, which sheltered Robert Bruce during the troublous times when Fortune seemed to frown. Here also is the sycamore tree under which Drummond welcomed Ben Jonson to his home. Descending the path to the river, one crosses by a little wooden bridge, with a gate in the middle, which can be opened only from the Hawthornden side. Then a walk, which is half scramble, brings one finally to Roslin Castle, on a rock peeping over the foliage, high above the river. Both Roslin and Hawthornden are mentioned in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in the ballad of the lovely Rosabelle:

O'er Roslin all that dreamy night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glanced on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

When Scott went to Lasswade, he was ambitious to succeed in his career at the Bar, and he accepted the appointment as Sheriff of Selkirk as one that would give him a fixed income (about $1,500, which was then very acceptable) and not interfere, but rather help in his professional work. But the quiet of Lasswade gave opportunity for the compilation of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and its romantic beauty furnished the inspiration for such original ballads as "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," "The Gray Brother," and "Cadzow Castle." Here, too, he began to write a part of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. After a residence of six years at Lasswade, he had begun to feel, as he afterward expressed it:

My profession and I came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: "There was no great love between us at the beginning and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance."

The "Lay" was published in January, 1805, and "its success," Lockhart says, "at once decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life."

At this period Scott was a man of unusually robust health. In spite of the lameness with which he had been afflicted from infancy, his powers of endurance were very great. He could walk thirty miles a day or ride one hundred without resting. He was quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteers and had a great reputation as a skilful horseman. "He had a remarkably firm seat on horseback," said Mr. Skene, "and in all situations a fearless one: no fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps." His companions called him "Earl Walter," and whenever there came, at drills, a moment of rest, all turned intuitively to the quartermaster, whose ever ready fun never failed to lighten the burdens of the day.

It was really this remarkable gift of good companionship, coupled with his fondness for horses and unusual powers of endurance, that enabled Scott to gather the materials for his poems. For seven successive years he made what he called *raids* into Liddesdale—and elsewhere—gathering ballads and anecdotes and storing them up in his retentive memory. "Eh me," said Shortreed, his companion and guide, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring or singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs in the company." It was literally true, as he said, that he "had a home in every farmhouse."

To his rare goodfellowship and his powers of endurance, Scott added one other quality without which his vigorous search for literary material might have been of little use, namely, a most extraordinary memory, which enabled him to retain what he had heard and use it many years afterward. James Hogg, the ec-

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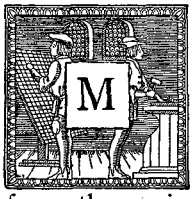
centric Ettrick shepherd, gives a fine instance of this power. One night Scott, with his friends, Hogg and Skene, were out on a fishing expedition. "While the three sat down on the brink of a river," says Hogg, "Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of Gilman's Cleugh. Now be it remembered that this ballad had never been printed: I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it over once to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it and could not get on with another verse, on which he began it again and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of the Firth of Forth, and, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's ('The Abbot of Aberbrothock'), both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word."

Living in a country where new beauty appears at every turn in the road and romance is echoed from every hillside, happy in his domestic relations, blessed with the faculty of making friends wherever he went, whether among farmers and shepherds or lords and ladies, active in travelling into every nook or corner where material could be found, keen to appreciate a good story or a pleasing ballad, and able to remember all he ever heard or read, Walter Scott became a poet as easily and naturally as the rippling waters of his beloved Tweed find their way to the sea.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND POSTERITY

BY JAMES SCHOULER



R. VILLARD'S recent volume gives a judicious portrayal of John Brown as delineated at the distance of fifty years. We are just now at half a century's perspective from the period of Abraham Lincoln's tragic administration; and the greater the distance the more surely do we behold his fame set among the stars. Next in order will Andrew Johnson's scarcely less troublesome term come up for posterity's judgment; and if we mistake not, that unhappy Executive, weighted with tremendous responsibilities thrust suddenly and inevitably upon him by fate, will be held in kinder regard by posterity than he was by fellow-countrymen during his lifetime.

Two recent contributions to the momentous annals of 1865-1869 should aid in that more favourable estimate. One is the manuscript collection, placed a few years ago in the Library of Congress, which Andrew Johnson himself preserved, as though for a vindication of his Presidency. The other is the Diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, which was kept through the administrations of both Lincoln and Johnson and is only just fully published—the remarkable contribution to contemporary history of a remarkable man who proved himself a loyal, faithful and competent adviser and administrator to each President whom he served in succession through years never to be forgotten.

The Diary record of Secretary Welles should be taken with some allowances for his political bias; but of his sincerity of purpose and the general accuracy of fact in what he wrote down almost daily in private, as one of the Cabinet at Washington, there can be no question. In articles which Welles contributed to the *Galaxy* soon after his retirement from office, he drew upon this

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Diary for revelations of the Civil War and President Lincoln's administration. But as to President Johnson and Reconstruction, no disclosure was ever made until long after his own death, when the printing of that record was begun in 1910 in the *Atlantic Monthly,* which is now followed by a complete publication of the Diary as a work of three volumes.

John T. Morse, who has written for these volumes an introduction—himself an eminent biographer and scholar, whose word should carry weight in American politics—says truly of this Diary: "The picture of Andrew Johnson is altogether the most favourable which has ever been given, at least with any authority, of that unfortunate man. . . . It may be that the publication of these volumes will lead to at least a partial revision of popular opinion concerning our only impeached President."

James Ford Rhodes, who has composed the only standard narrative covering this Reconstruction period, is justly considered a fair-minded and painstaking historian, accurate and researchful in his general work. But I think his chapters which relate to the years 1865-1869 are quite unjust to Johnson, both from what he states openly of that President and from the manner of his statement. He begins his exposition* by saying that "of all men in public life it is difficult to conceive of any one so ill fitted for the delicate work (*i.e.,* of reconstructing the South) as was Andrew Johnson." And he proceeds to create a prejudice by summarising Johnson's antecedents and character, once and for all, at the beginning rather than the end of his narrative of this Presidential term; laying much stress upon his humble origin and breeding, and his early struggle for self-education and a rise in life—in all of which Johnson's record differed not greatly from that of his immortal contemporary, Abraham Lincoln, except that the one, as a poor white born in slavery's mean environment, was transferred early to a pioneer free State, there to struggle still under surroundings only gradually improving, while the other remained in his native section and rose, a Southern plebeian, to rule in time a patrician planter set that had disdained him. For to be brought up to the trade of tailor is scarcely more undignified to pursue the calling of rail splitter or flatboatman.

Mr. Rhodes disparages Andrew Johnson as one having no early association with people of cultivation and moral excellence. He speaks of his extreme egotism, his self-confidence and boastfulness, and makes allusion to the ludicrous impression he produced when he first sat in Congress, as though that first impression were the latest. And asserting, upon quite doubtful proof, that Johnson began his Presidency by encouraging Sumner and the Radicals in their plans, and then lurched over to Conservatism, he qualifies his praise of the clement and generous policy to which, as he freely concedes, the new Executive soon committed himself and to which he adhered thenceforth, by blaming his steadfastness of purpose and his failure to compromise. And finally, with scarce a notice of the dignity and forbearance with which this President maintained his attitude in all public intercourse and communications, he quotes at length from his familiar balcony utterances, when serenaded, or while on his Northern tour, more than insinuating that such speeches were made while under the influence of liquor.

For personal training and inspiration, Johnson had what was far better than any intimacy among "gentlemen born" —for with such the clown in *Winter's Tale* could rank himself in four hours—and that was an angel of a wife, whom he married early, and who, besides making him a constant home, taught him to write and read to him for improvement while he sat at his workman's bench. Her purifying influence pervaded his nature through all his marvellous rise in life. She was his companion and counsellor at the White House, where they were surrounded by a family of daughters and grandchildren and lived a wholesome domestic life; and for a brief period she survived him.

Mr. Rhodes's chapters covering the Johnson administration were written before either the Johnson manuscripts or Welles's record of those years became

*V. Rhodes, United States, c. 30.

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accessible. Professor Dunning, who inclines to levity, examined, indeed, the Johnson manuscripts, but with little further purpose than to bring to light the fact that President Johnson's first message to Congress was substantially the work of the historian, George Bancroft, who at that time was living in retirement in New York City.* This discovery has been widely used as though to disparage Johnson still further, as a President too ignorant and illiterate to compose his own State papers.

That first message certainly was an able and dignified one, as all admit, and prepared for a momentous occasion; and Welles shows in his Diary that, while ignorant as to its composition, he satisfied himself that none of the Cabinet had anything to do with it.† A critic of Professor Dunning's paper has shown by comparison that the staple of that message was to be found in President Johnson's previous speeches,‡ whence one might fairly infer that Bancroft, instead of composing the President's message for him, worked into literary shape materials which Johnson himself supplied. The Johnson Collection shows only that, over this, as in other matters, President and historian were at that time in close and confidential intercourse. And Welles himself observed of the message (which he liked and thought would prove acceptable to Congress) that "the views, sentiments and doctrines are the President's."

That Andrew Johnson, when first as President confronting Congress, many of whose leaders were known to be hostile to him, should have sought such assistance, shows, at all events, that he was not so vulgarly egotistical and self-confident as some have imagined, and that he conscientiously desired to place himself strongly before the country. And we have Washington's example for justifying any President in employing pens more facile and skilful than his own in public utterances or public documents.

*2 Mass. Hist. Society Proceedings, Vol. XIX, p. 395.

†Diary, Dec. 5, 1865.

‡Am. Hist. Review, Vol. XI, p. 951.

But, be all this as it may, George Bancroft left America early in 1867, to be Minister to Prussia; and yet this President's messages and State papers continued to show strength and dignity through a nearly four years' term replete with controversy. In his correspondence with General Grant over the latter's surrender of the War Department, which he had held *ad interim* while Stanton was suspended, we see him pressing his adversary closely and with forceful ability. It is only in those largely unpremeditated and violent speeches which he made orally, letting himself go and flinging official dignity to the winds, that as President he seemed really ridiculous; and dearly did such appeals cost him and his supporters at the polls in 1866.

Probably, while he called upon others to aid him in public composition, Andrew Johnson had trained himself into a strong and effective penman for political discussion. Earnest in his views and always patriotic, he had "vigorous common sense" (as Welles styled it), "great sagacity and wide comprehension." And why should he not have become by this time a forceful writer on American political topics? His career, we should recall, had been long and eminent as a public man prior to that momentous year which saw him associate and then successor of the martyred Lincoln. Alderman and mayor of the little city of Greenville when scarcely of age was only fame's beginning for him. His own community, trusting him more and more widely upon experience, sent him in 1843 to Congress, where he served faithfully for ten years in the House of Representatives. In 1853 and again in 1855 he was chosen Governor of Tennessee; and then in 1857 he took his seat as a United States Senator from Tennessee. Here Southern secession found him in 1861; a Democrat who had supported Breckenridge and Lane through the Presidential canvass, yet who now denounced all schemes of separation following Lincoln's election and pledged himself unconditionally to the Union. This loyalty to government exposed him to grave personal danger from the secessionists of his State, when he returned

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home to organise and inspire the element still remaining loyal. During his whole Senatorial life in Washington he had shown himself a man of high ideals in political life, and sturdily fearless and independent in his public attitude.

President Lincoln in 1862 appointed this Senator the military governor of Tennessee, a post of difficulty and personal danger, and in that service he displayed an energy and wisdom that attracted wide admiration in the North and led to his selection for Vice-President by the Union Republican Convention of 1864, which renominated Lincoln as President. His rise in public service, from first to last, had been spontaneous and based upon sound and efficient service, and not as the result of trickery or artful manipulation.

True, as Mr. Rhodes has pointed out, Johnson had not, like Abraham Lincoln, that other self-made statesman, entered politics by way of the legal profession with its important discipline. Yet he had been rocked and almost cradled in public responsibilities, and had fulfilled a long career both as executive and legislator, serving the Union as well as his important State. Such a public experience ought to afford a fair substitute discipline for any man of aspirations and capacity.

But this President, we are told further, had acquired drinking habits while military governor of Tennessee. Too much may be imputed by such a charge. The demon alcohol, we well remember, made fearful ravages, both North and South, during those four years of fratricidal strife. It was a period of sudden reverses in private experience, of sudden military exposure to death and disability, of sudden wealth or ruination civilly—a period when men's lives lapsed into reckless savagery, while at the seat of war, far from all social constraint and the tender companionship of pure women and children. In the soldier's life weeks of sheer idleness in camp would be followed by strenuous marches and encounters, incessant over-exertion and physical exhaustion. Whiskey, as a stimulant or a medicine—not to mention convivial uses—was much in evidence in those days, and far too much so. None of us who wore shoulder straps, at one interval or another, but knew well that fellow-officers, high or low in grade, indulged in liquor more or less habitually, and that those who totally abstained were fewer than they who showed themselves at times the worse for it. Virtue lay in a temperate use of the cup, or, at least, in showing no ill effects from it while on duty.

Andrew Johnson, most unfortunately for himself, was intoxicated when sworn in as Vice-President of the United States. That initial lapse from grace created a prejudice far and wide, and could never be forgotten through the years of his higher exaltation. Yet he never again offended in public official intercourse, so far as history is aware, and in that respect his whole behaviour as President or Vice-President was above reproach. That he admitted his lapse at the outset is evident from the fact that he preserved the proof among his own manuscripts; and doubtless both he and his devoted wife mourned the mortifying incident and resolved that such conduct should not be repeated.

The written statement of his predecessor, Vice-President Hamlin, which Johnson preserved, was to the effect that both men rode together to the Capitol, at which time the Vice-President elect appeared quite sober, but that, on arriving at the Senate wing, he complained of nervous exhaustion and took a slight drink of whiskey to steady himself; and that this little was enough to exhibit him to the distinguished Senate audience intoxicated. Later, while President, some of his remarks unofficially made to a crowd might have suggested a similar condition, especially while he "swung round the circle" on his ill-advised Western tour of 1866. But of "orgies" there appears no proof; and it would seem, either that a little liquor loosened Johnson's tongue when speech-making, or perhaps that, without drinking at all, he would lose his self-poise and self-control under strong excitement. Of course he was led to random repartee by the jeering interruption of bystanders in a promiscuous audience. To this Tennesseean, in fact, stump-speaking with rude and turbulent accompaniment had be-

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come a second nature; yet a style of oratory that suited fellow-citizens in his own State might not equally please a Northern multitude.

That Johnson as President was quite accessible at the White House—that to callers, whether of public or private standing, he appeared sensible and kindly, listening patiently to advice, somewhat reserved in comments, but conversing with sobriety and self-restraint, is the universal testimony of contemporaries qualified to give it. Had it been otherwise, this President had personal enemies enough to spread tales to his injury. He seemed neither exhilarated nor morose to his many visitors, neither muddled nor of fitful temper. A dignified delegation he could address with dignity. Senators, such as Sherman, pronounced him "kind and patient, with all his terrible responsibility." Even Sumner spoke of him as pleasant and pacifying in discussion.

Secretary Welles describes this Executive in Cabinet intercourse as a willing listener, receiving information and suggestions from his advisers and taking their opinions upon important questions; with only the fault of being too secretive and uncommunicative, and, as perhaps his gravest political error, failing to inspire, with a frank and free confidence, willing friends at the other end of the avenue, who might speak and work better on his behalf in House or Senate, when fully authorised by him to do so.

But those undignified outside harangues by this self-styled "Andy Johnson" in his free utterances to "the people"—harangues which shocked our free-state sensibilities, as we read them reported at their worst in presses hostile to him—we still recall with shame and surprise. And hence of this President it may perhaps be said, as one has said of General Hooker, that there were in him two distinct persons. The one, dignified and statesmanlike in words or action, showed the man of public experience and lofty sentiment, while he fully kept his self-control; the other, and the more intimate, disclosed him as boastful and loquacious over his extraordinary rise in life, a self-made man of coarse beginnings, vulgar still at heart, and worshipful of his maker. Johnson had certainly done much to boast of, but in usual intercourse at this time of life he showed a becoming reticence and repression of strong emotions.

To turn to Johnson's nobler traits as a public man. Through all his long and notable career, steadily upon the upward grade, he was inflexibly honest, both personally and politically. When he became President, he refused from admirers the gift of a coach and equipage, lest he might be placed under obligations officially to the givers. Upon his retirement from the Presidency he could challenge criticism in the language of the Hebrew prophet: "Whose ox have I taken? Or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? Or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?"

Of Johnson's courageous loyalty to the Union in times of stress and peril, his steadfast devotion, through weal or woe, and the noble service he rendered in rescuing Tennessee from the toils of a false Confederacy, the proofs are many. He shone, a beacon light to fellow-citizens, through gathering dangers. He would address an angry mob of neighbours in 1861, armed with a loaded pistol for self-protection. Welles, in his Diary, notes an incident of that year, related to him, where a Northern man at the Burnet House in Cincinnati heard a commotion at breakfast time, and, going to the entrance, saw this patriot dismounting, dusty and travelworn, for a rest. He was then on the way to Washington, to take his seat in the Senate for the extra session of Congress convened in July by Lincoln's proclamation. Government had given him a military escort for his personal safety across the half-rebellious State of Kentucky.

Johnson's public consistency and faithfulness under a tremendous pressure for political apostasy also deserves our praise. There was no duplicity or treachery, no *ignis fatuus* of a self-seeking ambition, about him. He would have liked the personal vindication of a second term from the people, but he made no effort to ingratiate himself with one party set or another, nor was he self-deceived. Not all the blandishments

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brought to bear upon him could persuade him to Tylerise or to bestow his patronage so as to strengthen the opposition party of 1864, which now freely reorganised. Union men, trustworthy and of high personal character—men such as Lincoln himself would have selected with applause—filled the national offices to the end of his term; "Copperheads," or those with a disloyal record, made no headway with him.

And so, too, with his Cabinet. Johnson kept and was content to retain the advisers President Lincoln had left behind him. His own changes in this respect were few, and such, except in the War Department, as came naturally and provoked no harsh comment. Of the greatest Secretaries inherited from his predecessor, Seward, Welles and McCulloch stayed loyally by him, giving their distinguished support to the last. Stanton alone played false and opposed him. No one of his whole Cabinet resigned whom he did not replace by a worthy successor.

Between Welles and President Johnson grew a strong intimacy which extended to their respective households. Each of these men ranked as a Union Republican, with Democratic rather than Whig or Free-Soil prepossessions, and each revered the memory of Andrew Jackson. At the last family farewell in 1869, Welles wrote in his diary: "No better persons have occupied the Executive mansion, and I part from them, socially and personally, with sincere regret."*

Welles's own estimate of President Johnson is clearly expressed in the written pages of his Diary and reiterated either at length or casually. "He has great capacity" (to quote the record of 1867), "is conversant with our public affairs beyond most men, has much experience, possesses great firmness, sincere patriotism, a sacred regard for the Constitution, is humane and benevolent. Extreme men and extreme measures he dislikes; secession and exclusion are alike repugnant. The radicals accuse him of being irritable and obstinate, but the truth is, he has been patient and forbearing almost to infirmity under assaults, intrigue and abuse."† And again Welles styles him "as pure, as honest, as patriotic a chief magistrate as we have ever had."‡

Besides the fault of unconfidingness to which I have alluded, so that many of his most important steps in the Presidency were taken "without the knowledge of any person whatever," Johnson is criticised by his Secretary for a want of promptness and timeliness, when taking a decisive step to assert himself, and hence failing of his purpose. "Had he been less yielding," writes Welles, "less hesitating, more prompt and decided, had he met radical error and misrule at the threshold, checked the first innovations on his prerogative, dismissed at once faithless public officers, he would have saved himself and the country many difficulties."§

To this we may add the belief that had this Executive avoided brass-band demonstrations, out-of-doors oratory, and popular stumping tours for the newspapers to report and comment upon to his injury, confining himself rather to public messages, letters deliberately written and the official reception of callers and delegations at the White House, he would not have been so widely misunderstood and misinterpreted by our people, and, most likely, might have kept his hold upon a third, at least, of the House of Representatives, and thus caused his vetoes to be respected. Johnson proved himself a much wiser statesman than politician while in supreme station.

With corrective estimates like these to qualify the baser imputations of hostile contemporaries, who did their best to load him with reproach and infamy, we are now prepared to review, at a sufficient interval, the details of Johnson's ill-starred administration through a term of office replete with strange incidents and strangely liable to misconception. History's task is to unravel complications, not to leave public entanglements unexplained—to illuminate and not to keep under a bushel. No quarrel can progress without at least two obstinate

*Diary, March 17, 1869.

†*Ib.*, August 31, 1867.

‡Diary, January 15, 1867.

§*Ib.*, August 31, 1867.

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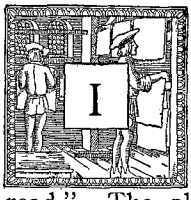
opponents. And of this we should reassure ourselves, first of all, that to live nobly and with honourable intent is better than to be nobly born. No matter how humble his antecedents, nor how miserable his birth and early surroundings, the man who struggles onward and upward in life, through toil and tribulation, training and improving himself as he may, while seeking to be of real service to his fellow-men, develops, under our free institutions, a character deserving of confidence and respect. Only they who are selfish and unscrupulous in a lofty ambition are surely to be dreaded, and only sordid tricksters and trucklers deserve contempt. A steadfast soul may shine out, despite its failings, and even the greatest of statesmen have their faults of character.

HOW TO USE A LIBRARY

BY CALVIN WINTER



IN his essay on "Books and Libraries," James Russell Lowell writes with cheerful optimism: "All that is primarily needful in order to use a library is the ability to read." The phrase is so neat and so plausible that it is a pity that, for practical purposes, it is more likely to prove false than true,—as false, let us say, as that knowing how to drive a nail is all that is necessary to make a good carpenter. As a matter of fact, and the first librarian that you have a chance to talk with will promptly agree, there are a good many people who never have learned and never will learn even the rudiments of the art of using a library, —that is, of so using it as to get from it just the special knowledge that they are seeking, and, what is more, get it in a minimum of time. Lowell, of course, was speaking purely from the standpoint of a man of letters: he was thinking, not of any one kind of library, public or private, general or technical, but just of libraries in the abstract, congregations of worthy books, among which any person with the "ability to read," plus an inborn instinct for what is good in literature, may browse at will and expand his mind.

But it is not at all in this sense that the phrase, How to Use a Library, is employed in the present paper. It has been so often said that the only way ever to know a book is to own it, that to repeat it here savours of triteness; yet it is so true, that we may say unhesitatingly that the use of a library in Lowell's sense of the term is really the use of one's own private library,—and, what is more, one's use of it as a pastime and not a business. But to such of us as practise the craft of writing, books are the indispensable tools of our trade; and the best, the largest, the most easily available tool-chest is the nearest public library. If we are wise craftsmen, we familiarise ourselves with these tools in advance, and do not wait until such time as we may be in need of a special form of intellectual auger or chisel.

Regarding the widespread helplessness on the part of the general public to find what they want or even to explain what their wants are, an amiable gentleman at the New York Public Library, who has had years of practice in removing stumbling-blocks of this sort, relieved his mind quite freely a few days ago: "So few people know what they want," he said emphatically, "that the first question I ask them when they beg me to help them find a certain book, is, 'What do you want it for? What are you trying to find out?' And in a large proportion of cases, the book they asked for proves to be not at all the one that they really wanted. I am not thinking," he continued, "of mere blunders in titles, although frequently these give us a good deal of trouble, along with some little amusement: I recall, for instance, a young woman who lately asked us for a novel entitled 'Two Halves and Two Wholes,' and it needed a happy inspiration to discover that what she really

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wanted was *To Have and to Hold.* A somewhat more serious mistake gave our cataloguing department an hour or two of hard work only this morning: an irate personage came to the desk to complain that a book, one that he needed very badly, one that he knew the library owned, because he had called for it and received it several times in the past, had vanished completely from the catalogue. It was, he explained, one Randolph's *History of the University of Virginia.* He was correct about there being no such book in the catalogue, either under *Randolph* or *Virginia.* It was eventually found, where it belonged, under *University.* Randolph was not the author, but only the publisher, the authors being Messrs. Jefferson and Cahill."

While this conversation was in progress, a pleasant-faced but somewhat harassed young woman, manipulating a card catalogue, found time to interject a volunteer comment: "We would not mind the blunders so much," she said, "if readers were not so unreasonable in their demands upon us for research work; many of them expect us to find their books and then do the reading for them." She interrupted herself, to give her attention to a middle-aged, nervous-mannered man, who began somewhat uncertainly: "I wonder whether,—that is," he concluded jerkily, "I want some books on China,—yes, China,—you know!" "Can you tell me what sort of books you want on China?" she encouraged him. "You see, we have a good many books on China, so if you could tell me what you are looking up——" "Oh, just books on China, books with pictures, you know,—pictures of, oh, gates and pagodas and oh, you know, that's it, books with pictures." "I will try to have a list ready for you the next time you come in," said the girl patiently. "No, don't do that," said the man. "I am too busy myself. Just look them over for me and take notes, yes, that's it, take notes, so that you can tell me about them." He drifted out, and the girl glanced at us in weary triumph, as if to say, "Didn't I tell you so?"

This sort of unreasonableness on the part of the public is not an isolated case. One of the assistants in the library of a small suburban city, not many miles from New York, said in a burst of confidence: "The women's clubs give us the most trouble: there is the Tuesday Club, and the Friday Club and the Fortnightly Club,—and every one of them sends us its programme at the beginning of the season: and every club member, when the time comes to write her essay, expects us to have all the books and magazine articles ready for her,—and in some cases to do pretty nearly all the work short of the actual writing." Evidently we have come a long way from the time that Lowell speaks of when "the duty of a librarian was considered that of a watch-dog, to keep people as much as possible away from books and to hand them over to his successor as little worn as he could!"

Of course there are two sides to every question, and ignorance is not always confined to the reader. Mr. Augustine Birrell tells with obvious relish a personal experience, as shedding light upon the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing in some libraries in the remoter towns of England. It occurred on a Calais boat, and the speaker was a certain world-famed military officer: "When he understood that I had some connection with the Library Association, he exclaimed: 'Why, you're just the man I want! I have been anxious of late about my man, old Atkins. You see the old boy with a stoop, sheltering behind the funnel. Poor old beggar! quite past his work, but as faithful as a dog. It has just occurred to me that if you could shove him into some snug library in the country, I'd be awfully grateful to you. His one fault is a fondness for reading, and so a library would be just the thing.'"

It would be a base slander upon our many excellent American librarians even to hint that their numbers are ever recruited from the ranks of "Old Atkins"; but, on the other hand, it is well to remember that no librarian is infallible. It was Anatole France who once in a museum asked a scientist some question anent a certain interesting exhibit in one of the show-cases, and received from the scientist the curt reply that it did not

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happen to be in his show-case. Librarians are like scientists in this respect: it is never safe to ask them questions about anything outside of their show-case. Not many months ago the present writer toiled down, through a drenching rain, to the old Astor Library, in order to enquire which of the local branches had the most complete collection of French fiction. Two branches were named, the more convenient of which happened to be that at 145th Street. Upon applying there, the writer faced a much puzzled attendant, who deprecatingly led the way to the French shelf; it contained seven or eight dilapidated and disconsolate volumes, the first half of *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* and of *Les Misérables,* selected poems of Lamartine, a few school texts and a prayer book. They were the negligible residue of a large collection that had been removed to another branch nearly a year previous.

But to come to the point: admitting that a large proportion of readers, if not actually helpless in a library, are at least often perplexed, and waste valuable hours in gleaning some fragment of information that ought to have required as many minutes,—what can they do about it? Are there any convenient rules of thumb, so to speak, any serviceable suggestions for saving time, any method for making the library more useful, short of prolonged and patient grubbing in it?

The answer is simple enough: There are certain things which even the most unbookish person may readily learn, if he will only take a little time and trouble. And these things may all be conveniently classified under two heads: To learn, first of all, what library facilities lie within easy reach; secondly, how to get the best service out of catalogues, indexes, cyclopedias, and all those similar short cuts to information that, to quote Lowell once again, supply the beginner, without cost, with "at least one of the results of thorough scholarship, the knowing where to look for what he wants."

And, first, regarding your library facilities, their number and their location. Of course, the amount of time and trouble it requires to familiarise yourself with them varies largely, accordingly as you live in a country town or a large city. Yet, in either case the problem offered is much the same. There is probably some one library of some kind or other quite near at hand; there must be others, better equipped, within a radius not wholly prohibitory; and beyond these, are the bigger centres of learning which, on occasion, might be well worth a railway journey of a few hours. This brings to mind the case of a writer of some distinction, who has reduced the knowledge of library facilities pretty nearly to an exact science, Mr. Edward Porritt, author of an authoritative work on the history of English parliamentary reform. This work, in two massive volumes, was written during the course of ten years in a small village in the heart of Connecticut. Mr. Porritt, who is an Englishman, has expressed his cordial admiration, both in private conversation and in print, concerning the courtesy, the convenience, and the resources of American libraries. He found that in a work of such magnitude as his, on a purely British subject, requiring reference to hundreds of rare government records, it was possible to obtain all needful material in this country, and what is more, to have access to it with far less official red tape than in England. But to do this, it was essential to cultivate his special knowledge of the resources of each and every library within his reach: what the library in the Capitol at Hartford had to offer, and how far the Historical Society could supplement it; which line of books would necessitate a day's outing to New Haven, and what greater rarities had to be sought at long intervals either in Boston or at the Congressional Library at Washington.

This same general principle of becoming acquainted with the library resources of your own town applies as well whether your work is on a big scale or a small. It is a constant source of surprise to find how many members of the literary and artistic brotherhood, within the City of New York, have never heard of certain special libraries that would be peculiarly useful to them and which are accessible with practically no formalities. It was only last week that a young magazine il-

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lustrator was deploring the fact that he had ransacked the city unsuccessfully in search of pictures that would furnish him with details of colour and design of certain old military uniforms. Some one present ventured to ask if he had looked in the Avery Library at Columbia University. It is by no means certain that he would have found there what he sought; but at least the interesting fact was elicited that the young illustrator had never heard of the Avery Library. And at least three instances come to mind of people who within the past year were seeking helplessly for some Spanish book and were unaware of the existence of the admirable collection of the Hispanic Society of America at 156th Street and Broadway.

But it is not enough merely to become acquainted with the contents of the different libraries; an even more important matter is that of relative convenience and expedition. The first thing to find out in any library is in regard to the conditions under which the books may be used; whether readers may have access directly to the stacks; whether books may be taken from the library building; and what are the nature and extent of the books on the shelves reserved for free consultation. A few specific cases, based on personal experiences in the New York libraries, will serve to accentuate the utility of this sort of knowledge.

The New York Public Library has in its main reading-room five or six shelves accessible from the main floor and as many more from the gallery. These shelves run entirely around this vast room and form an aggregate of several thousand feet of shelving. Consequently they offer immediate access, without the formality of a card or signature, to a collection of reference books not to be duplicated anywhere in the city. It is well worth spending an hour or two in completing a circuit of these shelves and making mental memoranda of the various classes of books therein comprised. The facilities for genealogical and historical research are exceptionally rich. Or again, the prospective traveller who wishes to plan his European trip has only to ascend a staircase to a certain little alcove, and there he will find, ready to his hand, all imaginable *Baedekers* and *Murrays,* past and present. But supposing that our immediate task, instead of demanding any of the above-mentioned books, requires a patient search through the back volumes of the *Academy* and *Athenæum,* the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review.* In this case it would be a wanton waste of time to go to the Public Library, because the files of these magazines are securely locked away in the stacks and are available only upon the usual signed application and some patient waiting. The Columbia Library, on the contrary, has a separate magazine room with complete files of thirty or forty of the leading periodicals to be taken freely from the shelves, and quite as many more in the basement, access to which may be obtained through no very great formality. In other respects, also, the Columbia free consultation shelves offer a good many facilities. But mention of them brings to mind one little point which deserves a certain amount of emphasis, namely, the value of a good index.

The first great principle, in learning to use a library, is to acquire the knack of saving time. Between two libraries equally well equipped, choose the one whose consultation shelves offer the ampler resources. And, in deciding this question of comparative advantage, do not disregard the important little question whether the editions available on the reference shelves are equipped with a good subject index. Just for the sake of an example the present writer will confess that the citation from Lowell which heads this article lurked in very uncertain form somewhere in the back of his brain. It had to be tracked down and verified, and that, too, with no loss of time. To search through the six volumes of Lowell's essays would, without exceptional luck, be a matter of an hour or two; but fortunately the sixth volume of his collected works has a most commendable subject index,—thanks to which the citation in question was run to earth in less than a minute and a half. Undoubtedly a day will come when some precious time will be saved by a mental note duly recorded that the edition of Samuel Johnson on the Columbia

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shelves, the Literary Club Edition, limited to seven hundred and fifty sets, is devoid of an index; and the same is true of their Dent Edition of Hazlitt. The Columbia Pope, on the contrary, like the Swift (Bohn Library), are admirably equipped, the index in the latter case running to upward of a hundred and seventy pages.

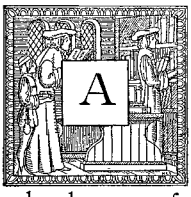
But let us suppose, for sake of argument, that we have persuaded some amible editor that he would like us to compile an article on the colour of the heroine's eyes in modern fiction, or her favourite composer, or the way she does her hair and puts on her gloves,—in short, any sort of an article that requires a cursory glance through several score novels. Now to go to any one of the large city libraries means a formidable expenditure of time,—and even with the best sort of luck we would be told that a good half of the books we most needed were in use. But there happens to be a very cosy and well-equipped little library in a suburban town which may be readily reached by trolley in about an hour, and which offers the several advantages of free access to all the books, a compact and well-chosen fiction section, and a minimum of noise and confusion. The loss of time in coming and going is as nothing in comparison to the gain in time by having precisely what one wants all within arm's reach. It is possible on occasion to consult and glean material from over a hundred volumes in the course of one working morning.

These suggestions are more or less tentative. They are the outcome of personal experience and represent, not so much practical rules, as a habit of thought. They may perhaps be best summed up in this one little rule: In all your library work, consider every bit of stray knowledge as to the location and the contents of books which you may, sooner or later, find useful, as a valuable part of your mental equipment, and something to be treasured accordingly.

THE IRISH NATIONAL THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I



ART and Nature compete eternally with each other in the great task of making humanity aware of what is true and beautiful and good. They are the two teachers in this school-room of a world to which we are come—we know not whence—as scholars; and we have much to learn from both of them in the little time allotted before school is suddenly let out and we frolic forth—we know not whither. It would be difficult to judge decisively whether Art or Nature is the greater teacher. Nature has more to tell us, but Art is better skilled for utterance. Nature has so much to say that she has no patience for articulation. She thrills us with a vague awareness of multitudinous indecipherable messages; but she speaks to us in whispers and in thunders —elusive, indeterminate, discomforting. Art, with less to say, has more patience for the formulation of her messages; she speaks to us in a voice that has been deliberately trained, and her utterance is lucid and precise. She does not try, like Nature, to tell us everything at once. She selects, instead, some single definite and little truth to tell us at a time, and exerts herself to speak it clearly. We can never estimate precisely what it is that we have learned from Nature; but whenever Art has spoken to us, we know exactly what we have been told. Nature stirs and tortures us to a mazy apprehension of illimitables; but Art contents us with careful limitations and calms us with achieved lucidity.

But, in this compensatory universe, every advantage carries with it a concomitant disadvantage. The besetting danger to the usefulness of Art as a teacher of mankind lurks inherent in this very capacity for orderly articulation. Art is only human, after all, and is liable

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to the human sin of vanity. More and more, as Art advances in efficiency of utterance, she tends to take delight in listening to the sound of her own voice; she tends to value method more dearly than material; she tends to forget that the thing to be said is immeasurably more important than any gracefulness in saying it. Thus artistry, as it advances toward perfection, destroys its purpose and defeats itself.

Whenever artistry becomes too cleverly and nicely organised, whenever Art succumbs to the vanity of self-consciousness, it is necessary that seekers for the truth should forsake Art and return to Nature. At such a time the really earnest scholar will throw away his books and seek his reading in the running brooks. Humanity advances not along a straight line but along a circulating spiral; it progresses through a series of revolutions and reversions; and the motive of every progressive revolution is the recurrent yearning to return to Nature. "Let us return to Nature! Let us turn backward in order to move forward!",—this has been the watchword of the revolutionists in every age when Art has grown inefficient through efficiency. There is no other way than this to cure the vanity of Art and make her useful once again.

We live at present in an age when the dramatic art has attained a technical efficiency which has never been approached before in the whole history of the theatre. Our best-made plays are better made than those of any other period. Consider for a moment the craftsmanship displayed in such a work as that ultimate monument of intensive artistry, *The Thunderbolt* of Sir Arthur Pinero. There is no play of Shakespeare's that is so staggeringly admirable in every last and least detail of technical adjustment. When artistry has gone so far as this, there is nothing more for it to do. Such accomplishment defeats itself, for it leaves the artist nothing further to accomplish. What is to be done when we are brought to such a period? . . . There can be but one answer to that question:—Let us return to Nature.

For it is evident that though Art has taught our present playwrights more than she ever taught their predecessors, Nature has taught them less. Our drama is too technical; our dramatists care more for artistry than they care for life. The highest pleasure that we may derive from the contemporary drama at its best is the critical pleasure of following point by point the unfaltering development of a faultless pattern. But the theatre—as we know from Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière—is capable of affording a greater pleasure than this,—a pleasure less critical and more creative. Our contemporary plays are masterly in method, but comparatively unimportant in material. It is a sign of their essential insignificance that they tell us truths that are not even beautiful; for it is only when truth has ascended to that level where—as in the vision of Keats—it becomes identical with beauty, that it is, in any real sense, worth the telling. Our drama deals mainly with the artificial emotions of super-civilised aristocrats who dwell in cities: it sets before us a Criticism of Society instead of the Romance of Man.

When we have dwelt for many months in a metropolis, and dressed for dinner every night, and exchanged small talk concerning trivialities, and grown exceedingly clever and witty and graceful and urbane, there comes a time for us to break away—it is the time when violets are peeping—to far places where people have no manners, where they talk from the heart instead of from the head, and where a wide earth is swept with winds all murmurous with whispers from the sea, and at night there is a sky of many stars.—The theatre has its seasons also; and when the drama has grown too clever and urbane, too artistic and too trivial, it is time to break away. For, somewhere, terrific seas are surging on forlorn coasts far away, and simple folk are making music to each other in imaginative speech. Let us then be riders to the sea, and wander till we meet a playboy, talking deep love in the shadow of a glen.

II

These general considerations must be held in mind as we turn our critical attention to the aims and achievements of

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the Irish National Theatre Society. This society was organised in 1901 by Mr. William Butler Yeats and Lady Augusta Gregory. The founders had two purposes in view:—first, to develop a drama that should be distinctly national, so that Ireland might have a voice in the concerted theatre of the world, and second, to reachieve a union between truth and beauty in the drama by effecting a return to nature, in both material and method. In practice, these two purposes soon proved themselves to be identical; for both the authors and the actors found that the surest method for accomplishing the first was to devote themselves enthusiastically to the second.

These Irish idealists at once rejected from their range of subject-matter all themes suggested by the life of cities and by the manners of what are called the upper classes,—first, because such material was not definitively Irish, and second, because it was not—in any deep sense—human. Facility of intercommunication has made every modern metropolis more cosmopolitan than national; and to seek the heart of any country it is now necessary to delve into aloof and rural districts. Furthermore, our modern civilisation—which is largely artificial—has refined the higher classes of society to such a point that they now ignore, or cynically smile upon, those basic, impulsive, and primordial emotions that spring spontaneously from the heart of man.

The Irish authors decided also, from the outset, to revolt against that tyranny of merely technical achievement to which the international contemporary drama is subservient. This is an age of plot and stage-direction,—of emotion evidenced in action, of action elucidated to the eye by every deliberate aid to visual illusion. The Irish playwrights would have none of this. Not plot, but character, was what they chose to care about, since people are more real than incidents. They renounced the technical empery of plot, and rejected the tradition of the well-made play. If they could reveal character sufficiently in situation, they did not consider it a further duty to set it forth in action. They did not deem it necessary to rely on stage-direction to convince the eye, since they could revert to an earlier stage of the development of the drama and rely on eloquence of writing to convince the ear. They chose to make a drama that is less visual and more auditory than that to which we have become commonly accustomed in the international theatre of to-day. They decided that the surest way to return to nature was to return to literature.

Actuated by these aims, the Irish playwrights found, in the peasant life of Ireland, innumerable subjects made to their hand. That life was at once definitively national and primordially human. By geographical position and by historical isolation, that emerald island floating in the far Atlantic has remained the utter outpost of European civilisation. Only the larger cities have been annexed—in any real sense—to the British Empire; only the aristocracy is cosmopolitan. The peasants of the rural counties are not British, but Celtic, in ancestry and temperament; and the life of those aloof and desultory districts is not modern, but early mediæval. The far, forgotten islands that are washed by the isolating western sea are populated with a peasantry who have escaped the long and gradual advance of time and who, defended from modernity, still play around the nursery of this grown-up and over-wearied world. Age has not withered them, nor custom staled. They love and hate and worship and blaspheme like little children, gloriously irresponsible to the calming, cold dictates of modern civilisation, and panged with the terrible and thrilling growing-pains of the primeval human soul.

And, by a providential accident, these crude, uncultured people speak to each other with an easy eloquence that hovers only a little lower than the speech of angels. They have not yet, as we have, filed and simplified their speech to a workaday and placid prose. Their words have longer memories than ours, and float forth trailing clouds of glory. Their common speaking surges with a tidal chant, like that of the recurrent singing of the sea. When Wordsworth, leading his own lonely and much-ridiculed return to Nature, sought to restrict the utterance of poetry to the daily speech of

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dalesmen, he lost his aim amid a diction inadequate to the occasion; and, for his greater sonnets, he found himself necessitated to revert to the language of the mental aristocracy. But the language of Lady Gregory and J. M. Synge is unfalteringly eloquent; and Synge, in his prefaces, and Lady Gregory, in her conversations, have both assured us that they have used no words in their writings that they have not heard falling naturally from the lips of Irish peasants incapable of reading or of signing their own names. Thus, in returning to Nature, they discovered a well-spring ebullient with poetry. Faring forth to seek the true, they found the beautiful.

III

Such being the purposes of the founders of the Irish National Theatre Society, it was evident from the outset that they could not entrust the presentation of their plays to professional London actors trained to other aims. They therefore organised a company of their own, composed of young men and women engaged in various businesses in Dublin, who were eager to devote their leisure hours to the pleasant exercise of acting. This company, in origin, was *amateur;* and it was not till 1904, when it became established permanently at the Abbey Theatre, that it grew to be professional. In spirit, the Abbey Theatre Players are still *amateur;* and this is said, of course, in praise of them. It is evident that they act for the love of acting. It would seem to be their motto that "no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working." Fame and money have been added unto them in recent years, for they have captured London and set siege to Boston and New York; but it is apparent from their work that they are inspired still, as ever, with the joy of working. And this is the main reason why their artless artistry is charming; for there is nothing more enjoyable than joy.

Their acting is so different from ours, in aim, in spirit, and in method, that there can be no profit in arguing as to whether it is better or whether it is not so good. Their stage-direction is elementary and casual. They are sparing of gesticulation. They care far less than we do about making appealing pictures to the eye; and they care far more than we do about the delicate, alluring art of reading. They never move about the stage unnecessarily, in the fancied interest of visual variety; often, for long passages, they merely sit still, or stand about, and talk. But, with them, the lines are all-important. Their plays are written eloquently; and they repeat this written eloquence with an affectionate regard for rhythm and the harmony of words.

Character, not action, is the dominant element in the Irish plays; and it is therefore not surprising that the Irish Players are inferior to our own in representing rapid and emphatic action, and superior in the deliberate and gradual portraiture of personality. All the Irish Players are what are called, in the slang of the theatre, character actors. But they draw their portraits mainly by the means of speech, and rely far less than we do on make-up and facial expression. With them, as with their authors, the drama has returned to literature.

IV

We may now examine several of the most characteristic pieces in the repertory which the Abbey Theatre Players have been presenting in America; and, first of all, it will be pleasant to turn our attention to the one-act plays of Lady Gregory. In the sense of the word to which we have grown accustomed in the conventional theatre, these delightful little sketches are scarcely plays at all. It would be more precise to speak of them as anecdotes. The author sets forth two or three characters in a single situation, and draws them thoroughly in dialogue; she does not seem to care especially whether the incident which reveals the characters is active or passive; she does not work the situation up to any emphatic climax; but having opened a momentary little vista upon life, she smilingly remarks "That's all" and rings the curtain down. Her vision is both poetical and humorous; she enjoys the rare endowment of sagacity; and she writes with eloquence and ease.

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Spreading the News is a good-natured satire of the extravagant growth of gossip among people whose imagination is stronger than their common sense. A farmer forgets his pitch-fork, on the outskirts of a fair; and a second farmer, finding it, hurries after to return it to him. A by-stander remarks casually to a deaf old apple-woman that Bartley Fallon is running after Jack Smith with a pitch-fork. The apple-woman tells some one else that Fallon has attacked Smith with murderous intent. The story grows and grows as it passes from mouth to mouth, until an assembled crowd believe that Smith is slain and invent a number of plausible motives for the murder. The rumour reaches the ears of the police; and Fallon is arrested, protesting vainly against the embattled certainty of the accusing public. Then Smith strolls back, safe and sound, and finds it difficult to convince the crowd that he is not a ghost.

The Workhouse Ward is a deliciously sagacious bit of humorous characterisation. Two old paupers are discovered lying in adjacent beds. They have been lifelong friends; but now, having nothing else to do, they spend their entire time in arguing and quarrelling. To one of them there comes an opportunity to leave the workhouse and be cared for in a comfortable home; but he declines this opportunity because the offer is not extended also to his friend, the other pauper. Immediately afterward, the inseparable cronies fall once more to altercation, and beat each other eagerly over the head with pillows.

There is less humour and more sentiment in *The Rising of the Moon.* A constable is guarding a quay from which it is expected that a fleeing political prisoner will endeavour to escape to sea. There is a large reward upon the prisoner's head, and his apprehension would also mean promotion for the constable. An itinerant ballad-singer appears, sits back to back with the constable upon a barrel-head set lonely in the streaming of the moon, and sings him many songs which strum upon the chords of memory and remind him of his childhood and his home. Having tuned the constable to a proper key of sentiment, the ballad-singer confesses that he is the fleeing prisoner; and the constable, scarcely knowing why, connives at his escape.

In *The Gaol Gate* Lady Gregory has turned to tragedy and written in a sombre mood. Outside the gate of Galway Gaol, the mother and the wife of a prisoner make lamentation, because he has, as they think, saved his own neck by betraying his companions. The Gatekeeper unwittingly contributes to this belief of theirs by telling them that the prisoner has died in hospital. He gives them the dead man's clothes; and over these they make a melancholy keening. But later they discover that the Gatekeeper has lied to them, and that the prisoner has in reality been hanged. He had not sold his friends to purchase immunity for himself: he had died gloriously, after all. And now the two women lift their voices high in praise of him, chanting the grim glory of his doom.—This little tragedy is written in a very regular rhythm; and the keening of the women reminds the ear of the forlorn falling of many of the ancient Hebrew psalms and lamentations.

Another of the Irish dramatists, named William Boyle, has displayed a great gift for humorous characterisation. In his three-act comedy, *The Building Fund,* a miserly old woman is shown clinging passionately to her gathered wealth upon the very verge of death. Her son is just as miserly as she is, and has been waiting all his life for her to die. As her end approaches, he suffers a panic fear lest she may be persuaded to give a little something to his niece; and, to avert this calamity, he induces her to make a will. After her death, the parsimonious son discovers, to his consternation, that—with grim, sardonic humour—she has left all her money to the parish building fund.

The Mineral Workers, by the same author, deals with the efforts of an energetic Irishman, who has emigrated to America and returned thence to his native township, to develop a mining company to work out a vein of copper that he has discovered in the land. He has to contend against the conservatism of the peasants, who feel that the land should be used only, as it always has been, for

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"BIRTHRIGHT"—ACT II
"There is a tragic fight by fire-light; and the younger slowly strangles his elder brother with his hands."

superficial cultivation, and the active opposition of one especially hard-headed farmer who for a long time prevents him from securing the water-rights that he needs for power. Almost every trait of Irish peasant character that militates against the advance of modern enterprise is satirically elucidated in this comedy. The plot is inconsiderable; but, as in *The Building Fund,* the humour of characterisation is rich.

Mr. T. C. Murray's two-act tragedy called *Birthright* offers a revelation of a state of character rather than a resolution of a dramatic complication; but it flares up into sudden violent action at the end. It is a study of the hatred subsisting between two brothers of contrasted temperaments. The elder is an easy-going, pleasure-loving lad; the younger is more industrious and commonplace. Their father, in anger at the elder, transfers his birthright to the younger son; and this leads to a quarrel between the two brothers. There is a tragic fight by fire-light; and the younger slowly strangles his elder brother with his hands.

These plays are sufficiently indicative of the materials and methods of the Irish dramatists, and represent the general level of their accomplishment. But we have still to consider the work of the one indubitable genius that the Irish National Theatre has yet given to the world.

V

There is a poem of Walt Whitman's in the course of which he says,—"O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?—Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow, as the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe."

The first thing to be said about the dead and deathless poet, John M. Synge, is that he spoke to the world in the right voice. He wrote with an incomparable eloquence. In the rolling glory of his sentences there is a rhythm as of waters following the moon. His words are immemorial and homely, ancestral, simple, quaint; they glow with gladness as they meet each other; and eagerly they glide along in rhythms, now lilting with laughter, now languorous with melancholy,

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"RIDERS TO THE SEA"

making evermore sweet music to the ear.

But Synge is a great poet not only by virtue of his noble gift for style. He deeply felt the poetry, the pathos, the tragedy, the humour, of the incongruity between the littleness of human actuality and the immensity of human dreams. He writes of illusions and of disillusionments. Illusions are beautiful and funny; disillusionments are beautiful and sad. Life is at once pathetic and uproarious, being, as it is, a vanity of vanities: it is at once appalling and consolatory, being, as it also is, as glorious as imagining can make it. What would one have? . . . Life, with all its faults; life, with all its virtues; there is no greater gift than life. And now that Synge is dead, we may write of him, in Mr. Kipling's words, "He liked it all!"

Synge's continual balancing of illusion against disillusionment—a weighing in which each is found wanting, and yet ennobled by a sad and funny beauty all its own—is exhibited most clearly in his three-act parable entitled *The Well of the Saints*. It would seem that the lot of Martin and Mary Doul was most unfortunate; and yet it has its compensations. Both of them are blind; they are aged, bent, and ugly; and they gather up a bare subsistence by begging at the wayside. But each of them has a dream of the world and what it looks like to those with eyes to see; and, dreaming in the darkness, they have moulded an imaginable scheme of things very nearly to their heart's desire. Each of them, for instance, believes the other to be young and lovely to the sight. They think the world unfalteringly fair, illumined by a light that never was on sea or land.

To them, contented thus in discontent, there comes a wandering friar who is able to work miracles. He anoints their eyes with holy water, and restores to them the dubious gift of sight. Martin seeks his wife among the young and glowing girls who have been gathered by the rumour of the miracle, and is startled at last to find his Mary ugly,

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bent, and old. Both of them find the visible world less lovely than they had imagined it to be; and they begin to long once more for the fairer vistas of the dream-illumined dark. Later on, their sight grows dim again. The miracle has been but temporary. The friar returns, to anoint their eyes once more; and he promises that this time the cure will be permanent. But Martin now prefers the visionary world of blindness, and dashes the holy water from the friar's hand.

There is a deeper poignancy in Synge's terrible and massive one-act tragedy entitled *Riders to the Sea.* Old Maurya is a mother of men; and it has been their calling to ride down to the sea with horses, to fare forth upon the sea in ships, and to be overwhelmed at last and tumbled shoreward by rolling desultory waves. Her husband, and her husband's father, and five of her strong sons, have succumbed successively to the besieging and insidious sea. Some of them have been borne home dripping in a sail-cloth; others have been dashed unburied on forsaken coasts. Michael has only recently been washed ashore in distant Donegal. And now Bartley, the last of Maurya's living men-folk, is about to ride down to the sea. She suffers a dim foreboding, and implores him not to go; but a man has his work to do, and Bartley rides away, mounted on a grey horse and leading a red pony by the halter. His mother walks across fields to meet him by the way, so that she may give him the blessing that she had withheld when, manfully, he parted from her. But as he rides past, she sees a vision of the dead Michael riding on the red pony; and she comes home to lament the doom that is foretold. And as she is lamenting, the villagers carry to her something dripping in a sail-cloth,—the body of Bartley, the last of all her sons, whom the red pony has jolted into the aware and waiting sea. Maurya, confronted with the fact of ultimate and absolute bereavement, ceases to lament, and succumbs to an appalled serenity of acquiescence. She has lost all; and thereby she has achieved a peace that passes understanding. And thus it is she speaks at the conclusion of the tragedy:—"They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . It's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. . . . No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

In the Shadow of the Glen is a grimly comic revelation of the incongruity between life as it is lived and life as it is longed for. Nora Burke has lived unhappily with her gruff and aged husband, Dan, in a lonely cottage far away among the hills. Now Dan is lying dead in bed; and when a casual tramp appears, seeking food in that far cottage, Nora tells him of the thwarted longings of the years that she has wasted. A young herd-boy comes to woo her; but after he has spoken, the hated Dan sits up in bed and makes it known that his apparent death was but a sham. He orders Nora out of his house; and the timid herd-boy ranks himself expediently on the husband's side. Nora goes, indeed, —but not alone; for the irresponsible and roving tramp goes with her. There is something still to seek in the adventurous and hospitable world beyond the shadow of the glen.

But Synge's masterpiece is that uproarious and splendid comedy that is greatly named *The Playboy of the Western World.* It satirises, with poetic sympathy, the danger that besets an airy, imaginative temperament, unballasted with culture, to lose itself in divagations of extravagant absurdity. The action passes among the whimsical and dreaming peasants on the coast of Mayo. A lonely lad with a queer, fantastic strain in his soul—an essential romantic launched amid a daily life that bewilders him with trivialities—having submitted for a long time to the tyranny of a hard-headed father who despises him, suddenly—in an impulsive moment—hits him heavily over the head and leaves him dying. He wanders, frightened and alone, for many days, and ultimately stumbles into the public-house of an isolated hamlet. Here, when he furtively tells that he has killed his father, he finds himself looked upon with an awe that soon warms to admiration. Unexpectedly—and for the first time in his life —he perceives himself regarded as a hero. This circumstance, of course, unleashes his unballasted imagination. He

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"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"—ACT III
"At the height of the playboy's wind-blown glory, his father enters, wounded but unkilled, with bandaged head and brandished stick."

tells his tragic story again and yet again, embroidering the tale of persecution and revolt more and more as he repeats it, until he finds himself worshipped by all the women-folk for his spirit and his savagery. He falls in love with the daughter of the publican, who loves him in return because of his poetical and dauntless daring; and so strong is the stimulus of admiration that he wins with ease the various athletic contests that are competed in the hamlet on the morrow. But at the height of his wind-blown glory, his father enters, wounded but unkilled, with bandaged head and brandished stick, to order the boy about as in the meagre years that were. The bubble of the playboy's fame is pricked; he is not a hero after all; and the simple-minded enthusiasts who lauded him now laugh at him with scorn. This is more than he can stand. In tragical and disillusioned anguish, he once again attacks his father,—this time in the sight of all. But the very people who regarded his imagined parricide as an heroic act when they were merely told about it in romantic narrative now consider the playboy's immediate assault upon his father as a dirty deed. They noose him in a rope and are prepared to hang him; and he is saved only by the fact that his father has survived a second time. Now, "in the end of all," he has no friends; even the lass he loves has turned against him; and he is doomed to return home with his father, unappreciated in a lonely world. But he has had his little taste of glory; and he knows that henceforth he will rule his father, and "go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day."

But no summary can possibly suggest the imaginative richness of this comedy, its almost unexampled blend of poetry and humour, its rhythmic marshalling of fair and funny phrases that echo in the ear like laughing music over waters. The man who wrote it was a great man, for verily he has spoken to us in the right voice; and when, in his noon of years, he died and went away, we "lost the only playboy of the western world."

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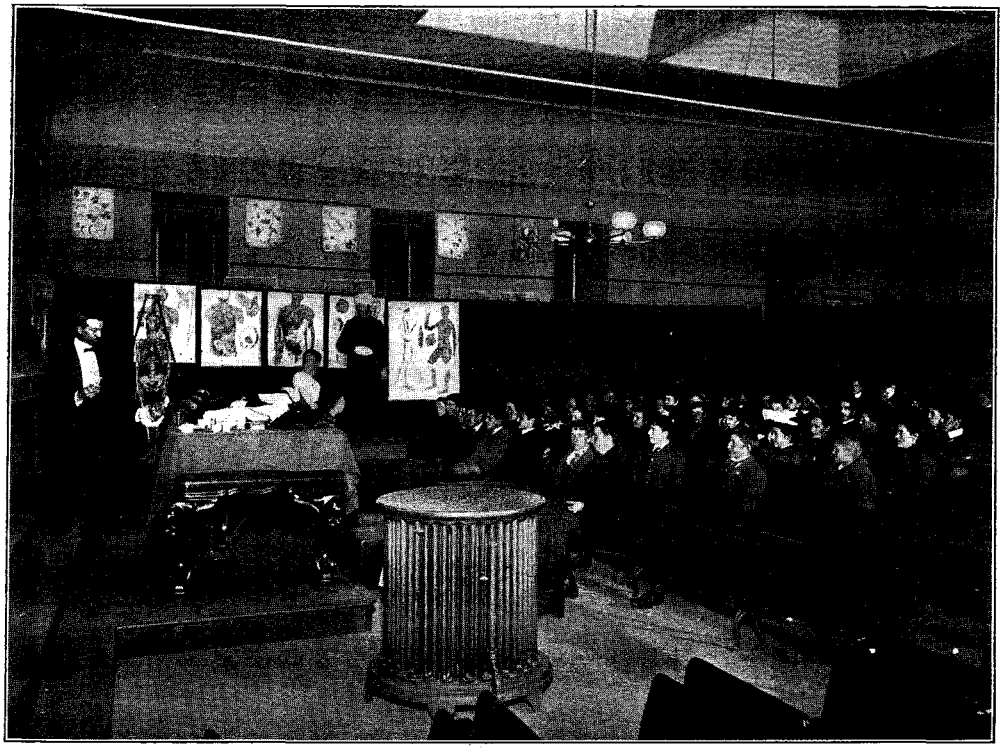

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

"THE OPEN SCHOOLHOUSE"

BY GRAHAM BERRY

HEN you leave the street car at Rivington Street on New York's East Side, you step into Southern Europe. So thought a man with a black manuscript book under his arm, as he picked his gingerly way through the forest of push-carts which bristles along the curb. It is a jabbering, shrill, exuberant world, and on its surface all the emotions and almost all the activities of human existence flare as frankly as the oil torches of the street-peddlers. But however interesting this foreign world, the man beheld it at that moment with a sinking heart; for the black manuscript book under his arm enshrined a carefully prepared lecture on Shakespeare. What did these people know or care for Shakespeare? What was Hecuba to them or they to Hecuba?

He found the schoolhouse which was his destination, and from the street door entered immediately into the auditorium. It was the concrete-floored, low-ceilinged play-room of all the schools in the building—cheerless and unadorned, with a row of spigots and a washing-trough in one corner and a group of camp-chairs huddled under an arc-light in another. His heart would have sunk still further had he not observed that, twenty minutes before his lecture was advertised to begin, the chairs were already half filled. He plucked up spirit at this. If these people wanted to hear his lecture enough to leave that gay, strident world outside for this cold and cheerless cellar, it must be that they were really interested. When it was time to begin, not only were the chairs completely filled but half as many people were standing on the stone floor. When he had finished they kept him un-

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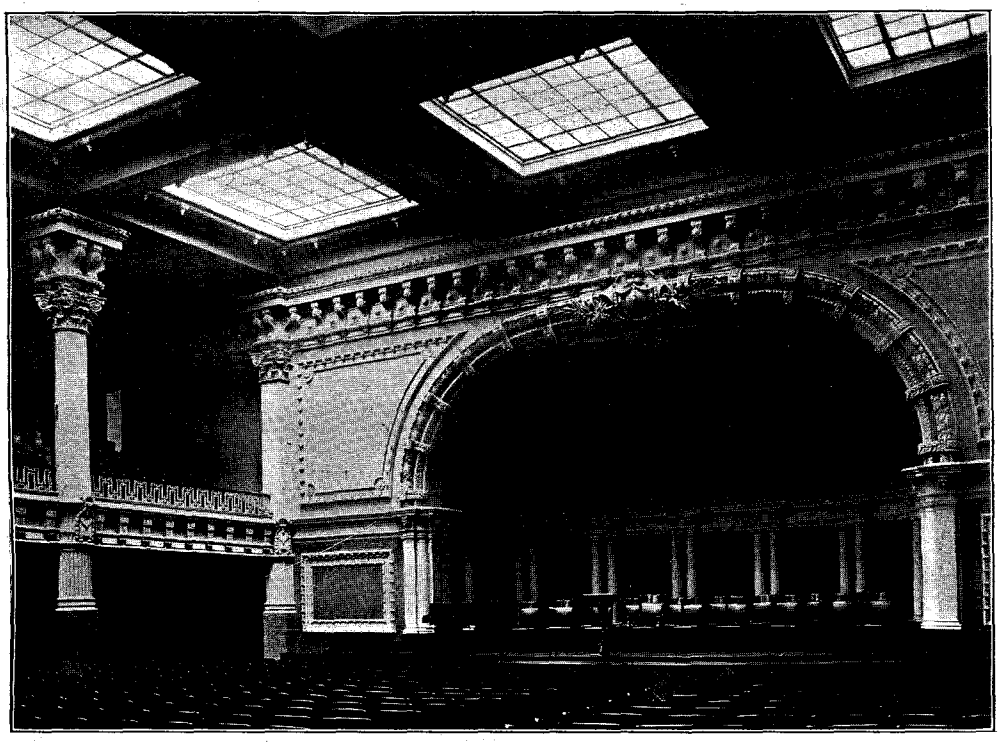

THE NEW LECTURE ROOM

til the lights were put out answering the questions they rapidly fired at him from all parts of the room; and he noted with amazement that the questions, taken together, were as intelligent as any he had ever received from an audience. The inhabitants of this district had become far more English than their street life indicated. It might be Southern Europe outside, but inside it was as much New York as was any lecture room uptown.

A man walked back with him to the street car, through the push-carts where trade and gossip were still going on with gusto. "I am an Austrian," said the man, "and you see I speak too well to waste my time studying grammar at evening school with children. Nevertheless, I know only the words of your language, not the idioms and the accent. Where then should I go to get these if it were not for the lectures? From them have I learned almost all I know; and I get the language, too, at the same time. In my country schools were only for children. When I was coming here I said, 'Alas, that I am grown up, for I shall have no place where I may learn!' But you see I am mistaken."

The lecturer had noticed in the front row a woman about forty years old. Her gnarled hands were folded passively in her lap, but in her face was a passion of interest. Though she showed no signs of having any acquaintance with the play he was talking about, she seemed to be taking in all he said as if she were regarding it in the light of something already known and filing it away for future comparison. At the next lecture she was in the same seat, and to his delight she spoke to him after the quiz. "Many things," she explained apologetically, "I would ask, but there is no place for me to begin or leave off. It is better to get what I can without asking. I come to these lectures because of my girl who goes to school and reads now these plays. I cannot read, and yet the old mother must talk with her of her new life or she will learn to look elsewhere. With us it is often so here in America—our children grow beyond us because we do not understand of the things they learn at

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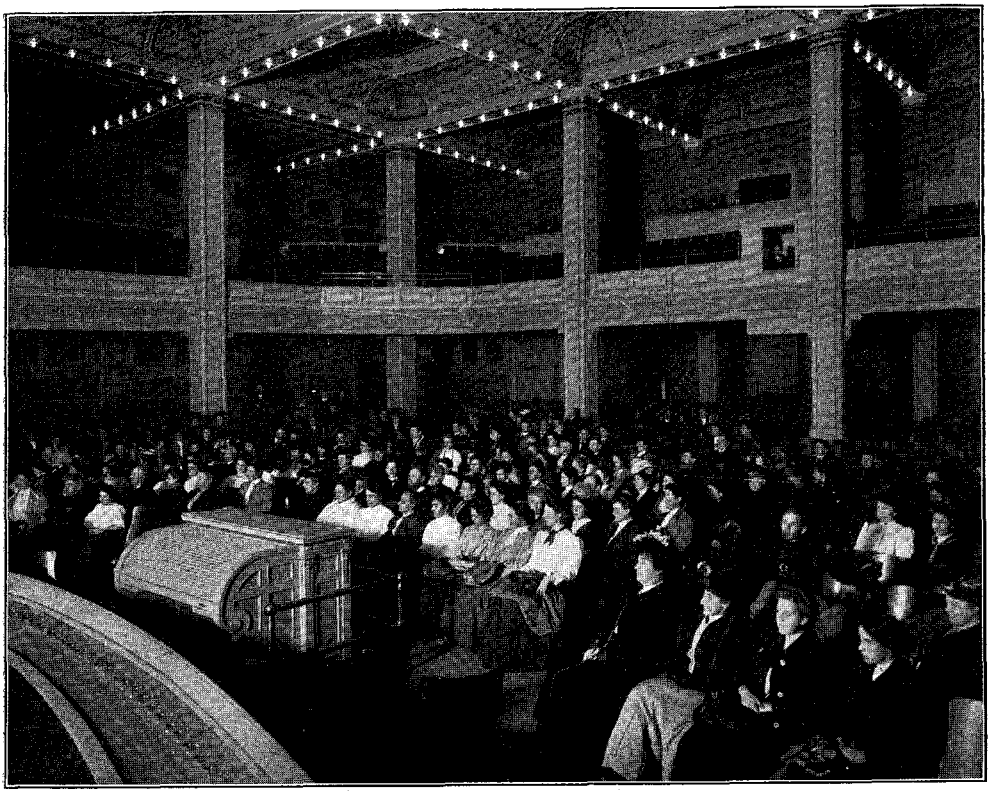

THE NEW LECTURE ROOM

school. When I heard of these lectures I said to myself, 'That is how I will keep along with my girl.' There is plenty to talk between us now. It is good that in America the school is not alone for the young."

EDUCATION FOR THE GROWN-UP

Education for the grown-up! This is the stirring slogan of the Department of Lectures of the New York City public school system. "Why"—it asked for the first time in the world's history—"is it not at least as important to educate the man as the child?" Whoever said the child was father of the man did not mean to deny that the man was father of the child. In many aspects the literal paternity is stronger than the figurative one. A child may have no desire for knowledge, or he may not have it until he is grown up, or he may lose what he has in the rush and hurly burly of hard necessity. But the man who wants to learn sees to it that his child wants to learn also. Nor can one ever be sure that any other child will absorb and use what knowledge he is sent to school to acquire; but no one sends the father to school. If he comes, it is of his own free will to get something that he really wants and that he really will use. There is, furthermore, another phase of the subject—the school-tax is a large one, and if a man has no children he pays it only for the general good. "I am a bachelor," wrote a man early in the history of the free lecture system, "and until you began these lectures I was paying out so much to support the public school every year and getting no direct benefit."

New York is the first city in the world to incorporate adult education as a regular part of her educational system. The free lecture plan in her public schools was suggested by a newspaper. There is now a staff of over seven hundred lecturers who gave last year more than fifty-four hundred lectures to a total attendance of a million people—all from one little clip-

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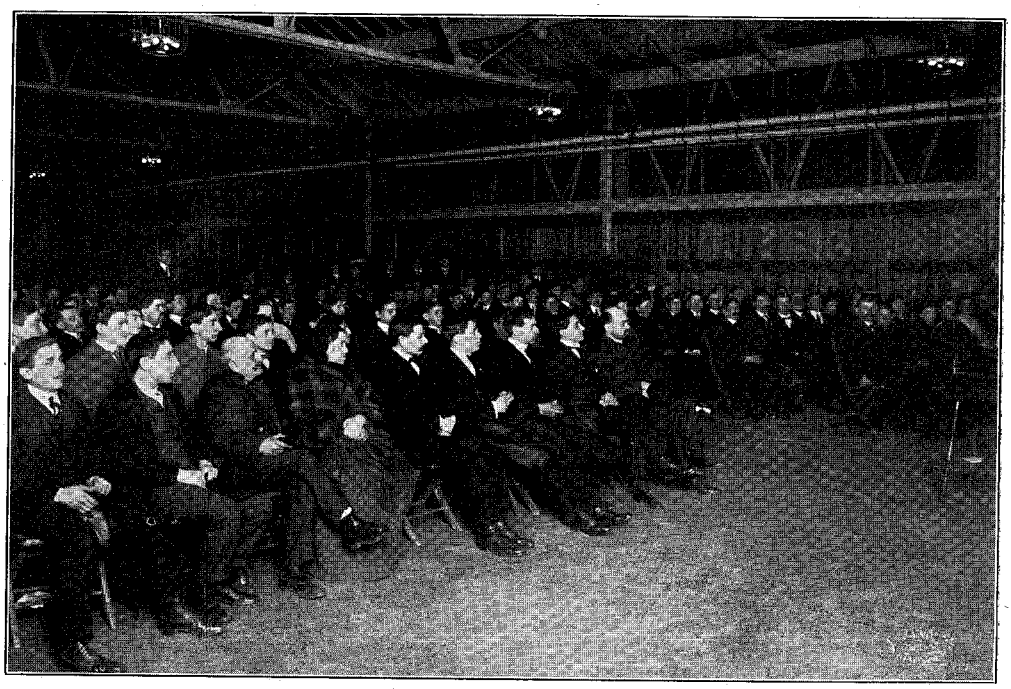
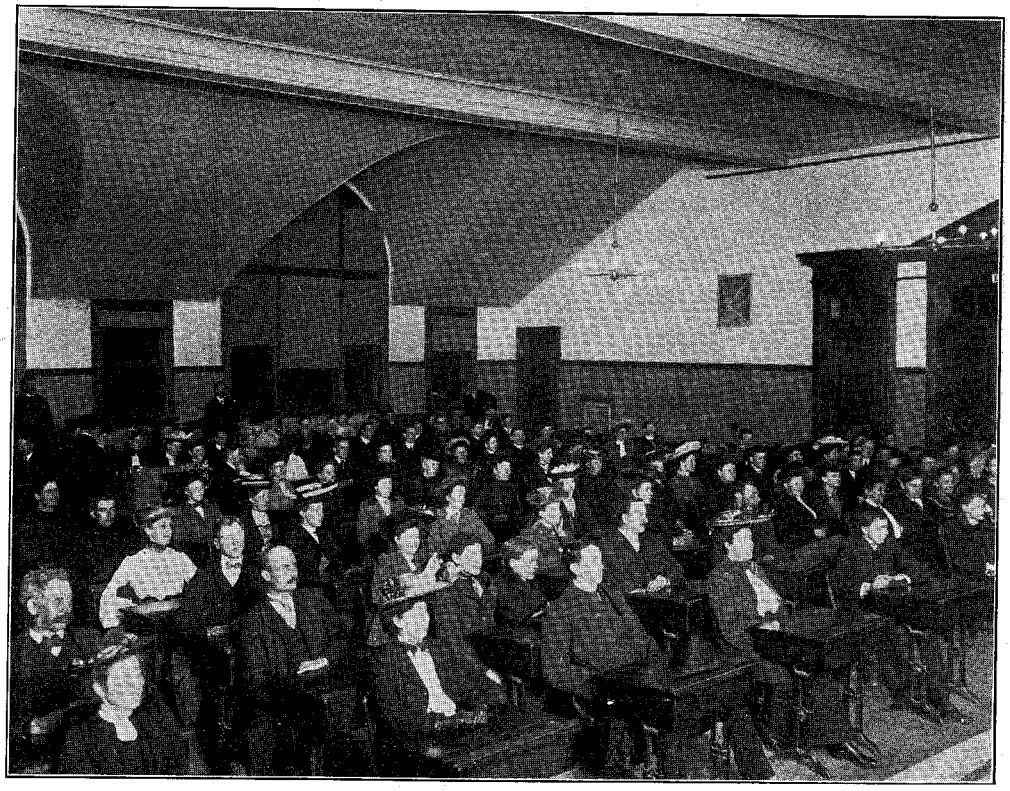


A LECTURE IN YIDDISH



THE OLD LECTURE ROOM

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ping. More than a hundred cities have followed her lead and opened their schoolhouses to adults. The growth of the idea has brought about not only a physical but a spiritual change in the schoolhouse itself.

About twenty years ago an act of legislature provided that lectures should be given to working-men and working-women on the natural sciences and kindred subjects. In three years the audiences so increased that power was given to engage suitable halls, for the lectures had been given in rooms provided only with seats made for school children and in spite of the lack both of convenience and attractiveness the rooms were nightly overcrowded. By the seventh year extended courses on literature had been added to the first slender programme, which had afforded a choice of only two literary subjects—The Newspaper and Popular American Poetry. In the ninth year came six lectures on music illustrated by vocal and instrumental selections, whereas the first course had offered only one art-subject—a Survey of Architecture. The eleventh season widened the list to take in lectures on the American system of government, and the next year took a flying leap ahead and covered the entire university curriculum. In the fourteenth season formal recognition in the shape of credit counting toward a degree was offered in certain courses on passing an examination. The next year saw lectures established in Yiddish and in Italian and German, and the new and valuable idea of supplementing oral instruction with visual. A picture story of the history of the city was so exceedingly effective that the stereopticon came into general use. In the meantime new schoolhouses which were building were all provided with lecture-rooms for the purpose, and the public school system of New York City had become definitely committed to the policy of education for the grown-up as well as for the child. There are now between forty and fifty large, well-appointed, attractive halls. Though still in some localities the old makeshifts must serve, in the new the school building has been concretely altered and bettered to make room for the auditorium. When the city provided men and women with seats big enough for them to sit on in comfort and a room of their own, the first stage in the evolution of the experiment was complete.

THE MISSION OF THE OPEN SCHOOLHOUSE

The guiding hands of the project desire to fashion something more, however, than a comfortable place under the schoolhouse roof where the adult may receive education attractively and to which he will therefore come gladly. They are planning to make the schoolhouse the centre of social life in something of the same way that the church building was its centre in Mediæval or Colonial days. The school is now the only common meeting-ground left—everywhere else we are split up into sects and factions. It is the only place where all may join hands. Since this is so, how much is wasted until it enters upon its wider and unique usefulness! "Every school should be the nucleus of its neighbourhood," says Dr. Henry M. Leipziger—who has guided the work since the beginning and to whose policy its success is largely due—"the centre where the social, intellectual, moral, and political life of the residents shall be deveoped, where discussion shall be freely held, where civic clubs shall be formed to encourage neighbourhood interests, so that through the medium of this chain of people's forums and houses of instruction extending throughout the city there may be developed a higher type of citizenship." This is a glowing prophecy—to be discounted, one would say, since it comes from a man who is too near the work of his own hands for a temperate estimate of accomplishment and who, pioneer and organiser in his own project, has more of ardent vision than actual view; but, unlike most glowing prophecies from such source, it is based on several solid facts.

On account of the lectures, say the librarians of the vicinity, the whole character of the reading in the public libraries is being changed. The change is most strikingly noticeable in the demand for books on economics and finance. In each instance these began to circulate only after a series of public lectures had been given. The history of these lectures, too,

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is that they are attended in increasing numbers, and that courses prove better supported than single lectures. So substantial did the interest become in these subjects that heads of the various departments of the city government appeared as speakers. The response to municipal, industrial, and social questions is one of the most hopeful aspects of the times. People who wish to understand how their government works are in a fair way to elect better men to run it for them. After listening to the lectures, such people have a new test to apply to public servants and will raise the level of public opinion. In a city upon whose shores are yearly dumped so many immigrants, it is particularly essential that some provision be made for the introduction of the foreigner into civic life, for the explanation of the opportunities and duties which he is now confronting, and for some preparation to discharge American citizenship. "The course on economics," writes a man, "has enabled me to read the daily papers understandingly." He might have added that being able to read the papers more intelligently he could now vote more intelligently. The immigrant long past the schooling age could give no discriminating support to the government of his city, state, and country unless some way of educating him could be provided. His adopted country would have to wait until his child reached the voting age before he became of any safe use to her as a citizen. And meanwhile, he was of the greatest use to the vote buyer or bullier, and his vote was worth as much as any man's to pull down or to perpetuate corruption.

TEACHING BETTER LIVING

The second obvious service the school for adults does the city is to teach people how to live better. They learn about not only the laws of the state but the laws of health. Many lectures co-operate with the Board of Health and illustrate the principles of sanitation and first aid to the injured. An ice man mashed his hand the other day in the dumbwaiter of an apartment house. He calmly dictated to the janitor how it should be washed and bandaged before he walked off to the hospital to have it treated. "I saw how it was done at one of the lectures," he said, "but I thought I'd get a chance to practise on somebody else first." The doctor said he had probably saved an amputation.

That the schools are in process of becoming neighbourhood centres is variously indicated. In many of the lecture rooms, local talent, at the suggestion of the audience itself, provides a bit of instrumental or vocal music. Habitual attendants have come to know each other through occuppying adjacent seats, and through committee-service in polling the audience for the topics desired in future lectures. Parents whose children have met in school have begun an acquaintance of their own. Particularly is this the case with those parents whose main purpose in coming to the lectures proved the same—to educate their children better. "My range of thought is broadened, and I have been enabled to answer more fully the many questions of my small daughter," writes one. "I found I could not bring up my children," writes another, "without learning more than I knew. The lectures showed me the way."

Two letters testify that in some cases the lecture room is providing a wiser and pleasanter social life as well as a more inexpensive one than was otherwise at the writer's disposal. "I am an old bachelor and live in a furnished room. I have no place to spend my evenings except in the saloons. I suppose I have saved one hundred dollars by attending these lectures, for which I am very thankful to the Board of Education." "They have kept me off the street at night and at the same time have taught me something which would cost me a lot of money if I had to pay for them." Both of these letters touch upon a matter of importance and hint at the coming power of the open schoolhouse as a social factor. The loneliness, isolation, and dulness of many people in a large city have never been thoroughly appreciated by moralists. The pull of the street and of the saloon on account of the craving to infuse some interest into a humdrum life plays a far greater part than more fortunate people suppose in the evils of the metropolitan night-world. The companionship offered by gay lights, the ro-

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mance of chance encounters, even the literal warmth and cosiness of a bar-room cannot be fully estimated except by those who have put on their overcoats and stood up to read under a weak gas jet in a cheerless hall bedroom to try to forget the deprivations of actual existence.

A STUDENT OF SIXTY-FIVE

A tabulation made from six hundred letters not only represents every calling and occupation in life, but shows very definitely that the lectures are giving a new interest to people who have reached an age where for the average person new interests are scarce. This in a period where we have unduly concentrated attention on the child is particularly grateful. More than two-thirds of the writers are over thirty and as many as one-sixth are over sixty. "I am a dressmaker sixty-five years of age," writes one. "I am eager for knowledge and devoted to books; and have derived an improved understanding in all the subjects I have attended." There are few more interesting things that can happen to a man than to come in contact with new ideas at an age when the habit of the mind has grown fixed and settled. The loosening of the encrustations of years sends sap through him again. Think then of the full significance of this letter. "I am now past sixty and the lectures have changed and materially altered my opinions on many subjects." A woman of seventy writes that she has attended two lectures a week for the last nine years.

The chief aspect of the lectures is, after all, the acquaintance they give with the treasures of literature, music, art, and science to people who would not know them otherwise. However valuable in a democracy is civic education and the cultivation of the sense of public co-operation and responsibility, however important it is that a city should increase the efficiency of its citizens and sharpen the tools of daily employment—it is better to be happy than well-governed. By and large, "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant"; and whatever adds interest and colour to routine adds life. On account of the lectures people embroider the facts of their existence with the gold thread of countless shining analogies, or rather they perceive that, all unknown to them before, the sober stuff of daily life is rich in colourful patterns and designs—like Miss Alice Brown's prosaic country woman upon whose eyes one night flashed for the first time the ordered stars; people go to the museums of art and science who never went before; and people who went before go again to look upon the collections with a richer interest born of greater intelligence. "I saw some paintings on the screen," said a labourer, "and when it was explained why they were so fine I found I could see it myself. Then I went up to the Metropolitan Art Gallery to see if I could find it out for myself. I had only been to the monkey-house before," he added with a shamefaced grin. "The giving of lectures once a week," writes another, "is of great service to the working-class, who in the day-time toil with all their might to get along in this mysterious world." "I am an electric wireman working at my trade every day," writes another, "and I feel that I have been much benefited and entertained by the lectures given." "The lectures have created for me, a busy housewife, a different mental atmosphere," writes a third, "and have afforded about the only amusement that has come into my life."

A suburb of New York City is a little factory settlement. One gets off the Long Island train at a box of a station, a mere shed without even platform or ticket window. North, South, East, and West he sees never a light. If he is fortunate some one comes along to tell him which way to go to the schoolhouse. If not, he stumbles over the road until he comes to a grocery shop and asks the direction. In the schoolhouse he finds some people gathered together on the top floor. "We shall have better seats and better lights the next time you come, sir," says the superintendent. "The people are beginning to wake up out here; and I find on consulting the lists of attendance at all the centres in Greater New York, we have made in this little factory place comparatively the best showing. So they are going to do fine things for us. I hope you won't mind the children in the audience. Their fathers and mothers don't like to leave them at home all alone, espe-

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cially as between the factory and the school they never see each other during the day. You will have to use very simple language to most of these people, but you'll find they appreciate what they can understand and they're hungry for it. So long as you're simple you won't find anything wasted; and there's a good sprinkling of a better class here too." One of the better class came up to the lecturer at the close of the evening. "You tell them," said he, "that this means a great deal to some of us. After my work I am too tired to go to town in the evenings to hear anything. At first I thought I could never live out here, deprived of everything I was accustomed to in the way of mental recreation and refreshment. But after the lectures came, I didn't feel so out of it. They have to have truant officers for the kids, but you don't catch me playing hookey."

MODERN MAGIC

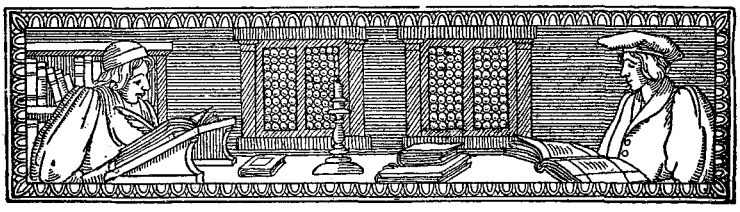
BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

These cannot be mere shafts of steel
  Entombed in soulless stone,
That are as pillars to the stars,
  And the purple night enthrone;
That flaunt the might of puny man
  In the face of Might Unknown.

Not wholly vain, though born of pain,
  The Thing that stirs the heart—
For is not travail Beauty's price
  In Nature? So in Art!—
And these same piles of braggart Greed
  Bring magic to the mart.

For to the toilers in the gulf
  The dizzy summits gleam
Like minarets of Fairyland—
  The castles of a dream
That float a million miles away
  From the pavements hot with steam!

And so athwart the sombre pit
  Whence Mammon wrings his toll,
Illusion spreads a rosy web
  Or sets an aureole
That tempers for a span the ache
  Of body, heart and soul.



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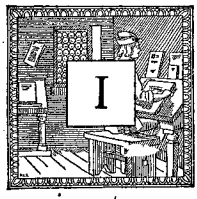
THE QUESTION OF SINCERITY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT has become a commonplace of criticism, especially the careless criticism of casual conversation, when some book of the hour comes up for after-dinner discussion, to say, Oh, So-and-So is not a sincere workman; he does not believe in the sort of stuff that he writes; he does it because it sells!

A man who is almost entitled to rank as a veteran in the publishing business, and whose personal acquaintance with our modern story-tellers is enviably wide, was recently commenting on this prevalent attitude toward fiction of the "best seller" type. It was based, he insisted with some heat, upon a fallacy. So far as he had known and talked with novelists he had been steadily strengthened in the belief that, whether the work they actually produced was good, bad, or indifferent, ninety-nine out of every hundred writers of fiction to-day were conscientiously doing the best that they knew how; and that when a writer changed his style or his type of story, he almost always did it, not because the new work sold better, but because he had outgrown the old kind of story and could not get back to it if he would. And hereupon he cited a specific case, that of a highly popular American novelist who has repeatedly been blamed by critics for adapting his methods to the fluctuations of popular taste. This author, he said, had that same week received a letter which, curiously enough, caused him an annoyance out of all proportion to its importance: it reproached him for the manner and matter of his recent volumes, and asked, more in sorrow than in anger, why he did not occasionally give us the sort of book on which he founded his reputation a decade or so ago. "I would be glad enough to do so," said the novelist in question, "if it were possible; but it is not; in that particular vein I have written myself out, I have no more plots; if my critic would provide me with a central idea, I should be delighted to oblige him with a novel to his taste."

Now, as between these two attitudes of critic and author respectively, the truth probably lies somewhere midway. Undoubtedly, the beginner in fiction who finds that many of his favourite stories fail to sell, finds himself forced to abandon certain favourite methods or types, in favour of something different that may prove more marketable. But it does not follow that he deliberately chooses for his new experiments some type of story that is uncongenial, that he actively dislikes, that he admits to himself to be flagrantly bad art. On the contrary, he gropes around to find the kind of story which will please both himself and his public,—and if there is any real talent in him, sooner or later he will probably effect a fair compromise. It does not follow, in the supposititious case we have taken, that the author is correct in the critical estimate that he places on the stories done in his second or third or *n*th manner; it is quite likely that to the impartial critic they may bear all the earmarks of rank pot-boilers. But that is beside the question; the important point is that the author was sincere, that he had persuaded himself, in some cases, we may almost say, hypnotised himself into thinking that they represented some of his best work. And this is not at all strange, because when a story receives the double endorsement of a good-sized bank cheque, and the volunteer praise of a host of strangers, it is quite in accord with human nature for an author to find that the edge of his self-criticism is growing dull and that he thinks rather well of the story himself.

Accordingly, in the majority of cases where an author disappoints the hopes

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of those who have sincerely believed in his high standards, he is more to be pitied than blamed. It is at least fair to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to assume that he either honestly believes that he is doing as good work as ever, or else that he has been forced to a reluctant self-admission that he has lost his old-time power and must henceforth be satisfied with doing an inferior thing to the best of his ability.

But it does not always follow, when an author changes his standards or powers or philosophy of life, that he necessarily goes from better to worse,—it is quite possible that the change may work the other way. The present writer has in mind the case of a man who for many years contentedly did various kinds of hackwork, realising frankly that his ability was of the one-talent and not the ten-talent order. At one time he was under contract to furnish to a certain all-fiction magazine a full-length sensational novel once a month,—and to the terms of this contract he faithfully lived up for a period of three years. He was under no delusion as to the worth of these stories, measured by literary standards; he consistently refused to sign them; but, he was sincere in his effort to do the sort of thing required of him to the very best of his ability. Furthermore, he extracted a good deal of genuine enjoyment out of his task; endowed with a riotous imagination, he found throughout all these months a whimsical satisfaction in his own ingenuity in juggling with hackneyed situations and wringing a brand-new climax out of them. But,—and here is the point of the whole story,—a day came when his pleasure was at an end; the task became mere mechanical drudgery. And when he realised this he did, at the cost of no small sacrifice, the one honest thing to do; he ceased to write dime novels. Instead, he went diligently to work to learn how to produce the finer and higher type of fiction,—and the result is two novels, published over his own signature, which received the cordial commendation of discriminating critics.

It is not at all unusual, when a novelist of established reputation chooses suddenly to break away from his traditions, and do the utterly unexpected thing, to have reviewers deprecate the change and urge him to go back to his old method. Of course this is the most natural thing in the world, and at the same time almost always the most futile. In a majority of cases, the novelist who breaks away from the precedent he has himself set, does so because sincerity compels him; and if he accepts the advice of his critics, the result will be that his next book is insincere. One can only hope in such a case for the miracle of a change of heart. Without some such reconversion, one of the most fatal things a novelist can do is to go back to a voluntarily discarded method.

"The Healer"

Mr. Robert Herrick, author of *Together,* is a typical case of a novelist who, in the middle of his career, has found himself compelled to change his method. Throughout his earlier works, Mr. Herrick was the impartial but keen-eyed spectator of life; he was content to record without comment what he saw; he recognised frankly that whatever high ambitions and treasured hopes a man or woman have at the outset, the chances are that the world's rough usage will very substantially modify them and bring abundant disillusion. His very titles in the earlier days are significant: *The Real World, The Common Lot, The Web of Life.* No one could read these books without recognising that many things were wrong in our modern social and industrial conditions; but Mr. Herrick did not attempt to suggest a remedy,—he merely said, as it were, "Here are the facts; make what you will of them." Suddenly, in his last book but one, *A Life for a Life,* he changed his method so radically that the change amounted to a revolution. He ceased to be impartial; he chose to see life very largely through the hostile eyes of a certain rebellious spirit whom he characterised as the Anarch; and the whole symbolism of the book implied that a wholesale sweeping away of the old order of things by earthquake and by fire would be for the benefit of the human race. In his latest volume, *The Healer,* Mr. Herrick shows that his change of method was not

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merely a passing experiment, but something permanent; that it was due to some rather extensive inward readjustment. *The Healer* is a finer piece of workmanship than *A Life for a Life;* in places it very nearly approaches the best of his earlier work. Nevertheless it is permeated from first to last with a certain exasperating spirit of revolt, palpable evidence that as between his art and his ethics Mr. Herrick is far more interested in the latter than in the former. The theme of *The Healer* is that of genius stunted and made impotent by being commercialised. Can a man, Mr. Herrick asks, possessing the inborn fire, achieve his great ideals if he accepts material rewards,—if he allows the thought of a money payment to intrude between him and his work? Like the skilled craftsman that he is, Mr. Herrick first looked around to find the highest possible type of worker; and he chose that of the physician, as being the one who gave himself up more than any other for the benefit of his fellow-men. His hero, Eric Holden, is a young surgeon who has revolted against the abuses of his profession as he sees it practised in the big cities,—the discrimination in favour of the rich, the exorbitant fees, the callousness toward pain and misery. Throwing away brilliant opportunities, he buries himself in a remote wilderness of the northern lumber region, living like a hermit and giving his aid, free of charge, to Indians, trappers, and lumbermen. It is here, in the heart of the forest, that some wealthy and pampered society women come to pass a few weeks one summer; and one day, while Nell Goodnow is learning to dive, in the adjacent lake, her head strikes upon a stone, a hemorrhage of the brain ensues, and without immediate surgical aid she will die. It happens that their native guide knows of the hermit doctor and brings him to the sick girl. Without nurses and with most inadequate instruments Holden performs upon the girl a miracle of surgery, and she recovers. There follows a very pretty and natural idyll in the heart of the healing forest; in spite of her mother's distress and scorn, the girl insists upon seeking her happiness in her own way, and that way she believes leads her to share Holden's hermit life. The deed once done, Nell's family decide to make the best of a sorry bargain. Since Holden will not return to civilisation, why, civilisation shall be made to go to him. In the course of a few years Holden's wilderness has been developed into a fashionable health resort: his sanitarium has become famed throughout the length and breadth of the land; his staff of assistant surgeons and nurses is steadily augmented, and equally steadily his charges have increased. A fashionable and exacting wife, on whom the charm of the wilderness has soon palled, and who lives practically estranged from her husband and divides her time between the different capitals of Europe, necessarily makes demands upon her husband's pocketbook that play havoc with Holden's earlier ideals. Now, all this is exceedingly well done; it is life, seen and interpreted relentlessly, with a touch of grim humour. But at this point the earlier Mr. Herrick bows himself out and leaves the field to the new. During these years of commercial success, Holden discovers that the precious gift of healing, which he once possessed, the almost divine power of bringing back hopeless cases from the brink of the grave by sheer power of will, is lost to him. And when he faces this truth he deliberately wrecks the whole vast, commercialised community that his fame has built up, strips himself of his wealth, and, at the end of the book goes forth as poor as at the beginning, to bury himself in some deeper recess of the forest. The book suggests a number of rather big questions; but by openly espousing the cause of his hero, Mr. Herrick alienates sympathy. Much is to be said on Holden's side; yet the plain fact remains that there is something incongruous in trying to make a hero out of a man who, in the current phrase of the day, is just a plain crank.

"The Composer"

The Castles offer another example of writers who have materially altered their earlier manner. There is a wide gap between such stories as *Incomparable Bellairs* and *The Bath Comedy* and the modern analytical

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work which they are doing in books like *The Panther's Cub* and their latest volume, *The Composer*. This last named book is built upon a theme of some magnitude; and characters, environment, and details of plot are all admirably drawn to scale. *The Composer* is a study of that extreme form of artistic temperament that is almost devoid of human passions outside of one particular art. For the purposes of their story the authors have taken the liberty of creating a new and greater Wagner, a German composer whose operas are of world-wide fame, and whose native village is another Bayreuth, a shrine at which the music lovers of the world gather to worship. Sarolta Vaneck is a young but wonderfully gifted soprano. Her voice is not fully trained when the great composer Lothnar first hears her; but there is a certain virginal charm in her young beauty that makes him unhesitatingly choose her for the title rôle of his new opera, *Iphigenia*. From the first moment Sarolta deifies Lothnar. She is too young, too innocent to understand that she loves him; but Lothnar knows it, and he plays upon her emotions brutally, deliberately wounding her modesty in order to intesify her sense of maidenhood and thereby make her the ideal, the incomparable Iphigenia. And this is how it happened that, at its first public performance, Lothnar's new opera was the crowning point of his career. But the composer was already dreaming of new triumphs; he had another opera nearly ready, *Hippolytus*, built upon the familiar story of Phædra. Sarolta, after having been the incarnation of maidenhood, must now be revolutionised into the embodiment of sinful passion,—and Lothnar proceeds to mould her to his purpose as remorselessly in this case as in the former. That his purpose failed is due to no fault of his, but to fate, which plays some strange tricks with him,—also, at the crucial hour, to the woman's realisation of the fact that Lothnar never had and never could have loved either her or any other woman, because all his passion, all his fire was consumed in his worship of music.

It is pleasant to turn from this strong but depressing book to such a blithe, cheering and eminently wholesome little idyll as *The Money Moon*, by Jeffrey Farnol. It is a much less ambitious piece of work than the previously published volume by this author, *The Broad Highway*,—but, to be quite frank, the present reviewer, possibly through fault of mood or temperament, found *The Broad Highway* frankly boresome; while *The Money Moon* was by contrast a pure joy because of its utter absence of effort. What is a young man to do when he is blighted in love? That is what George Bellew asks his valet on a memorable occasion; and the valet answers, "As man to man," that there are four things that he might do: marry some other woman; become very drunk; disappear,—or,—well, the fourth fell on unheeding ears, because the third suggestion admirably hit the case. Young Bellew, in an old suit of dust-coloured homespun, takes to the road, and has many blithe adventures,—not the least of which is his encounter with a small boy, weary but undaunted, who has set forth with the worthy intention of walking all the way to Africa to find a fortune with which to pay off the mortgage on his Auntie Anthea's home. Of course it takes no great cleverness to foresee, at this point, just how young Bellew's heart is to be healed; but this is the type of story where it is the manner and not the matter which really counts. And one may say in all sincerity that Mr. Farnol has handled his slim and modest little plot with a deftness and an art that are beyong reproach.

"The Money Moon"

The Blood of the Arena, translated by Frances Douglas from the Spanish of Blasco Ibañez, revoltingly frank though it is, compels admiration from any reader who respects downright sincerity. It is an uncompromising piece of realism, detailing the life history of a Spanish bull fighter from the time when as a small lad he played truant in order to frequent the slaughter houses and enjoy rough and tumble practice with young bullocks up to the final hour when, past his prime, and with his nerves shattered, he meets

"The Blood of the Arena"

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the death which he has faced and expected a thousand times. But this book is something more than the chronicle of a life. It is indirectly an indictment of a nation, a relentless exposure of a whole people's craving for blood and brutality, their deification of the baser instincts and passions. It is not the bull, goaded and maddened, who makes the bull-fight; it is not the bull-fighter's love of the contest for its own sake,—it is the voice of the people, their adulation and acclaim, the inimitable, unforgettable surge and clamour of vast multitudes gone mad with the lust for blood; in short, we get the keynote of the book in the closing lines emphasising the fact that it is the voice of the people that is the roar of the one real beast.

"Earth"

Earth, by Muriel Hine, is not an especially important book, although it does have a few significant things to say about the "sheltered life" method of educating young girls. The heroine of this story has been brought up quite ignorant of the basic physical facts of life. Accordingly, when during a brief escape from her narrow home life to the semi-tropical atmosphere of Southern France, she meets a man a number of years her senior, and unintentionally wins from him an offer of marriage, she lets her chance of happiness pass her by, because she is too unsophisticated to interpret her own emotions aright; she thinks that her revolt, her shrinking from him is aversion, when in reality it is only the last retreat before surrender. The rest of the book deals with the series of circumstances through which this girl acquires that practical knowledge of life which is essential before a woman can accept the world as it is, calm-eyed and serene,—and not only accept, but understand and forgive. The book contains nothing essentially new; but that does not alter the fact that it is rather wisely written.

"The Indian Lily"

The Indian Lily, by Hermann Sudermann, is a collection of short stories uniform in unpleasantness if not in workmanship. Women of irregular lives form the prevailing theme, and the details are rather sordid. There is just one of these stories, "The Purpose," which seems to deserve specific mention. It tells of a young girl, an innkeeper's daughter, who meets and falls in love with a University student during the course of a brief summer afternoon. They plight their troth, knowing that there are long years to intervene before they can even see each other again, for he must finish his education and complete his course in medicine before they can marry. Shortly afterward two unlooked-for things occur: the student's father dies, leaving him penniless, and chance brings him, as a private tutor, back to the girl's village. The consequences of this renewed meeting are hidden from the girl's lover until long afterward. At this time, and henceforward, she is a tragic figure. She hides her shame by clever trickery that leads to a marriage with a man many years her senior; and through lies and subterfuges and downright theft, she is able during the years of his schooling to send her lover the means to pay for it. Finally, when word comes to her that he is well established with a successful practice, she looks around for some means of freeing herself from her husband. It is obvious that she will stop at nothing to gain her purpose,—not even at murder. But here again fate plays into her hands and gives her ample cause for a divorce. She then notifies her lover that she is free to marry, and the great day comes when they meet. All these years she has treasured in her memory the smiling, smooth-shaven, ardent young lover of the magic summer time. When they meet she hardly recognises the stout, black-bearded, ponderous man, slow in movement and in thought, who accepts without enthusiasm the idea that, sooner or later, although there is no hurry, they will marry. The disillusion is complete, and it takes the woman not five minutes to discard forever the purpose for which she has striven and sinned throughout the better years of her life.

The Love That Lives, by Mabel Osgood Wright, is a pleasant, tranquil story of the family life of a country clergyman, his wife and three daughters. It is not the sort of book where

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an epitome of the plot would be profitable. Its merit all lies in the characters to whom we are introduced; the daily things they say and do, the hundred little home interests, sacrifices and kindly deeds; in short, the sense one gets of having been for an hour or so in the company of a number of people who are eminently worth while. One closes the volume with a renewed consciousness that if we had more writers possessed of the wise insight and keen discrimination of the author of *The Love That Lives*, American fiction would average, on the whole, somewhat higher than it does.

"The Love That Lives"

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Rose Fay Thomas's "Memoirs of Theodore Thomas"*

The life of Theodore Thomas is, in a way, the story of American music. Stretching as it did over nearly fifty years of actual activity, it touched all the currents of musical life and was in itself the main current into whose sweep flowed personalities, organisations and orchestras which have gradually turned the cruder tastes of an early day into the widespread power we find our musical life has now become. In bringing together the facts of her husband's exceedingly fruitful life, Mrs. Thomas has, therefore, not only preserved a personality but she has contributed vitally to the larger historic vista. What makes it especially interesting is that the emphasis is placed essentially on orchestral music, which, while without the easy glitter of operatic records, has, in this case, by reason of the author's facile pen and unusual descriptive vividness, an unexpected fascination to even the casual reader. She has succeeded in lining a giant, and one sees in Thomas a master struggling with debts and difficulties yet breaking through them with his baton and building with it a tradition.

Of German parentage, Thomas migrated when but ten to America; already a gifted violinist, he found musical conditions so disheartening that for years he scratched out a living playing in saloons, at dances and in theatre orchestras. With characteristic audacity, however, he made a tour of the Southern States, putting up his own posters, selling his tickets and collecting them. On his return to New York conditions were already changing; he became one of the first violins in the Italian Opera Company under Carl Eckert, where he learned from Jenny Lind and Henrietta Sontag the pure Italian style and also the secret of tone-quality; and he transferred to the instrument what they had perfected in the voice, thereby escaping the harsh tones of the best German violinists. His pronounced capacities made him concert-master under the great Arditi, and here he gained his unusual insight into all the practical details of orchestral management. He soon became a member of the New York Philharmonic Society—then in the twelfth year of its existence—and formed his friendship with William Mason which led to the Mason-Thomas Quartette. The programmes of these concerts at first were somewhat miscellaneous, but gradually reached æsthetic perfection. At twenty-two a lucky chance gave him the opportunity to become a conductor, and he won instant success, soon forming, in 1864, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. His marriage with Miss Rhodes brought him into the atmosphere of intellectual culture which gave him many points of contact with those who could help him financially to carry out his scheme for a permanent orchestra. It is impossible in this place to follow the details of his many years of struggle to reach this goal; but all his efforts made him a national educator identified with the musi-

*Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. 1911.

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cal life of every city. The foundation of the first Cincinnati Festival in 1873 was due mainly to Thomas, and in this great institution he achieved the height of his artistic maturity.

At the second concert Mendelsshon's *Elijah* was given, and during the performance an impressive and characteristic incident happened. There had been a long drought and the country was suffering very much for rain. All day the longed-for clouds had been gathering, and just as Thomas gave the signal for the famous chorus, "Thanks be to God," the rain descended in torrents. Nothing inspired Thomas so quickly as a display of the forces of nature, and, entering instantly into sympathy with the storm, and the feeling of public thankfulness for the coming of the rain, he gathered all his forces—chorus, orchestra and organ—in one sublime outburst, harmonising with and rising above the tumult of the elements without, as they sang that great song of thanksgiving, "Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather together, they rush along, they are lifting their voices." So tremendous and overpowering was the effect that to this day the old members of the chorus of that memorable evening cannot speak of it without tears.

Mrs. Thomas has recorded many equally interesting incidents, as when, at one time, a bolt of lightning came just to make the greatest effect in a Beethoven symphony. More personal excitement is suggested in the entire episode of Wagner and his famous Centennial March; and, also, the experience of Thomas with the sheriff. His entire library and musical appurtenances were sold at public auction, but, fortunately, were bought in by a friend, who rented them to Thomas for one hundred dollars a year! The attempt to found a Musical University in Cincinnati was also heart-breaking; conductor and directors soon came to an impass. The directors believed the college should be self-supporting, while Thomas, wishing to accept only pupils of talent, thought it should be sustained by an endowment. Later, too, his experiences with the American Opera Company led to further disappointment. In fact, this story which Mrs. Thomas has written so sympathetically was only occasionally lightened, as by the Musical Festival in New York in 1882, when Materna, Henschel and Gerster sang. The death of his first wife, the final breaking up of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and the failure of the musical bureau of the World's Fair marked the lowest ebb of his mood, for the rest of his life was destined to see him slowly achieving what his heart desired—the permanent endowment of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. He lived to conduct a few concerts only, as every one knows, but his true immortality remains in his living influence.

And Thomas contributed much to American musical life. It was always his wish to raise his art from the realm of mere amusement into the dignified stature of its sister arts of painting and sculpture; and further, he desired, with an ardent patriotism for the land of his adoption, to keep America abreast and even ahead of the Continent. It was this, as well as their inherent beauty, which prompted him to give so many first performances of the foreign composers. A list of these alone would fill many columns, and it was mainly, too, through his efforts, that when the Wagnerian operas were first produced in completed form the public already had been educated up to them through long hearing of the selections which he had made part of his programmes. The volume is filled with letters from famous composers: Strauss found in Thomas his first American interpreter, and words from Rubinstein, Nikisch, Saint-Saëns, Tschaikowsky, Massenet, Wagner, Dvořák and Charpentier attest to their appreciation of his contribution to their reputations. A neat anecdote is told, for example, about Brahms, who never wrote a letter of appreciation to Thomas for all he did to make his music known.

Something, however, even this strange man must have felt, for when Thomas met him at supper on one of his European trips a characteristic incident took place. Some one at the table reminded Brahms of the promise of a photograph. Immediately a second guest added his request for one. Thomas said nothing, but Brahms, turning to him, remarked: "I will send one also to you, Herr Thomas." The next day the three photographs were sent, and on comparing them at a subse-

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quent meeting from which Brahms was absent, the recipients found that he had written on the first, "Promised"; on the second, "Asked for"; but on that of Thomas, "Offered."

But Thomas did not neglect MacDowell, Otto Singer and other American composers; in fact, it was a principle with him on all festivals to give the place of honour to a native production. And the French composers with their beauty of finish and mastery of orchestration appealed to him, also. It was this catholicity of taste and wide acquaintance with all styles which made him a programme master. His desire was always to keep them as much in advance of popular taste as people would stand. Never did he compromise with the best possible interpretation of whatever he conducted—and he was a master of the waltz rhythm—but he was wise enough to see taste in the mass is developed slowly. Consequently, a study of these early programmes shows how the first part was given to light Auber waltzes or the like, with the last devoted to the highly coloured orchestration of a *Mignon* overture, having the second part thus devoted to heavy symphonic movement. The general scheme of this was followed throughout his life, especially in the popular concerts, though, of course, he gradually was able to offer more substantial selections. When, however, he was sure of his audience, his programmes were of his heart, throbbing with the notes of great compositions. As he grew older the psychological and subjective appealed to him more and more, and it is suggestive that on the first concert in the Chicago Hall, destined also to be nearly the last, he should have played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—that study in intense subjectivity.

Besides this programme mastery and his introduction of new compositions, he contributed much to chorus singing by making of it an orchestra and imparting real musicianship to the singers. He also lowered the pitch of musical instruments about nine-sixteenths of a tone, which made it softer, fuller and richer, possible to perform classic works as they were designed and written, and also lessened the strain on the vocalists, who had for many years been struggling with the growing intensity of the orchestra. No single act better illustrates Thomas's influence, as it became necessary for every musician to conform to the pitch of his orchestra. Thomas was among the first, too, to introduce uniform bowing and urging that opera be given in the English text. Toward the end of his life, which had been devoted to preserving popular interest in classic music by adapting the works of the masters as far as possible to the modern orchestra, he wrote:

"I have at last come to the conclusion that no one has a right to alter, in any particular, the work of a composer. It is the duty of the executant musician to interpret a work exactly as the composer intended that it should be interpreted, and he should not change or embellish it to suit the taste of another generation.

He thus set to work to cut out all the embellishments of fifty years and to adapt the orchestra to the composition instead of the composition to the orchestra.

It was not intelligence alone which could bring about these reforms or make so strong an imprint on musical history; it was his remarkable character. The glimpses Mrs. Thomas has given of this are what makes the book so vital and interesting. Like all strong men, there was much in Thomas which was autocratic, not in his private life, but in his work-world.

A characteristic story is told of one of the first rehearsals of the college choir at which Thomas had reprimanded some of the sopranos sharply for inattention. "He treats us as if we were members of his orchestra," said one. At the close of the rehearsal he found the lady and responded very quietly. "Madame, you will have to sing a great deal better than you do now before I shall treat you as I treat the members of my orchestra."

An example of his conscientiousness is in his reply to the manager of a concert which, owing to the blizzard, was but sparsely attended.

Of course, it will not only be given, but I shall try to make it an especially good performance, for the people who have braved such a storm as this to hear us must surely be true music lovers, and deserve the best we can give them.

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Autocratic, but conscientious, his gentleness in his personal life and consideration for his men made him loved beyond words; but once his dislike was incurred his friendship was finished; he had the faculty till near the end of commanding his mood and thought at will, and excluding personal unpleasantness from his mind; but money matters harassed him, though a less honest man could have escaped many of the burdens his own carelessness thrust upon him. His idea of simple living was really that of a *connoisseur* and he was generous to a fault. It is in truth a very human genius which Mrs. Thomas has shown and it is this, with his remarkable record of actual achievement, which makes this volume one of the most important biographies of recent years. A letter from Paderewski to Mrs. Thomas best attests to the place her husband holds:

> The entire musical world joins in deepest sorrow over this terrible bereavement. The passing away of the illustrious Theodore Thomas is an irreparable loss to our art, for scarcely any man in any land has done so much for the musical education of the people, as did he in this country. The purity of his character, the firmness of his principles, the nobility of his ideals, together with the magnitude of his achievements, will assure him everlasting glory in the annals of artistic culture.

George Middleton.

II

Clare Jerrold's "The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court"*

These lives of ladies dead and gone whom Lely and Kneller painted for princely walls deal with many quaint and curious matters. The spicy material which the author thinks wise to deprecate while she gladly utilises it might be presented more straightforwardly. Seeing that her book would otherwise be very thin, it is perhaps ungracious of her to play the moralist; especially as moralists need not be driven to such subjects or when there should be better able to restrain **their** gusto. One has a mild annoyance **at** an author who cannot make up her mind to avoid the sentimental Mrs. Jameson or the correct Miss Strickland but yet cocks her eye after the audacious Mr. Gribble. Let us, however, say that it is in a spirit of roguery that she thus closes her readable book: "it is idle to apologise for the deficiencies of history, which always describes dramatic events rather than domestic virtues."

There are twenty of these ladies, and as for the twenty-first no one has written even her name. One fears that is because of her domesticity, since it is thanks to gossips of the period that we have the others. In making the reign of Charles II more real to us than any earlier one, they had precious few of the domestic virtues to talk about even had they wished to bore each other so. Except for two or three of these impressive voluptuous ladies with impossible draperies, the Hampton Court Beauties might well be called the Trials of Catherine of Braganza—who, let us trust, found in her virtue its own reward, since she found none elsewhere nor got anything but starvation wages and humiliation from her kingly spouse. New mothers were always eagerly demanding of him a title for their children, but it was a demand in which the poor lady had never opportunity to join.

Charles, says the author, was like Queen Elizabeth in that he did not desire to see the fair ones of the opposite sex become independent of him; consequently, though there was much left-handed love-making at his court there was little marriage. But when there was marriage, it must be owned that Charles allowed small constraint to creep into his behaviour. With Barbara Villiers, Frances Stuart, Louise de Kérualle, and Elinor Gwyn—the four most protracted trials of Catherine of Braganza—the recital chiefly concerns itself.

Barbara Villiers at eighteen was making assignations with the Earl of Chesterfield; and must have really been in love with him, for her letters show a meekness of spirit she never exhibited afterward. She caught Charles's eye the day he arrived; and her first child was claimed by three men—the King, the earl, and her husband. Her husband, however, never put forward a similar

*The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court. By Clare Jerrold. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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claim again; and when he discovered why Charles had raised him to the peerage, he refused to take his seat in the Lords. When she became Countess of Castlemaine she loomed important in the public eye, although scarcely more so to Pepys, who said he could never admire her beauty sufficiently. By this time she had found that the meekness to Chesterfield had been nowhere near as much a friend to her as the violent temper to Charles, and she proceeded to play this trump card all the rest of her life. When poor little Catherine, just come over, refused to have Castlemaine for one of the ladies of her bed-chamber (feeling, doubtless, that hers was but an Anne Hathaway's legacy, after all!) Charles sent the poor woman to Coventry until she succumbed, and the two became outwardly friends. The King seemed actually proud of going about with both of them in one carriage. Barbara was everywhere as successful in having her own way, and in the end she caused the downfall of Clarendon because he tried to keep her from having it. But as time went on she tired Charles out with her tantrums, and she kept her ten years' supremacy only by continuous struggle.

It was a long battle waged between her and Frances Stuart, "the greatest beauty I ever saw," says Pepys. "Frances Stuart only wanted a doll to make her entirely a child," says de Gramont. Nobody seems to have realised that she was in fact a child. The remarkable thing was that grave men as well as rakes like the King should have found this fourteen-year-old girl so fascinating. Unaffected, amused at everything, refusing all serious proposals, she was friendly alike with the Queen and with Castlemaine. Nevertheless, a year at such a court taught even her something, and she began—it must be thought with some deliberation—to put my lady Castlemaine's nose out of joint. The King, inflamed at her encouragements and desperate at her denials, became quite besotted about her. But Lady Castlemaine at least refused second place in public. Being in the next box to the King at the theatre one night, says Pepys, she left hers and "squeezed herself in between him and the Duke of York, and so sat out the play, which put the King and everybody out of countenance." There is no evidence that Frances Stuart really yielded to the King, and Pepys after smacking lips over all the gossip about her ends by saying that Mrs. Stuart had played a worthy part. Perhaps that was the reason that the Chevalier de Gramont called her an inanimate statue. Indeed, gossip could never decide whether she was really what it eagerly proclaimed her to be or just a pretty fool playing with fire. But at any rate the King maintained publicly that no woman had such handsome legs; while Waller, the poet, sang that neither gold nor anger could win her, and that her virtue was stronger than Lady Castlemaine's brass. Let us hope she deserved the one term as well as her rival did the other. Buckingham tried to persuade Charles to divorce the Queen and marry her, since otherwise there seemed little chance of his getting her. Between her and the tempestuous Castlemaine Charles was indeed having a hard time. The latter was becoming so notorious that he, though still under her thumb, hesitated to seek her consolations. But she finally obtained her revenge, for she set spies on Frances and sprung a row of the first water. But the upshot was that the Queen herself (considering that as she must have a rival, Frances was better than anybody else) interceded with the irate King. Frances, deciding that the King's favour was a rather shaky basis for her life, ran away and married the duke who had aroused the King's fury. She was afterward restored to court, was friendlier than ever with the Queen, and Charles told her grumpy husband that he had gained more kindness from her after her marriage than before it; and you may see her effigy among the waxworks in Westminster dressed in the robes she wore at Anne's Coronation.

Castlemaine now went impudently on, happy at having the King for awhile to herself. She threatened on every escapade which ended in her dismissal from court to publish his letters. She called him a fool to his face, enacted many heady scenes in public, and had all London laughing at him. But when his eye finally fell upon Nell Gwyn, she met with

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her first real come-uppances; for Nell mocked her openly and had so much more wit that she kept the lady in continual desperation. But Barbara was always cool-headed enough to go on feathering her nest (though it must be admitted she was very liberal with her other lovers and believed firmly in robbing Peter to pay Paul). The King always gave his women everything he could lay his hands on, and so rifled even his wardrobe that once he had only three white neckties and not a single handkerchief. At last he did his best to get quit of her, and to that end banished her to Surrey and then to Paris. But she played the termagant to the end, and to the end fate took her part. Even when —somewhat obscure and sixty-four years old—she married a professional beauty who proved more coarse and ferocious than she herself, she found out he was a bigamist and got the law to cut the knot.

When various other light ladies had flitted in and out of the poor Queen's bed-chamber, Charles finally achieved a mistress who awakened the passionate hatred of the whole nation. She was Louise de Kérualle, the puppet of Louis XIV. Buckingham told Louis that he needed to supply Charles with a lady who would foster French interests. Louise had already had enough experience to perceive that coquetry was the best art with so successful a gallant, and she played a game of hide and seek with him until Louis was thrown into fits of despondency lest her mission prove a failure. But the lady was only awaiting the psychological moment when she could succumb to the greatest advantage. She demanded to be properly married, and the marriage actually took place "by the Common Prayer Book according to the ceremonies of the Church of England"—says the *Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II and James II*—"a thing in some measure justifiable in a prince, since the Law allows all men one wife, and therefore a king, who is above Law, may surely have two." In which the author agreed with the good Bishop Burnet. It certainly pleased Louise to pretend that she considered herself married, though one wonders what the Queen thought about it when her new Lady of the Bed-chamber put on such unaccustomed airs. But Louise troubled Charles as much with her politics as Castlemaine had with her temper; and, as Madame de Sevigné wrote, "she did not foresee she would find in her way a young comedian, pretty, impudent, debauched and pleasant, who would discountenance and embarrass her to an extraordinary degree."

Yet in spite of the victorious tongue of Nell, Louise held her position to the end of his life as the one woman to be reckoned with. She drew from him at least more lasting affection than any other woman. She was even more insatiable than Castlemaine, and Evelyn said her apartments were glorious (and with her Majesty's pictures!) She and not the Queen was consulted in all matters of state, and when the curses of the populace finally died away she became in everybody's estimation not only the Queen but the King of England. The week before Charles died, at the age of fifty-two, Evelyn saw him languidly making love to her and two other mistresses at once. The day of his death Louise had the grace to retire at last before the Queen. "She is now almost always there," she said, "and I cannot with decency again enter his room. But go tell the Duke of York to think on what can be done to save the King's soul." By his death-bed were Castlemaine's three sons, Nell Gwyn's one surviving son, and the son of Louise, and the Queen—at last in possession of her bed-chamber! But Louise herself lived to the ripe age of eighty-five and founded a convent and decorated many churches. Thus, in this readable and pleasant book, one may see that times have changed—even with kings.

Algernon Tassin.

III

Hugh Stokes's "Madame Brinvilliers"*

It is not for the mere story of Madame de Brinvilliers and the victims of

*Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times. By Hugh Stokes. New York: John Lane Company.

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her cupidity and passions that Mr. Stokes's book is to be commended. The story in itself is sordid enough, and the fascinations of the woman were not such as to impress profoundly the reader of a later age. But Mr. Stokes has used the gruesome narrative as the excuse for an illuminating background. In his pages we see reconstructed old Paris, with its narrow, ill-lighted streets, and its blind alleys in which assassination stalked. We see a court and a society honeycombed with the subtle poisoners whom the Medici had brought with them from Italy. We see a period in which the old superstitions had not yet died out, and when the astrologers and the alchemists counted their victims by the thousands. In the documents and episodes presented in these pages we detect a great deal of the inspiration of the novels of the elder Dumas. Here we can trace back to its source that famous chapter entitled "Toxicology" of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Indeed, in Madame Brinvilliers herself we have the unquestionable Milady of *The Three Musketeers*.

The basis of most poisons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was arsenic. It was extremely easy to procure, the taste was easy to hide, and until Marsh's text was discovered about a hundred years ago, its traces were difficult to discover. It was rarely used in an absolutely pure state, but generally in the form of a sublimate. As a powder it was mixed with the food, which at that period was very highly spiced, and as a liquid it was mingled with the wine, which was thick and sweet. In the seventeenth century toxicology reached heights that it has never since attained. The laboratories of the poisoners in France and Italy contained secrets happily lost to-day. The preparation of the potions used during the reigns of Louis XIII and XIV may be briefly described. An animal was doctored with a dose of arsenic. After death the liquids of the body were carefully distilled, and the resultant was of extreme virulence, being composed of the virus of arsenic and the alkaloids of decomposition. When the animal thus killed was credited with a bodily venom the distilled liquid was a concentration of three poisons instead of two. For this reason the toad was the favourite subject of experiment. This was the poison used by Madame de Brinvilliers. Against it medical skill was almost helpless.

The list of monarchs whose deaths were attributed, by popular gossip, to the effect of poison is a long one. Catherine de Medici was a known poisoner, surrounded by poisoners, and her two sons, Francis II and Charles IX, were probably hurried to their end by the administration of drugs, as well as by their feeble state of health. There are some grounds for the assertion that Louis XIII died of poison. His mother, Marie de Medici, was said to be the greatest poisoner of her age. The comment in Paris was that the King was well or ill as he agreed or quarrelled with the Queen Mother. The state ministers ran desperate risks. Richelieu suffered from many curious illnesses. He knew his danger and took every precaution. Mazarin's death cannot wholly be explained by natural causes. The death of the sister of Charles II of England is also a matter of mystery. One never called to a sick king any of the physicians attached to the households of the princes of the blood. The political reasons against it were too strong.

The chief accomplice of Madame de Brinvilliers, and perhaps actually the instigator of many of her crimes, was Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, than whom a more sinister scoundrel does not cross the pages of the century. He was sent to the Bastile, liberated, and met his death before Madame de Brinvilliers herself was brought to trial. The accounts of his end are conflicting and illuminating. According to one of them Sainte-Croix was endeavouring to discover a poison the emanations alone of which would be able to kill. He had heard of the poisoned napkin with which the young Dauphin, elder brother of Charles VII, had wiped his face while playing at tennis, and the contact of which alone was sufficient to kill. Then there was the gossip about the gloves belonging to Jeanne d'Albret which had been prepared by one of the Italian poisoners in the train of Catherine de Me-

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dici, a crime which was never brought home to its instigators. The secrets of these poisons have been lost, and Sainte-Croix wished to find them.

There came to pass one of those strange events which seem rather to be a punishment from heaven than an accident. At the moment when Sainte-Croix, leaning over his stove, watched his fatal mixture reach its highest state of intensity, the glass mask, which covered his face, and preserved him from the mortal exhalations which escaped from the liquor, became unfastened and dropped off.

Sainte-Croix fell to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt.

Sainte-Croix had been consigned to the Bastille by a "lettre de cachet." According to Mr. Stokes's account, neither the prison nor the "lettre de cachet" was as terrible an affair as they appear to the modern imagination. In fact, a temporary residence in the Bastille seems to have had some pleasant advantages. The kitchen was conducted on the basis of most extravagant hospitality.

In the morning the prisoners had *déjeuner*. At midday or one o'clock they received dinner, and during the evening supper was served by the domestics. Rabaisson asserts that the quality of the food would have excited the envy of more than one easy-going bourgeois. There were always several dishes, soup, entrée, a second meat, and dessert; at each dinner two bottles of wine, Burgundy or champagne, were supplied with a third bottle for the needs of the day. More was served than the prisoners could consume, and the turnkeys used to walk down the stairs very slowly in order to finish the plates. But the prisoners seldom allowed their guardians to drain the bottles. Some of them owned quite well-assorted little "cellars" in the corners of their cells. On holidays the governor would extend the wine list. One prisoner mentioned that on a fête day he received six bottles of wine.

For the maintenance of each prisoner the governor received a substantial sum. Thus, from a certain point of view, he was maintaining a huge boarding-house, and it was to his interest to keep his flock in good health. Indeed, at one time the service was so good that some of the prisoners suggested that the governor should give them plainer fare and that the difference between the actual expense and the sum allowed by the King should be equally divided. When the imprisonment lasted for a length of time this reached a considerable amount, and more than one prisoner left the Bastille richer than he had ever been before. Even punishment was exceedingly mild. Prisoners were disciplined by having their meals curtailed. In this case they received in place of the full course a simple meal of soup, meat, bread, and half a bottle of wine. Extreme punishment consisted of a reduction to bread and water, but this happened but rarely, and never without the express order of the Court.

After the death of Sainte-Croix Madame de Brinvilliers took flight, and found a refuge in London, and afterward in the Netherlands. Her arrest was effected by strategem, and she was brought back to Paris to stand trial. The most damaging testimony against her was that of the tutor Briancourt, who had been, in a measure, her unwilling accomplice. In one part of his evidence will be found the episode which must have suggested to Dumas the scene between d'Artagnan and Lady de Winter in the latter's bedchamber described in *The Three Musketeers*. Madame de Brinvilliers was condemned and a full confession of her crimes was wrung from her by the application of the torture of the water. For the details of this method, one of the two that remained in vogue in the France of that period, the reviewer refers the reader to the pages of Mr. Stokes's book. It is sufficient to say that she remained seven hours in the torture chamber, and that she avowed all her crimes, but denied that she had any accomplices. In commenting upon the torture Mr. Stokes quotes the following curious executioner's tariff in thalers which held in the Middle Ages under the Holy Roman Empire:

For quartering	4
For beheading and burning	5
For strangling and burning	4
For cord and for laying the fire and kindling it	2
For burning alive	4
For breaking a man alive on the wheel	4

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For setting up the wheel with the body twisted in it..... 2
For cutting off a hand or sundry fingers, and for beheading—altogether..... 3
For burning with a hot iron..... 1
For beheading and placing the head upon the stake 3
For beheading, twisting the body in the wheel, and placing the head upon the stake—altogether 5
For tearing a criminal before his execution with red hot pincers—each tearing of the flesh 3
For nailing a tongue or hand to the gallows 1
For the first grade of torture..... 1
For the second grade of torture, including setting the limbs afterwards, with salve same 2

The German fees seem to have been slightly higher than those of France. Shortly before the Revolution the executioner's post in Paris was said to be worth some seven hundred pounds per annum.

The trial, torture and execution of Madame de Brinvilliers served as a useful lesson. Poison did not disappear, but its practitioners were taught to curb their malevolent enthusiasms. The pursuits of astrology and alchemy waned for a time, to reappear in the next century in the richest fruition in the person of that astonishing arch impostor Cagliostro.

R. A. Whay.

IV

Frederic Harrison's "Autobiographic Memoirs"*

When a man has lived to be eighty, has written many books, has taken a large part in social and religious controversies, has known many statesmen and men of letters intimately, and has maintained a keen interest in public affairs the world over, his *Autobiographic Memoirs* should have great interest for a wide circle of readers. Nor will those who take up Mr. Frederic Harrison's two substantial volumes in this expectation be disappointed. The second is the more valuable of the two, in that it deals less with purely personal details. It might be thought that in an autobiography such would count most; what a man says about himself often weighs more than what others say about him. It may be that Mr. Harrison's lack of imagination, his "prosaic insensibility to the mystical," as he calls it, is responsible for the distinct lack of charm in his writing. He says that as a child he never knew nursery rhymes or fairy tales—a fortunate condition in the eyes of some modern pedagogues, but one not calculated to increase the stock of human happiness. The Christian religion might have meant more to Mr. Harrison and the Positivist philosophy less had he possessed more sensibility. He took himself very seriously as a youth, writing home from Oxford long epistles criticising his teachers and his fellow pupils. He frankly admits that he was a "sententious prig"—perhaps an unjust judgment. He was brought up as "a moderate High Churchman"; but he early began to have his doubts, and "the whole orthodox fabric slowly melted away" in him, mainly on moral grounds and from disgust with the Oxford Movement. Whatever the merits of Comte as a philosopher, one cannot help feeling that much of the time Mr. Harrison has devoted to expounding him might have been more usefully employed.

Mr. Harrison was a Fellow of Oxford for a number of years, and he has always been concerned with educational problems. He protests against the so-called scientific idea of culture which is supplanting the classical; many of us will agree with him on this point. At the time of his graduation he rejected the idea of taking Orders and decided to read for the Bar; he prints here a letter written fifty years ago which is conspicuously unfair to the Church of England. Nor did he take to the law with any notion of securing the prizes of the profession. The truth is, he was a born writer—in a way a born agitator also; and it was fortunate for him that his circumstances permitted him to follow his natural bent. His lively interest in public questions began early; there are various passages in the first volume which reveal the earnestness with which his studies were pursued. He laboured for radicalism in politics as in religion, and he made

*Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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many appearances in the newspapers and magazines. There are brief but suggestive portraits of the public men of an era rapidly passing away—Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Bright, Parnell. He says of the last-named that "he studied little, and cared nothing to improve, the condition of the Irish people. To him it was a matter of personal honour, pride or revenge to bring England and its Government to their knees." The intimation that Parnell was essentially a selfish man is not new. Gladstone's religious sympathies made to him to some extent *persona non grata* to the Positivist apostle. Like most cultivated Englishmen of his time, Mr. Harrison was an advocate of the cause of Italy; nor was he hampered by any regard for a picturesque past which political progress must inevitably destroy. He gives in one place an amusing picture of the dirt and disorder of Rome under Papal rule. Here, too, the defect in his character is shown by his indifference to the noble monuments of Christian art in the city and to the works of the great painters, which left him "totally cold and unimpressed."

The chapters in the second volume which deal with the Franco-Prussian War and its consequences are exceptionally readable. Mr. Harrison rather overestimates Gambetta, on the whole; he regards him as equal in sagacity to Bismarck and Cavour, and to be "less tainted than either with unscrupulous and tortuous devices." This opens the old question of the distinction between private and public morality. On most topics he reveals strong opinions, not to say prejudices. He calls Peel "the wisest and most honourable of English statesmen in the nineteenth century." Naturally he would not like Palmerston, though he has to admit his ability as diplomatist. He admits that he was "out of sympathy with organised parties of all kinds." Such reformers not infrequently fail to accomplish all they anticipate. It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Harrison was difficult or impractical. He could get on with men with whom he had little in common—as with Cardinal Manning, with whose social principles he was in accord. For Goldwin Smith he expresses a profound admiration. It is worth noting that, although he puts Tennyson in a class by himself among the poets since Byron and Shelley, he disparages his intellectual power. With Browning he was much more intimate; he calls him "the most original and most sane spirit of the Victorian writers"—another subject for argument of which no advantage can be taken here.

Indeed, it would be impossible to give a comprehensive idea of all that these volumes contain or the sidelights they throw upon many events now passing into history. Probably most readers will occasionally find themselves stirred to dissent. There are pages, too, that may profitably be skipped; the first volume, in particular, would gain by compression. But the self-revelations of an alert and vigorous mind, with a record of vast accomplishment to its credit, must always be of exceptional interest and value.

Edward Fuller.

V

F. J. Melville's "Chats on Postage Stamps"*

Those who regard the collecting of postage stamps as a schoolboy hobby that is soon abandoned will find a wealth of illumination in Mr. Melville's volume, which shows that when properly conducted the occupation becomes as interesting and as valuable to the collector as the gathering of china, prints, lace, autographs or pewter. The first adhesive stamps appeared in 1840, and were naturally regarded as objects of curiosity not without æsthetic value. Their accumulation began almost immediately, and if the uses to which they were put may be described as base, we cannot lay the blame on the state of Early Victorian taste, for who does not recall certain horrors of ornament to be encountered even in the present year of grace? An advertisement in the London *Times* during May, 1841, disclosed the ambition of a young lady to cover the walls of her boudoir with cancelled postage stamps,

*Chats on Postage Stamps. By Fred. J. Melville. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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and to this end the assistance of the public was invited. Other ideas showed higher motives. "For we trace to the earliest decade of stamp issuing the popular notion that the accumulated treasure of a million of old stamps will provide an 'open sesame' for an orphan into a home, or that in old age one may find a haven of rest in an asylum."

About the middle of the fifties stamp collections were started by schoolboys, who sought for foreign specimens, neglected the productions of their own land, and entirely failed to recognise the historic and scientific possibilities of the pursuit. In Europe the problem of "swapping" soon developed a curious and interesting practice. In Birchin Lane, London, a sort of postage-stamp exchange sprang up, and the metropolitan papers of 1861-62 contained frequent references to the assiduity and earnestness with which the crowd of youngsters, and some men, too, carried on their trading during the long spring and summer evenings. It is said that a Cabinet Minister often went there, and even a lady or two, album in hand, eager to barter a red "Prussian" for a blue "Brunswicker." Similar scenes went on in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, Paris, while in other cities regular dealers established themselves, and this business thrived everywhere after the police interfered with the exchanges of London and Paris.

The science of philately (or timbrologie, as it is called in France) really began in Paris about the year 1862, when collectors commenced systematically to study watermarks and to measure perforations. From such pursuits have been developed the sound principles of stamp collecting, which aim to show "a complete history of the stamps of a country with all the associated circumstances leading up to their issuance and connected with their use." The true collector seeks for documentary evidence as to the origin and creator of the design, and the sketches therefor. He follows, by means of proofs, the process of engraving. He is not content with a single specimen of any issue, but pursues it through its whole life, preserving the different kinds of paper, watermarks, and varying shades of ink. If an issue has been forged, specimens of the counterfeit must be obtained, as well as all available material relating to the discovery, extent, and prosecution of the fraud.

Just as the collector of any objects of interest, as china, for instance, derives more pleasure and profit in specialising in the product of one age or country, so the majority of serious philatelists, in view of the enormous scope of the subject, prefer to limit their collections to the stamps of one country or at most two or three. The wonderful United States collection of the Earl of Crawford, that was shown in New York City a few years ago, was as complete an illustrated record as can be obtained of the postal history of this country, and the invaluable result thus achieved is clear evidence of the wisdom of Lord Crawford's efforts as compared with the gathering of more or less incomplete data from many lands. Some philatelists prefer to confine their collecting to the products of a single firm of printers —a system which has great possibilities for the comparative study of the taste and ideas of different nationalities, for most countries consign their stamp making to the few engraving and printing houses which make a specialty of this work.

The rarity of certain issues is a heartburning matter with those collectors who aim at completeness in every detail. It would be difficult to state which is the "rarest," but there can be no doubt that the one most coveted is that of the first two stamps of Mauritius (one penny and twopence) containing the words "Post Office" on the left. They were issued in 1847 and disappeared completely. When rediscovered about 1864 the words "Post Office" were taken for an error, afterward corrected to "Post Paid," as appears on the stamps of 1848. When, however, it became known that the "Post Office" was a distinct and separate issue, the few specimens which had changed hands for the merest trifle soared in value as it was realised that the ultimate goal of the philatelist has been found. Only twenty-five of these stamps are known to exist. Used ones are catalogued to-day at over five thousand dol-

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lars apiece, but even that sum will not draw them from the albums of their fortunate possessors. An unused "Twopence Post Office" was sold at auction about fifteen years ago for £1,450 and now belongs to King George V, who has declared that stamp collecting is one of the great pleasures of his life, while a pair (One Penny and Twopence) has recently brought the record price of £3,500 for the two.

The postage-stamp forger was, as might have been expected, early at work upon existing issues, and it was not long before he was catering to collectors, for it was in 1863 that Pemberton's *Forged Stamps and How to Detect Them* was published for the protection of philatelists. The latter further define these spurious labels as "forgeries," when a stamp has been reproduced in its entirety or there has been some change in detail which does not affect the identity of the stamp; as "fakes" when a genuine stamp is so altered as apparently to convert it into another stamp, and as "bogus"—a stamp which has never had any genuine existence at all. Spain has been the greatest financial sufferer from stamp forgeries. Until recently new issues followed in rapid succession, sometimes two in one year, necessitated by the counterfeits which appeared almost as soon as each new series was placed on sale.

Collectors also have cause to fear "reprints," which occasionally have been made by governments for sale to dealers and collectors, and indeed the authorities have sometimes gone so far as to manufacture new dies. The prints from these may rightly be called legalised forgeries. Our own government was once an offender in this respect, for when it was gathering postal records for the Centennial Exposition of 1876, the plates and dies for the five- and ten-cent stamps of 1847 could not be found. Therefore new ones were made, and it takes the closest knowledge of certain minute variations in the design to distinguish these later impressions from the original issue.

Mr. Melville devotes considerable space to descriptions of the great collections of the world, of which that of M. la Rénotière in Paris is incontestably the greatest, and upon which the owner has already spent at least a million and a half of dollars. It has had from time to time wonderful additions in bulk, including the major portion of the Philbrick collection from England, which contained a complete list of all known stamps up to 1880. The collections of the Earl of Crawford are regarded as possessing the greatest historic and scientific value and offering the best opportunities for study. The great collections in this country are few, but that of Mr. George H. Worthington is one of the three largest in the world. He has recently announced that he is going to leave it to the city of Cleveland, and the Ohio metropolis will ultimately be the philatelic Mecca, for this municipal treasure will excel in beauty and extent both the Tapling collection now in the British Museum, and that of the Postal Museum in Berlin, which are to-day the finest public collections in the world.

Gerald Canning.

VI

Dr. la Siboutie's "Recollections of a Parisian"*

Poumiès de la Siboutie, who was born in 1789 and died in 1863, practised for nearly fifty years as a family physician in Paris, and, like so many intelligent Frenchmen, kept a record of what he saw and heard. He lived under six sovereigns, two revolutions and a republic. His *Recollections of a Parisian* are made up from his memoirs edited by his daughters and are translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. As political history the record has small value. But as a picture of stirring times the doctor's notes are of decided interest. Along with many insignificant details, there are anecdotes worth preserving, and what the diarist saw and heard he tells well.

Dr. de la Siboutie was born in Périgord in 1789 and began his medical studies in Paris in 1810. He began practice in 1815, when Paris was in the hands of the Allies. Much of his life was spent

*Recollections of a Parisian. By Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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in a house in the Rue Visconti in which had lived Racine and Adrienne Lecouvreur. The present record was largely written during a three months' rest enforced by an accident. Dr. Siboutie's contemporaries attest to his intelligence, kindness and high professional standing.

The first part of the book is devoted to a sketch of Périgord at the outbreak of the Revolution. The poverty of the people makes one understand their bitterness. Houses were dark because window glass was too expensive for use by any but the rich. The food of the common people consisted of rye and maize bread, chestnuts, radishes and roots; meat was seldom seen. Butter was so little used that a sister of Dr. Siboutie's grandfather, who died in 1832, told him that she had never tasted any. Potatoes were almost unknown in Périgord until Dr. Siboutie's father grew a crop and showed the neighbouring farmers their value. Clothing was coarse unbleached linen in summer and a heavy cloth in winter. Sabots were worn in cold weather; in summer people went barefoot. Even in rich houses the kitchen was the chief living room. All the food was prepared before an enormous wood fire, dogs being used to keep the spits turning. Communication was difficult owing to the roughness of the roads and the absence of vehicles. So late as 1812 Périgueux, the chief city of his province, boasted only one stage cart, which carried the mails between Limoges and Bordeaux. Letters might remain a month in the post office if no opportunity offered for forwarding them. The destruction of furniture, books and papers during the years following the Revolution was incredible. The peasants burned or destroyed whatever they could not use or understand. In 1803 Dr. Siboutie saw big heaps of books taken from the châteaux left exposed to the weather. Valuable books were sold by weight.

When Dr. Siboutie reached Paris in 1810 it was a scene of desolation. Even Nôtre Dame bore a placard: "National Property—For Sale." The streets were narrow and muddy, some of them unpaved, and there were few sewers. People were in rags. The Republican calendar was the only one permitted. The aristocratic particle "de" had been dropped from family names, and saints disappeared from street signs as well as from the churches. Faubourg St. Antoine had become Faubourg Antoine; Rue Ste. Barbe, Rue Barbe. Even the names of the months had been changed. When a certain M. de St. Janvier applied for a passport:

> "What is your name?"
> "De——"
> "There are no more De."
> "Saint——"
> "There are no more Saints."
> "Janvier."
> "Janvier exists no longer." And the passport was made out to "Citoyen Nivôse, cidevant de St. Janvier."

Notwithstanding the general confusion, young Siboutie managed to obtain a medical education and became hospital house physician in 1812. He writes in praise of many of his instructors. Alibert was head of the Hôpital St. Louis. He was an enthusiast over the terrible skin diseases he studied and would cry out in a tone of fanatical enjoyment: "Gentlemen, we will now turn our attention to the whole group of skin diseases, each more engrossing than the last ——." "Magnficent!" he once exclaimed before a poor devil with advanced elephantiasis. At Alibert's house Siboutie met Garat, a famous singer, noted as the most unpunctual of men. When Cherubini went to Garat's funeral he arrived at two o'clock, the ceremony having been announced for noon. "I know Garat so well," he said. He was in time.

How radically hospital practice has changed for the better in the last hundred years is shown. In the Hôtel Dieu, the largest of the Paris hospitals, it was not unusual to put two patients in the same bed. Before de Siboutie's time beds were supposed to accommodate three or four patients. In his hospital practice he saw many distinguished men. Among these was Marescot, a famous officer of engineers under Napoleon. Marescot received the last sacraments on his death bed, though he did not understand much about such things. On

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the same day a blister was applied. When one of his friends asked him how he felt, he answered: "Fairly well, except for that Extreme Unction they have stuck between my shoulder blades."

Several anecdotes are given of the financial straits of the aristocrats after their downfall. The old Vicomte de L———, whose doctor had ordered him to take the air in a carriage, went to every funeral he saw announced and took the long drive to one or another of the Paris cemeteries. On one of these occasions his distinguished appearance led to his being invited to pronounce the funeral oration. As he had no idea of even the name or sex of the departed, it was embarrassing; but a few adroit questions enabled him to save the day. Under Louis-Philippe Dr. Siboutie met the poet Jasmin, who for three weeks in 1842 was fêted by all Paris. Jasmin, however, yearned for his native Agen in the south of France. "Paris," he said, "is a hotbed of self-seeking noise-makers. I have been several times inclined to yawn, but could not find the time to do so." Another literary celebrity mentioned is Beaumarchais, the dramatist, whose dog's collar was engraved: "Beaumarchais belongs to me."

The good Doctor was an ardent Republican and as a member of the Garde Nationale often took up his musket. But his sympathies were with all honest men whatever their party, and his memoirs are singularly free from bitterness.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

VII

James Huneker's "Franz Liszt"*

It seems to have become the recognised custom to select the centenary of the birth of every famous personage as the appropriate occasion to appraise his contribution to human endeavour and assign him his final niche in the Hall of Fame. Logically, the centenary of his death is a better time; for that insures the lapse of a sufficient interval to justify the attempt. Unless the particular man died young, the hundredth anniversary of his birth may be still too near to admit of a proper prospective. In the case of Franz Liszt, for example, though born in 1811, he was a commanding figure in the musical world up to the very day of his death, which occurred as recently as 1886; and in fact, the influence of his personality may be said to have continued down to the present, kept fresh and strong by many followers and pupils — such as Joseffy, Rosenthal, Friedheim, D'Albert—who are familiar figures in our concert halls. This accounts in part, at least, for the still wide divergence in views as to his ultimate position in the musical hierarchy.

Mr. Huneker, whose volume is an appropriate and welcome contribution to the Liszt centennial celebration, evidently recognises that the time is not yet ripe for a final judgment on Liszt. In his last chapter, entitled "Instead of a Preface," he explains that he abandoned his original design of a complete biography in favour of a study of certain aspects of the art and character of his subject. In this way he escapes the necessity of expressing finality in his opinions and at once anticipates and disarms criticism of the somewhat formless and desultory nature of the book. That his study of the picturesque personality that dominated the musical world of his day would be interesting reading was to have been expected; but besides that, the book is in parts brilliant and illumined with genuine critical flashes which render it an invaluable addition to the already large mass of Lisztiana.

The first chapter is appropriately headed "Liszt: The Real and Legendary"; for the true and the apocryphal are so closely interwoven in Liszt's case as to make the separation a difficult if not impossible task. Of Liszt the pianist, Mr. Huneker writes only from hearsay; but he brings cogent testimony to prove the overwhelming power and magnetism of his performance; and the verdict of his contemporaries that he was the greatest of all pianists will probably never be disturbed. His pedagogical qualities are also beyond question to-day, as is demonstrated by the splendid performances of his pupils who are still with us. It is Liszt the composer, about whom controversy still rears its pugnacious head.

*Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Even here in the domain of pianoforte literature, much is conceded by general consent—his development of technique, his always musical use of embellishments, his clearly expressed notation and phrasing. Some of Liszt's arrangements for piano of operatic music and still more of his transcriptions of songs are, as Mr. Huneker points out, justly reckoned masterpieces. He rather startlingly says early in the book that "one Chopin mazurka contains more music than all of the rhapsodies"; but later, as if to show how much opinions may differ, he quotes from Professor Niecks, who wrote that "many of them are undoubtedly of the greatest beauty."

Mr. Huneker gives considerable space to a discussion of the orchestral compositions over which judgment seems most widely at variance. He characterises the symphonic poem as a "brilliant and fecund creation" which "will be to posterity one of Liszt's greatest titles to glory." He also dwells insistently upon Wagner's great artistic debt to Liszt—a fact which is not so generally recognised, perhaps, as it should be. "Liszt preceded Wagner. Otherwise how explain that yawning chasm between Lohengrin and Tristan?" Half-humorously but half-seriously, he adds: "Richard Wagner discerned the great musician behind the virtuoso in Liszt, discerned it so well, that, fearing others would not, he appropriated in a purely fraternal manner any of Liszt's harmonic, melodic and orchestral ideas that happened to suit him." He observes further, "Liszt was the loser, the world the gainer thereby"; and in this, of course, lies the whole answer.

Mr. Huneker revels in the topic, "Liszt and the Ladies," and although he assigns to it an entire chapter, the theme, like some motif of the composer himself, is heard again and again in various transformations throughout the book. In characteristic style, speaking of the intermingling of religious sentiment and passion in the B minor Sonata, he writes that it engenders "the suspicion that when Liszt was not kneeling before a crucifix, he was to a woman." The personal touch in the chapter "In the Footsteps of Liszt" is welcome; and the reader is given some inkling of the vast amount of preparation for the work. The fact that the material, once actually sifted, was again cut down one-half shows further the author's seriousness of purpose, which at times he cloaks under a gay and jocular exterior.

The chapters shedding sidelights on Liszt's pupils and successors form not the least interesting portion of the volume. The author is in his element as pianist and critic. On the subject of Liszt himself, he seems rather to step aside and let others, whose opinions he quotes liberally, pass judgment pro and con. The result is that one closes the volume without a very clear notion of the author's real views on Liszt's ultimate place in art—which for reasons already suggested is probably just what he intended. At all events, it would be difficult for either the Lisztite or the anti-Lisztite to find fault with what he says on the subject, unless they both do—for what he does not say.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VIII

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Case of Richard Meynell"*

Mrs. Ward's new novel is unquestionably the best piece of work from an artistic and literary point of view which she has given us since *Robert Elsmere*. It is obvious that she has put her strength into this book. As usual she writes English with masterful ease, and some of her descriptive and dramatic passages deserve to be called brilliant. And yet it is pathetic to reflect that a mind of such power and accomplishment should devote its energies to an enterprise that must be deemed futile. If history and experience are to count for anything, they prove abundantly that the view of Christianity here championed by Mrs. Ward is powerless to set on fire the souls of men, or to create the conditions out of which a permanent spiritual reformation can spring.

The central interest of the story gathers around the personality of Richard Meynell, the leading character. He is

*The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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the hero of a new religious movement, which has transformed, or is about to transform, the Church of England. His religious and theological conceptions, which bring him into conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities, are summed up under the now familiar word "Modernism." In other words, what Tyrrell and Loisy tried to do for the Church of Rome, Meynell tries to do for the Anglican Communion. The changed attitude of theological liberalism is indicated in words which the author makes her hero address to Mary, the daughter of Robert Elsmere:

"Ah, if your father had but lived!" he said at last, turning upon her with emotion. "He died his noble death twenty years ago—think of the difference between then and now! Then the Broad Church movement was at an end. All that seemed so hopeful, so full of new life in the seventies, had apparently died down. Stanley, John Richard Green, Hugh Pearson were dead, Jowett was an old man of seventy; Liberalism within the Church hardly seemed to breathe; the judgment in the Voysey case—as much a defiance of modern knowledge as any Papal encyclical—though people had nearly forgotten it, had yet in truth brought the whole movement to a stand. All *within* the gates seemed lost. Your father went out into the wilderness, and there, amid everything that was poor and mean and new, he laid down his life. But we!—we are no longer alone or helpless. The tide has come up to the stranded ship—the launching of it depends now only on the faithfulness of those within it."

When we ask what are the essential features of the new movement we are astonished that such a negative thing should be supposed capable of sending a passionate thrill through all England "like the flame of an explosion through a dusty mine." The Reformers asked for a revised Prayer-Book in which the Lord's Prayer will be used once instead of four times, the Athanasian Creed omitted, together with certain of the Commandments, the Marriage Service revised so as to leave out "bits of primitive and ugly legend," and the Burial Service revised, purged from Paul's arguments about the resurrection, and from certain mistranslated texts of the Old Testament. These are reforms that may or may not come in the course of time, but one thing we may be certain of is that if ever they should come, so far from creating a profound religious upheaval, they will not cause even a ripple on the surface of the religious life of England. Mrs. Ward has curiously forgotten that some, at least, of the reforms for which she pleads have been effected in the American Episcopal Church. But the real question at issue becomes clear, when we learn what Mrs. Ward's conception of Christianity really is. It is this that is the central point of interest in her book, though no doubt the love interest plays a subsidiary part. Meynell professes the creed of mysticism, which in his view regards the Christian story as a symbol, and is quite careless as to whether this symbol is connected with any genuine historical reality. Here seems to be the writer's great weakness. She has no eye for history. She tells us, indeed, that we must get rid of "bad history." But it is one thing to get rid of bad history and another, and a very different thing, to throw overboard history itself. We are confident, then, that Mrs. Ward is misreading the signs of the times when she fails to recognise the strength which the historical argument for the foundations of Christianity has gained through recent criticism.

When we turn to Mrs. Ward's power of characterisation, we find a curious mixture of strength and weakness. Richard Meynell, who is, of course, the spokesman of Mrs. Ward's theories, is drawn with rare skill and insight. He has fought his way from Evangelicalism to Modernism, and as the Rector of a mining village, he wins all hearts, not less by the self-sacrifice of his life, than by the power of his oratory. The new social passion of our time has taken possession of him, and his devotion to the service of those about him perplexes his theological opponents. But if the plain fact is to be told, we must admit that it is the High Church party in England which specially has felt the new social impulse. One cannot but think that a touch of theological prejudice has darkened the usual clearness of Mrs. Ward's mind. The weakness of the Broad Church party in England is its too

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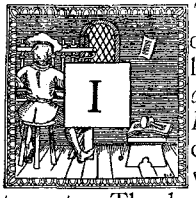
purely negative and critical attitude toward the efforts, some of them crude enough, which earnest men are making to bring religion to bear upon the commonplace needs and sorrows of the world. If such a passion for social betterment as has evidently seized Mrs. Ward's own mind could sweep the theological liberals out of their belligerent and academic narrowness into a wider outlook, infinite benefit would result to the Church and to society. Catherine Elsmere, a truly noble creation, the widow of the hero of the earlier novel, appeals to us as a character that has been closely studied and clearly visualised. But, on the other hand, Mr. Barron, the heresy-hunting squire, Lady Fox-Wilton and several of the minor characters do not convince the reader of their reality. This is specially true of Barron, with whom, of course, Mrs. Ward has no sympathy, and of whom, therefore, she can have no understanding. One has the feeling that he is pictured from the outside,—that she has not sketched him from within. It is this limitation of Mrs. Ward's power which marks the point where it falls short of genius. She is strong where her sympathies are engaged. She is weak where they are repelled.

Samuel McComb.

OLD SPIRITS AND NEW SEAS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



IT is with sadness that one recognises from the large volume *The Life and Works of Winslow Homer* that the time has come for a complete survey of his contribution to art. The book gives about seventy-five reproductions of his pictures, and hence would be important from its comprehensiveness alone. The text, besides furnishing the story of the man and his labours and much critical comment collected from all sources, gives an individual appreciation. It is of Homer's truthfulness and dignity and grandeur that one speaks, says Mr. William Howe Downes, not of his technical skill or method. He approached nature as a child might; then having selected the thing carefully, he painted exactly. He created his methods from the ground up, and he was the first painter to use an American idiom. As with every original artist, his works had the defects of his merits and of an aggressive personality. There was in him none of the Whistlerian notion about the frankly story-telling picture. Though he justified time and again his complete indifference to the work of others, it will always be an open question whether a rigorous course of academic training would have helped an artist constituted as he was or whether it would not have taken from him the virgin quality of his fresh and individual perception while giving him a smoother and more sophisticated style. Not even Rembrandt was more self-respecting, and he always had something to say. Mr. Downes's book will be highly prized, and those who desire it at all will desire it greatly.

The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Life of James McNeill Whistler will reach a far wider audience, for many people who have small interest in painting are interested in a man who, Mr. Pennell asserts, was not only the greatest artist, but the greatest personality of the nineteenth century. This is the fifth edition of the Pennells' delighted *Life* and it comes as a complete revision, necessitated by much new material. One could wish its shadow might not grow less but more in days to come. But that is

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hardly likely, for it seems likely to have unearthed the last Whistler anecdote and to have covered with as much fullness as any historian could desire events like the *Whistler* v. *Ruskin* trial. Like Mr. Hartmann's book of last year, the spirit of love and adoration is on each page; yet where that was subtly impressionistic this is documentary and explanatory. In the ninety-five full-page reproductions Mr. Pennell supports his assertion that Whistler, though he abandoned Japanese convention, developed for himself their method of drawing; and translated Japanese art into something as Western as theirs was Eastern.

The brightly flippant style of Mr. J. B. Kerfoot in *Broadway* succeeds better in conveying an impression than Mr. Hornby in the illustrations. These, with their touches of conventional or inaccurate animation in the foreground, seem to be notes from which something of importance might be worked out. The better ones show what the artist might have accomplished, had he not apparently been taken in a state of unpreparedness. Mr. Kerfoot is more on the lookout for the thing called personality. This, he says (in somewhat astounding terms for a man who would write about Broadway), must coalesce into an attractive and projectable essence or we forget the people we meet. Hunting the personality of a street is an alluring game which one plays by being careful and careless at the same time, by loitering without forgetting what we are after. Broadway has developed by sections because at various periods of its history it refused to be stopped. Its spirit copies its history in having the taint of the untamed. Even when Lower Broadway is tenantless on Sunday, it has no air of being deserted as Fifth Avenue has late at night. The street is always seeming to hold the semblance of all things yet ever proving the substance of none—except to the wastrel at large. Like America, it has no time for luxurious indulgence of regrets, though for a little period it cherishes the rosemary for remembrance—and just now that rosemary is the blocks between Seventeenth and Twenty-second Streets. Broadway, even when it falls under the influence of Amsterdam Avenue, is really a state of mind; it does not actually end at Albany, as some have said, and at present it seems to be heading for the North Pole.

It was not the lure of the White Way that led Mr. Charles Sheldon to the Yukon, however, but the lure of the mountain ram. You do not see much of *The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon* except along the muzzle of his rifle. The true hunter, says he, is a strange combination, for he loves wild animals and wants to study and protect them even while he is killing them. There is no doubt that he did a great deal of killing, for photographs of dead animals abound. Perhaps four photographs on one page depicting dead rams in various postures might cease to stimulate the interest of even Mr. Roosevelt—unless indeed, he had the author's feeling that there is no state of exaltation more sublime than that immediately following the climax of a day's successful hunt for the mountain ram. But true to his text, Mr. Sheldon has put in his book much sympathetic observation of animals with almost a tenderness of tone, and he records scientifically his observations as a "faunal naturalist."

It was not mountain rams but mountain silver which took Mr. Wallace Gillpatrick to Mexico. But the author of *The Man Who Likes Mexico* had—as the title of his book shows—another object than merely to acquire wealth. Travelling on mule back through the Mexican mountains is a very delightful experience: the guide is generally perfection itself and never complains; the vistas are endless and you feel that this free existence may go on forever; the mountain-folk whom you meet at long intervals are mortified to be offered money. Of all the romantic tales heard in this land of romance the most fascinating are those of lost mines. When Diaz spoke to him of Mexico he glowed as with an inner flame. The author arrived at one town during a boom, but it was a mild manana sort tempered by siestas and church-festivals which did not seriously disturb the moss of three centuries. The theatre of Mexico's quaintest and most picturesque city cost eight hundred thousand dollars, but you

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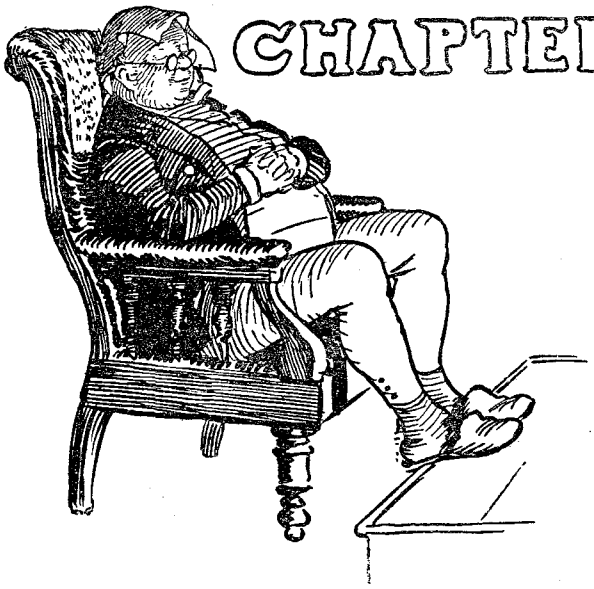

Which contains a Brief Account of the Progress of the Action of Bardell against Pickwick

Courtesy of E. P. Dutton and Company

DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN

cannot go two abreast on some of the sidewalks. It is fortunate that custom permits you to admire ladies openly, or life would not be worth the living. The book has a straightforward tone and its sympathetic attitude—so common with other countries—is unusual for Mexico. The reader will find in it much of interest, and there are many photographs.

In the last analysis, says Mr. Kerfoot, we are all statisticians or impressionists. You may see this neatly illustrated in the two travellers who transport us to Scotland. Miss Josephine Helena Scott takes as her text the opening sentence of her book *Chosen Days in Scotland.* No other country, says she, has compressed into so small a space so much wild and romantic scenery, so much stormy history, and such fascinating romance. Except that we have little description of landscape she rigidly sticks to her text. We are impersonally conducted by an unknown guide who chats entertainingly and edifyingly of historical and literary scraps. It is a well-made book, which will save any one the tedium of cramming up on Scotland, and collects a great deal into small space; but beyond satisfying those people who want to furbish up on literary and historical associations before a trip, it is not likely to go. Very far from a statistician, however, is Mr. James Bone, although he gives us facts enough in his *Edinburgh Revisited*—a thoroughly delightful book, with many drawings by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, which with the text attempts to express and analyse the beauty and charm of the city—that like a flag cuts brave and clean against the clouds and the houses of which seem less like structures than a rearrangement of nature. Such tempered, mellow impressionists are rare, and when you find them they are generally able, like Mr. Bone, to tell a well-chosen anecdote or two which sums up the whole point of view.

Pickwick Papers. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin. New York: G. P. Dutton and Company.

More artistic and clean-cut than Mr. Fletcher's presentation of Scotch scenes is Mr. Cecil Aldin's picturing of traditional English life of some generations ago. The host of Dickens illustrators have made that life so familiar to us that any successful treatment of it must be more or less conventional. But the illustrations for *Pickwick Papers* form a delightful gallery. With a robust humour of the Cruikshankian brand, and as much vigour as unction in each well-filled canvas—they are a spirited and

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sympathetic series. As for the text itself, one does not often handle a more satisfactory specimen of the publisher's art than its two spacious volumes.

One asks himself why he has heard few of these tales after he has dipped at random into so enchanting a storehouse as *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*. Mr. T. W. Rolleston is right when he says the stories are as imaginative as the more classic myths and have besides a peculiar charm of their own on account of their fascinating mixture of romance, humour, magic, and love of wild nature. The admirable yet unpretentious illustrations of Mr. Stephen Reid are curiously at variance in mood, for unlike the text they tell their story directly and dramatically. The editorial and critical comment which the author gives could not perhaps be spared, but it should interfere less with the continuity of the tales. Without this expository matter they would stand a better chance of becoming the permanent possession of the mind in the sense that the Wonder Tales are. But the work is not too learned to be popularly interesting and is rich in the story-teller's material though not his manner.

If you would find the secret of a good travel-book, Mr. George Wharton Edwards gives it to you (by way of apology for his haphazardness!) in *Some Old Flemish Towns*. "I cannot pin myself down to any set plan," he says, "and if I do not like what I see I pass on instantly." There you have it. Let us by all means travel with the man who wanders at will (provided of course he is worth wandering with and pays all the bills!) This escutcheoned volume is very attractive. It was to Brittany last year that we journeyed with him, and one hopes he will keep up his pleasant Christmas custom—especially as each year he is getting a keener eye for the essential characteristics of a people and a relish for their finer flavours. Time was when he gave us for the most part what we could get in a guide-book, but now he rambles cheerfully with few statistics in his bag and tells us what he sees at festival and funeral, how people work and play and eat and what they do when they are at home. The many pictures give an excellent impression of the country and its architecture.

Mr. Edward Penfield's pleasant text in *Spanish Sketches* is no more than a peg or two to hang his paintings on. He travelled between towns on a donkey and finally set up his easel for a longer stay in the garden of a ruined mosque. Like Mr. Gillpatrick he thinks a bull fight one of the great experiences of his life and confesses that the traditional Anglo-Saxon point of view will not bear scrutiny. The sight of disembowelled horses sickened him, it is true, but he knew they were old and past their usefulness and had much better die quickly thus than plod on till they dropped of exhaustion as with us: and he was honest enough to recognise that the death of a worn-out horse was making him feel worse than had the killing or maiming of a college-boy in a football game. The pictures reflect the Spanish love for vivid colour and the landscape is sun-baked. He has finely caught the distinctive expression, the racial characteristic, and the romantic spirit of the lower-class Spaniard who—as our next traveller tells us—strikes the real note of Spain. The sketches have not only understanding and feeling but distinction also. Distinction, indeed, is the quality of this little book into which author and publisher have put much loving care.

He who travels with Mr. Franck—as readers of his last book found—goes with a man who sees out of his own wideawake eyes and takes none of his opinions from predecessors. Consequently, the reader really comes back bringing vividly individual impressions with him, quite as indelible as if he himself had taken the trip. Mr. Franck buttonholes you as if you were a wedding guest and could not choose but hear. Nor do you want to do anything else. Yet for all the extraordinary conversational flexibility of his style, he can round off a piece of neat thinking also. His gift of describing picturesquely without self-consciousness is remarkable. Mr. Franck walked through Spain and says that there as everywhere in Europe you cannot take two steps on the highway without being treated as a criminal robbing common carriers of their due.

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Ronda crouches on the summit of a rock so mighty that it seems a broken pillar which once upheld the sky. There his express cheque of ten dollars could be cashed only in coppers, which as they weighed over thirty pounds he courteously declined. The Spanish summer, through which he walked a thousand miles, resembles an intermittent fever; and with the finest companion in the world, tramping through its heat and dust would have been labour: but alone, with no one to limit his imagination, it was the real honey of travel. The Spanish woman coquettes with her mantilla, but her fan will carry on an extended conversation. Only at night is Seville awake, and approaches to that fountain of joy she would have the world believe her. Out of her giant tobacco factory issue thousands of women every evening, but not a face or form which could have seduced any Don José. Toledo has a medley of streets like an ant-hill and all the fat ants are the priests. Madrid has only two things worth seeing in the midst of all her howling and bawling—her outdoor life and the Prado. There midnight is only late in the afternoon. The Escurial suggests a frowning bulky bourgeois of forty. Few countries afford more safety to the foot-traveller, and there exists in Spain not one-tenth of the rowdyism of our own country. The labourer is the characteristic note of Spain: no one has a more exact knowledge of the world in which he lives and the life which he sees. Individually the Spaniard is one of the honestest of men, officially he is the most corrupt. There is only one redemption for the country—to shoot her priests and set her soldiers to work. There may be good priests, but as a class they are utterly beyond reform. The people are as hardy, industrious, and all-enduring as the world shows—but they must set their officials to doing honestly with all their might what they now do with all their might dishonestly. In such humorous, discerning company as Mr. Franck's, one ends all too soon his delightful *Four Months Afoot in Spain.*

Another rare traveller who makes his own estimates is Mr. Richard Bagot. His book *My Italian Year* is not as fortunately illustrated as Mr. Franck's. The photographs have no especial pertinence and seem to have been inserted merely to give the attractiveness publishers sometimes think is conferred by any kind of illustration whatever. Here their triteness and pointlessness may discourage a buyer from a book which proves to be the best contribution on Italian characteristics which the reviewer has come across. The title, too, is misleading, for the author has lived twenty years in Italy. The book tries to bring about a meeting-place between the English and the Latin spirit. Most English residents in Italy are in a state of semi-suppressed irritation with the Italians, largely because they maintain an attitude of aloofness and superiority. The Italians, being much given to self-criticism, bitterly resent it from outsiders. The traveller forgets that there is no social unity in Italy, and language, customs, and character differ. The pestilential tradition left by the English milord of a hundred years ago was in a fair way to decay had it not been for the American invasion, and the modern Italian is very much what the American has made him. It is the American resident rather than the tourist who plays havoc with his honesty. He is the most sober man in Europe, and much sentimental nonsense has been written about his charm. Exceptionally shrewd and alive to his own advantage, untroubled by conscientious scruples about advancing it, he practises leg-pulling professionally. The Florentines have made it a positively artistic proceeding. The life of Florence is a tea-party life in a provincial town. It would be hard to find anywhere a more offensive people than the Fiesolani. No European capital has changed so much as Rome. The curse of the Roman population is wine, and the ancient love for feasting seems to have survived the other Roman traditions. One must have a peculiar temperament to appreciate noisy, ill-conditioned Naples: he must banish entirely the English point of view and remember that the city is the gateway of the East. Germans are in every part of the country ousting the Italians in cheaper imitations of their handicraft. If one will bear in mind that there is not

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a single festival of the church which is not derived from pre-Christian observance, many things in Italy which shock and puzzle will become clear. In no Catholic country is religious scepticism so profound and common. Mr. Bagot is a bold man to avoid the customary platitudes about Italy and the Italian nature, and he is a rare man in that he can be iconoclastic without aggressiveness. Even his most sentimental critic cannot accuse him either of dulness or insincerity.

It is written, said Ruskin, that no one may paint architecture or the interior of a building with words. Mr. W. W. Collins does not, then, in his *Cathedral Cities of Italy*, achieve the impossible, but he has made a valuable book. Between his description and his rich paintings any one may derive a fairly collected idea of the famous churches, the very names of

SKETCHES OF A JOURNEY TO ALSACE

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which in the table of contents are strung like a rosary of glittering gems. Though his description is too categorical and unimpressionistic to remind of Ruskin, so is his modest and decidedly un-ex-cathedra style. But it is only from the abundant pictures—meritorious and well-coloured, though in a heightened key—that one gets any idea of the structures as a whole and any glimmering of how they affected Mr. Collins. They fortunately, departing from the general guide-book style of the text, enforce the rare moments when he has communicated a thrill. More successful is he in giving glimpses of towns and of nature, in hinting of the feel of a place, and in the pleasing variety of interest he has infused into the handsome volume.

A Little Pilgrimage in Italy. By Olave M. Porter. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

One would imagine that even a Mrs. Browning might concede that the holiday trade each year did full justice to *bella Italia.* There seems to be no end to this particular kind of book-making and consequently book-buying. Miss Olave Porter, who has told us before what she thinks of Rome, has now another book, with pictures by Mr. Yoshio Markino—*A Little Pilgrimage in Italy.* This time it is happily to the little cities she takes us—cities that stand knee-deep in flowers upon the hills—and Tuscany, and the Lombard plain, and into the Umbria of the Saints—an Umbria where beautiful, simple-hearted men and women in little farms are full of a beautiful content and are still full of a beautiful faith. There she cured, like many others, the sickness of her soul and is thus to be pardoned a little transfiguration; and if she does not see through Mr. Bagot's eyes, no more did Mrs. Browning—and yet all three record their vision and communicate their understanding. It is after all a significant quality of Italian travellers that, glowing with rapture or indignation, they speak with enthusiasm.

Not of places or buildings but of people and life is Pierre Ponafidine's book, entertainingly written, and easily translated by his wife. The Koran, says *Life in the Moslem East,* is a mixture of Christian and Hebraic influences; it is remarkable for its fragmentary form and absence of any system. Pilgrimages occupy a prominent place in the life of all Mohammedans and one may gain paradise even by having his bones carted for burial to sacred soil. A pilgrimage to Mecca is accompanied by complicated and exhausting rites. A pilgrim must refrain at times even from scratching himself lest he annul the merit of his devotions. "Beware of your neighbour if he has made the pilgrimage," says the proverb. Indeed, the struggle for existence during the entire journey stamps the pilgrim for life with callousness. During seven months of the year the nights of Bagdad are so intolerable one wonders how Haroun-al-Raschid could have borne to move about in them. Camels are so necessary a factor in the lives of the Arabs that they are spoken of as persons. And they are the only animals considered clean in the Oriental use of the term. But the ships of the desert are stupid and sullen and vicious; they have no attachment and they can not even find their way home. The Bedouins' life is a series of hardships and hungers; even the rich draw their belt tight, but nevertheless the stranger is always fed first. "What we cannot eat ourselves we give to the harem," say the Arabs, "the harem can eat everything." The birth of a girl is not a subject even to be mentioned, and a wife who persists in girls is divorced. As many travellers have written of the Moslem East without really getting at the life of the women, this part of the book is very valuable. Her entire condition is written in the Koran—she is but half a man. The harem is the holy of holies of the Moslem world, and no individual or government can violate it with impunity. Not polygamy, but the ease with which a husband may for caprice divorce his wife is the curse of Mohammedan countries. One cannot imagine a more uncomfortable costume both indoors and on the street than that of the Persian woman. Her own husband can hardly recognise her, so swathed must she be. But being denominated the weaker vessel, she never even in the peasant class has any hard physical work.

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Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

SAN MARINO. FROM A DRAWING BY YOSHIO MARKINO, THE JAPANESE ARTIST

The majority in Persia has but one wife, and the power of husband as of father is absolute. This generous volume of over four hundred pages is a granary of information and anecdote. It forms an admirable pendant to the imaginative appreciation of the Holy Land to which Mr. Hichens took us on our Christmas voyage last year.

Two Years Before the Mast. By Richard H. Dana. Illustrated by Boyd Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

And now—as we come back again from round the seven seas—it may not be amiss to comment in closing upon how much more substantial a trip this Christmas voyage is yearly becoming. And how genuinely enjoyable it is and how many lasting pictures it paints in pen and brush for the memory! When one contrasts the holiday offering of ten

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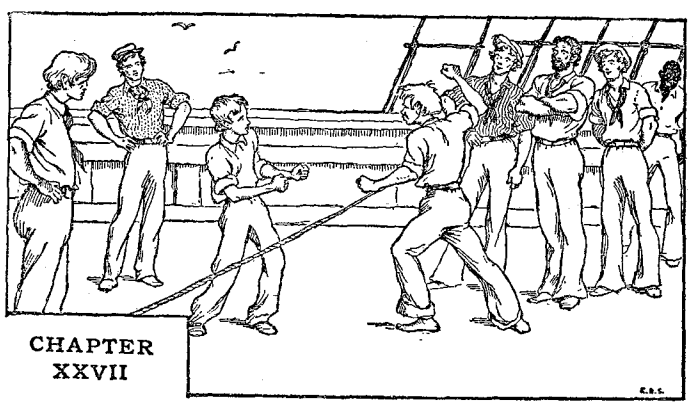
years ago and now; and notes that slowly but steadily the old-time, spangled Christmas trumpery is becoming a thing of the dodo period and its place is being taken, at no greater expense, by books and pictures of real meaning and value—one is minded to quote from the final chapter of a second *Two Years Before the Mast,* which reaches the reviewer just as he closes this article. (Does it not speak well for the vitality of Richard Dana's sea-classic that the thought should come to two publishers at the same time to bring out an illustrated edition?) This chapter added for the occasion by Mr. R. H. Dana 3d is called "Seventy-Six Years After," and it speaks of many things appropriate to such a heading. "The picturesqueness, the Aladdin-lamp character of the change is so startling that one cannot but pause to ask what must be the progress and the change to come."

Algernon Tassin.



CHAPTER HEADING DRAWN BY BOYD SMITH FOR THE HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY EDITION OF "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

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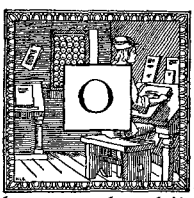
SOME HOLIDAY JUVENILES

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



NE more book do we find amid our Christmas store that is worthy the company of these Delightful Ones. Across the seas it comes, with myth and legend, folklore and philosophy, bits from the heart of children, from the hearts of the creatures of farm, field and forest. *The Further Adventures of Nils,** by Selma Lagerlöf, excellently translated by Velma Swanston Howard, carries on the story of the wonderful flight of Nils Holgerson, changed by a malicious sprite into a Thumbling, with the wild geese to the Northland. In this loose structure many a charming tale is intertwined, rambling, dipping now and then into legend or modern philosophy. One of the finest things in the book is the opening story of Karr and Grayskin, the faithful dog that loved an Elk. It reminds one of Kipling in his happy moments. An amusing little slip in the translating puzzles one at first, but is soon forgotten. We hear that Karr is a "little black-and-tan terrier," but he does things that those absurd little dogs could not possibly do. We like best to think of him as the big, shaggy hunting dog the accompanying illustrations picture. Finally Nils and the big white gander come back to the home, the gander with a dainty little wild goose wife and six young goslings. Nils regains his human shape, in spite of refusing to sacrifice his gander friend for himself, and all ends happily. But we have so enjoyed the tale that we part from Nils and the others as regretfully as Nils himself parts from his wild geese friends.

We cannot all be great. There must always be the clustering background of the amiably mediocre, against which greatness shines out brightly. With this in mind, we welcome the host of other young friends standing humbly by the door while we have spent so much time in showing our delight in a chosen few. There are several groups of them, waiting by their letters until we examine their luggage and turn them out into the world to seek their own fortunes. But we'll ask them to come in to our party, for each one of them, whatever we may think, may give pleasure somewhere this Christmas season.

Harmony Hall. By Marion Hill. Illustrated by Robert Edwards. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

The Daring Twins. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by Pauline Batchelder. Chicago: Reilly and Britton Company.

The Four Gordons. By Edna A. Brown. Illustrated by Norman L. Black. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.50.

Elinor's Junior Hop. By Grace E. Cody. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Just Patty. By Jean Webster. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

Patty's Motor Car. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated by Mayo Buncker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Girls of Dudley School. By Ellen Douglas Deland. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Charles Dickens and His Girl Heroines. By Belle Moses. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Ladies first! The old slogan of mere politeness is becoming a rule for newsgatherers, since women are pressing into the brunt of public life and public interests so rapidly. Let us take the group of girls' books first, and see in what way the new thought is influencing them. There is no one book among the group we have selected this year which could stand in our first list. But there are several worth honourable mention as fulfilling well the purpose in life to which their authors have called them. The

*Further Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Englished by Velma S. Howard. Illustrated by Astri Heiberg. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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young girls who come to our Christmas party are not the "New Woman" yet. They are all still sheltered in home or school. But some of them are feeling the press of untoward circumstance, and they are meeting it with a bright cheerfulness, with a philosophic humour, which has much of the modern spirit in it.

In this regard *Harmony Hall,* by Marion Hill, merits our first attention, and a word of sincere praise. The story of the three girls who cope with the family trouble each in her own way is full of spirit and bears a simple message of courage and unselfishness. Harmony's startling departure in choosing domestic service as her paying work gives the reader a feeling of something new, almost in the same measure as it horrifies her family. But we can't help feeling sorry for old Miss Mallory when Harmony leaves her to take up the editing of the "Family Column" in the local paper. Where will she ever find such a maid again?

Just Patty, by Jean Webster, is a story of school life that bubbles with honest fun and real humour. Patty is so very much alive and such a delightful bit of mischief that we think we'll give her a good seat at our party and ask her to help do the honours.

The Four Gordons, by Edna Brown, is a well-made story of family life, without any touch of greatness, but a good honest piece of workmanship. *The Daring Twins,* by L. Frank Baum, brings a touch of melodrama into the peaceful idyl considered the "proper thing" for a girl's book, which is unusual and not unpleasing. The shivers we get over the mystery of Grandfather Deering's life under the care of his old servant Elaine and the resulting eventful moments in the graveyard add spice to a story which is otherwise close to type.

Elinor's Junior Hop bears its little lesson of bravery in misfortune, and leads its young heroine into womanhood and love.

Patty's Motor Car calls itself to notice because it is signed by Carolyn Wells. It has an element of unusualness in that its characters are all of a type which at one time were considered the only sort of people to be introduced to the girl reader—the rich young lady with her pretty gowns, her socially prominent parents, her millionaire friends and all the rest. It all sounds amusingly old-fashioned nowadays, and makes us realise how the style in girl heroines has changed.

The Cruise of the Kingfisher. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. By Miles Abernathy. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Scouts of the Valley. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Young Alaskans on the Trail. By Emerson Hough. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Old Ben. By James Otis. Illustrated by Sarah Noble Ives. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Tom Strong, Washington Scout. By Alfred D. Mason. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

On the Trail of Grant and Lee. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

And now the boys. There is quite a group of them also, and two of the group deserve a more than honourable mention, while others don't deserve any mention at all. As a group, we can see that the fashion in boys' books hasn't changed. In fact, the newer sports, such as aeroplaning, wireless telegraphy and the like, have not engaged the attention of this season's batch of authors at all. There has been a reversion to the old-fashioned type, in the books that have come our way, which is disappointing. But we need not mourn too deeply. *The Cruise of the Kingfisher,* by H. DeVere Stacpoole, shows what a writer of power can do with an old-fashioned type of story. Teddy O'Brien, the young assistant accountant on the cable-ship *Kingfisher,* takes his friend Dick Marvin with him on a cruise, and the two have adventures innumerable by sea and land. But through it all the author's skill keeps fast hold of the semblance of plausibility, and gives us some refreshing new touches for this sort of a yarn. For instance, it is delightfully human to have everybody in authority laugh at Teddy's

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queer story of the Spaniard he met in the theatre in London. It is so natural, even if Teddy was right, and a bad mutiny followed the ignoring of his warning. Then, again, the book is modern in that in spite of mutiny, marooning, manhunts, and wreck, there are few casualties and little gore. One death alone takes place on the scene of action, and this is coupled with a deed of splendid heroism on the part of the villain of the story—another good touch. In the average boy's book of adventure the corpses lie thick as autumn leaves and the pages run with gore. And then we expect our boys to feel a proper sense of horror when *one* life is lost in a street accident. Mr. Stacpoole's craftsmanship has not deserted him, and he evidently believes his boy readers worthy of some good writing.

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys, by Miles Abernathy, is one other book in this group which deserves attention. It is the detailed story of an actual happening which attracted a sort of newspaper notoriety at the time, and drew the curious by means that repelled the sensible. But this book shows the Abernathy boys and their achievement in a different light. It is simply told, with reportorial directness but with no reportorial sensationalism. Through it all the simpleness of these youngsters, one of them a baby yet, is charmingly thrown out. It is scarce credible, if one has some sheltered mite of one's own acquaintance in mind, to think of these two boys, one nine and one just past five, setting out on long lonely rides over trails of all sorts, through deserts and up mountain sides. The photographs that show little Temple struggling up into his saddle, or being boosted by his older brother, bring home the fact of his babyhood in a touching way. And we realise the companionship that comes to a man and his horse when the two go through good and bad days together. Sam, the wise old horse that Louie rode, was really the leader of the expedition, looking after the children like Barrie's Nurse-Dog Nana with her charges. The boys' honest boyish dislike of the vulgarity of the curious throngs as they became famous, and of the sentimentality of mobs of kiss-hungry females, is naïvely shown in their own words. Through all the ill-advised notoriety that came to them, they remained charmingly simple and boyish, just two kids who loved the great open spaces of the wind swept prairies.

The Scouts of the Valley, by Joseph A. Altsheler, in an honest, painstaking piece of work giving an interesting glimpse of early days in the Ohio country. It contains some good writing. And to one whose youth bore the impress of a passion for Cooper's Tales, it comes as a refreshing memory to meet a handsome noble Indian chief again. We feel grateful for Timmendiquas, the splendid Wyandot.

Most of the fairy books this season are intended for the younger children, and so the two groups can be merged in one. In both, particularly in books intended for the Very Little Ones, one great danger confronts the author. This is the tendency to *write down* to his audience. And there is nothing the normal child resents more. Not all of them are aware of their resentment and its reason as clearly was a most wonderful Three-Year-Old of the writer's acquaintance. He loves baby-talk that goes with caresses, but he does not like the other kind. And one day he surprised his grandmother by the request (it was more a command), "You must not talk *little* to me." She, being a woman to whom love brought insight, as all real love should do, took the rebuke in the proper spirit and did not repeat the offence. And now one of their favourite plays is when they both *talk little* in intentional fun. This particular baby is really a remarkably intelligent baby, praised as such by others than his own adoring family. But in this instance his intelligence was shown not so much in the feeling that prompted his words as in the fact that he could express the feeling in words. All children feel it, but not all can voice their resentment while still so young.

The Golden Spears. By Edmund Leamy. Illustrated by Corinne Turner. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

The Glittering Festival. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Illustrated by Clara Powers

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Wilson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Fairy Tales. By Charles Perrault. New translation by S. R. Littlewood. Illustrated by Honor C. Appleton. Boston: Dana Estes and Company.

The City That Never Was Reached. By Jay T. Stocking. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales. By William E. Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Witches' Kitchen. By Gerald Young. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Five Senses. By Angela M. Keyes. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Little Animal Stories. Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

In Playland. Compiled by Frances W. Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Jaunts of Junior. By Lillian B. Hunt. Illustrated by Arthur B. Phelan. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Children's Book of Christmas. Compiled by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Discontented Clam and Other Stories. By Francis Hazlewood. Illustrated by his daughter, Charlotte Hazlewood. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Royal Children. Story of the Fairy Play arranged for children. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The successful book for very little readers, be it fairy tale or narrative from the wonders of every-day life, must put things in a way to be understood by its chosen readers, but must avoid any tendency to patronise, to write down to them. Our selection of fairy books this year are in the main free from this fault and tell their simple stories simply and naturally. A charming little book of fairy tales is *The Golden Spears,* by Edmund Leamy, which comes fraught with literary interest as well. It is the first introduction to young American readers of the works of this Irish story-teller, and the prefaces by J. E. Redmond and T. P. Gill add the zest of understanding to our pleasure in the book. The stories are fairy tales of the good old sort with elf and goblins, princes and princesses and mermaid and ogres. They are told in quiet, ingratiating style, and bits of typically Irish folk-lore are interwoven in the mesh of golden faery light. They appeal to the young reader's best ambitions and feed the poetry in his nature. It is a good book for a child to read and the child's mother will enjoy reading it to her little one.

The Glittering Festival, by Edith Ogden Harrison, with illustrations by Clara Powers Wilson, is another fairy book worthy of mention. The story is dainty and well told and fitted to awaken an interest in the good things of the earth, the fruits and flowers, the faithful and useful animals, the changing seasons with their beauty and their colours. The garb of the book is handsome and the illustrations attractive. It is a book an imaginative child will enjoy for more than one reading.

The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales, retold by William Griffis, comes with the charm of novelty. And *The City That Never Was Reached,* a collection of stories by J. T. Stocking, contains some that are above the average.

The Witches' Kitchen, by Gerald Young, is novel and attractive by reason of the fascinating pictures by Willy Pogány that illustrate it. The character of the story is not always in keeping for the audience for which it is intended.

There is a new translation of *Fairy Tales,* by Charles Perrault, containing the old favourites, Red Riding Hood, Cinderella and others, with a verse "moral" attached to each that has a pleasing touch of humorous cynicism.

Of the every-day stories for Very Little Ones, the prize must be accorded the delightful volume written and compiled by Angela M. Keyes, illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. It is entitled *The Five Senses,* and contains stories and poems, old and new, that have a bearing on the senses. The selection is excellent, and the book is valuable as a first lesson in physiology, besides being undoubtedly very entertaining. There is no *writing down* in it anywhere, and yet each selection is eminently fitted for the audience to whom the appeal is made.

A little book of *Animal Stories,* compiled by Frances Weld Danielson, is the only one of the sort on our list. Animal

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stories seem suddenly to have gone out of style for the little ones. Last season they predominated. This one contains good little tales, well chosen, easy for the children to read and understand. It will be a pity if animal stories go out of literary fashion for the younger children. They bring a lesson to the little ones that is influential for good always.

The story of Ernst Rosmer's fairy play, *Königskinder,* has been retold as *The Royal Children,* for the little ones, by Anna Alice Chapin. Since this play is better known here in connection with its use as libretto for Humperdinck's music, Miss Chapin treats it from that point of view. While telling the story she talks about the music and prepares her young readers for a better understanding of the opera should they see it.

Stories of the Crusades. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Illustrated by M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Stories of the Scottish Border. By Susan and William Platt. Illustrated by M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

The Heart of Youth. Poems Grave and Gay for Young People. Compiled by Jeannette L. Gilder. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

Among the books hard to classify are two companion volumes *Stories of the Crusades,* by E. M. Wilmot Buxton, and *Stories of the Scottish Border,* by Susan and William Platt. Both books have a notable claim to attention in the full-page drawings by M. Meredith Williams which illustrate them. Neither of these books could be termed strictly a "juvenile," although they would interest the growing youth and maiden. But the Scottish Tales particularly will give pleasure to many a maturer reader, with their offerings of famous old Borderland Ballads, some of them nigh forgotten now.

Miss Jeannette Gilder offers a compilation of Poems Grave and Gay for young people, which she entitles *The Heart of Youth.* Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written an introduction for the book. Miss Gilder's well-known taste and judgment offer guarantee for the excellent selection she has made in her endeavour to bring the message of true poetry within reach of younger readers.

UNSPOKEN

BY GEORGIA DAVIES

It haunts me like a second self,
  It hovers near, yet out of reach,
A thought demanding utterance,
  Yet inexpressible by speech.

Is it a message from the past?
  From some sweet mouth by death denied
The speaking of an ardent wish,
  Silenced, but still unsatisfied.

Or did some poet-ancestor,
  Who died heart-broken and unheard,
Leave this imperishable thought,
  Pass on to me the mystic word?

The word that trembles on my lips,
  Then flies afar and leaves me cold;
Almost it seems that *once* I knew,
  Could speak it in the days of old.

Almost I grasp its sweet intent,
  Almost I seem to understand;
Was it some other tongue I spake?
  Was this in unremembered land?

Or is it but my inmost self
  Which urges so insistently
A nobler word, a greater truth
  Than has been possible to me?

Sometimes I glimpse a prophecy,
  That, hampered not by space or time,
That long-imprisoned thought shall find
  Expression, perfected, sublime.

Shall flood the air with golden song—
  Could human heart endure such bliss?
Ah! will it mean a spirit freed?
  The rending of the chrysalis?

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BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

III—William Frend De Morgan

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming in prominence, The Bookman *is publishing a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. By J. A. Herbert. The Connoisseurs Library. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

Mr. Herbert, the author of this admirable handbook, is a member of the staff of the department of manuscripts in the British Museum, and draws largely upon the resources of that institution for examples to illustrate his account of the historical development of the art of illumination. There are fifty-one plates showing typical specimens and about half of these are from the British Museum collection, which is extraordinarily rich in such noble and fascinating monuments of the past, possessing among others, the Breviary of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, 1404-9, the Psalter of Melissenda, Queen of Jerusalem, 1131-44, the Lidisfarne Gospels, or Durham Book, one of the great productions of the Celtic school, assigned to about the year 700, and a delightful surgical treatise by Roger of Parma, belonging to the thirteenth century, in which sundry operations are depicted with surprising science and vivacity.

Mr. Herbert begins his survey with the illuminated manuscripts that survive from the classical period. There are three of these, the two Virgils in the Vatican, and the Iliad at Milan, no one of which can be assigned to an earlier date than the fourth century, although it is known from one of Martial's epigrams that the art of miniature-making on vellum was practised long before this. Early Christian illumination was originally derived from classical models and continued the ancient traditions, until this was displaced by the Byzantine style, with its purely symbolical and decorative ideals, and its rigid formalism. The latter style became fixed about the end of the ninth century. Meanwhile, under quite other influences that some critics have characterised rather fancifully as Egyptian, a distinct school, destined to have considerable effect upon later schools far distant in place and time, grew up in Christian Ireland.

The method and motives of Celtic ornamentation are sufficiently familiar to-day through their popular revival in all the decorative arts. They made a similar appeal in the Dark Ages, when they were adopted by scribes and illuminators in Switzerland and in Italy. The Carolingian School shows an attempt to renew the classical tradition, but achieved, for the most part, a strange composite. Thereafter the art of illumination shows a tendency to break into national schools, and Mr. Herbert traces the diverse developments in each, through all their complicated inter-relations, with a skilful hand. In England and Germany the growth of the art was far more continuous than in France, where, after the decline of the Carolingian School, illumination sank into complete decadence until, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, it emerged once more, and began to achieve splendid masterpieces in the Gothic spirit.

This spirit, which, at the same time, supplanted the heavier and broader method of the Romanesque in England, was characterised by its attention to detail, and by its delicate grace and refinement. Gothic illumination "at its best," says Mr. Herbert, "is, indeed, the most perfect realization of the aims and ideals proper to the miniaturist's art." Certainly, there were great artists among the miniaturists of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there is a multitude of exquisite little masterpieces in the Books of Hours and other devotional works which they produced in the cloistered quietude of their monastic scriptoria. English illumination comes to an abrupt termination about the middle of the fourteenth century owing, perhaps, to the ravages of the black death; and although it had intermittent revivals for a time, it never recovered its early vitality. In France and in Italy, however, the tradition continued well into the Renaissance, and did not die out until well after the introduction of printed books.

Studying the beautiful pages which Mr. Herbert has so lavishly supplied by way of illustration, one cannot avoid a slight feeling of resentment at the utilitarian spirit which, with the invention of movable types, destroyed forever this lovely art, and can sympathise to a certain extent with William Morris, who, even during the first enthusiasm of his printing experiments, thought, regretfully, as he superintended the working of his press with its sticky rollers, of the mediæval scribe with his clear colours and his clean vellum sheets.

THE NEW ITALY. A Discussion of Its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yanke" of Federico Garlanda. Professor in the Royal University of Rome, by M. F. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

This curious and interesting book has a story concerning its origin and form which certainly

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makes it no less curious and interesting for the American reader. Purporting to be a series of letters written by an Americanised Italian who is visiting Italy, to his compatriots on American soil, it is, in reality, the work of an Italian professor who, because of his frankness in attacking the present régime in Italy, was obliged to employ this fictional and fictitious guise for his work. It is said to have enjoyed an extraordinary success in the peninsular, and to have created the anticipated indignation in the official circles which constitute, as the author explains, a veritable bureaucracy inimical, on the principle of vested interest, to every reform or change in the present administrative situation. Signor Garlanda traces all, or nearly all, of the evils of to-day to the initial measures of centralisation instituted by the founders of modern Italy who, blind to the profound sectional differences among the various peoples of Italy, due partly to differences in their political past for long centuries, adopted the rigid French departmental system, with its machinery of the prefectures, etc. Other chapters deal with kindred evils in the "Italian Fiscal System," "Monopolies and Bond Issues," taxes, education, art, the army, the colonies, the court, etc. The whole work is a most searching criticism of Italian civilisation and progress, and presents an arraignment of "the powers that be," which, through its intelligence and the vigour of its attack, may well help to bring about important and far-reaching reforms. It is certainly full of interest for the American who wishes to learn more about Italian life to-day than he would be able to gain from his own observation, while the fictitious Yankee flavour gives it quaintness as a human document.

THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By Max Nordau. Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton. Net $2.00. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. 1911.

The conclusions of this brilliant book by the author of *Degeneration* are summarised by him in his concluding paragraph where he says: "Thus, behind all appearances and all illusions, we find the real meaning of history to be the manifestation of the life force in mankind. This manifestation passes through successive forms—parasitism, illusion, and knowledge—in an ascending scale of human adaptation to nature. Any other meaning is not deduced from history but introduced into it." Into the quarrels of historians as to the proper way in which to write history, Dr. Nordau's work comes as a beneficent bombshell scattering all the little schools ruthlessly, and erecting a totally new conception upon the complete separation of history as such from the written word of the historian. History is the event, not the record of the event. Moreover, it is not the single, isolated event, chosen as significant to illustrate some view, or to prove some thesis, but every event that touches or affects man, even in his remote biological development. History, thus defined, is in reality coterminous with all scientific investigation, all imaginative expression, and its real books are the museums and libraries. "The purely natural events that are entirely outside the action of the human will have had a greater influence on the destiny, not only of individuals, groups, or nations, but of human existence as a whole, than the whole range of what is assumed by historians to be essential and important—the foundation of states, the establishment of religions, the rise and development of social institutions, the conceptions of law and property, constitutional and metaphysical ideas." Thus the historic genre goes the way of all other genres before the destructive criticism of to-day—that of Croce and Spingarn in the field of æsthetics—which sets out to free minds from the petty tyranny of narrow intellectual concepts, and to throw open all doors upon the vast and vivifying spectacle of reality. History will doubtless continue to be written to the end of time, but if the modern school of thought is able to impose itself generally, the historians of to-morrow will envisage their specific tasks more exactly, and will present their partial records of particular series of events with less of the arrogance of absoluteness and finality than those of yesterday.

THE INVENTION OF LITHOGRAPHY. By Alois Senefelder. Translated from the original German by J. W. Muller. Net $5.00. New York: The Fuchs and Lang Manufacturing Company. 1911.

Probably most persons who know anything about the process will be surprised to learn that lithography, or the art of stone-printing, is only a trifle over a hundred years old, and was the invention of a single individual, not the gradual development of a technique through countless anonymous experimentations. The father of lithography was Alois Senefelder, author of the present account, which was written in 1817. He was not a printer by trade. On the contrary, he was a student of the law, who took to the writing of plays after a short experience on the stage, and who began his experiments because of the excessive cost of printing his work, which swallowed up all his profits from the sale of his books. Thus his

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case resembles rather closely that of Blake, who, in the same way, turned to etching on copper as a cheap substitute for type composition. Senefelder also began with copper, using the stone merely for practice in writing. Then he tried etching direct upon the stone, and printing from it by pressure. A happy accident led him to try reversing his method—that is, etching the stone away from the letters, and leaving the latter in relief. From this point to the perfection of the modern process of chemical printing was but a step in theory, although it took time and a multitude of experiments in practice. The rapid spread of the discovery is well known, as is also its adoption as an art process by such men as Daumier, Gavarni, and Raffet. Since the sudden and brilliant apparition of that brilliant school of art-lithographers, there have been many attempts to revive the method æsthetically. Whistler and Pennell have made lithographs, and there is a modern school of German lithography in colours. But for the most part, the process has become thoroughly commercialised and degraded. This is due principally to two causes: the cheapness of lithography, and the ease of its manipulation. It has no rigid technique like etching and engraving, and imposes no severe discipline upon the artist. Herr Senefelder himself had a practical rather than an æsthetic interest in his own invention. His account of its successive steps is full, not only of technical, but of human interest, and to the historical narrative is subjoined a "Textbook of Printing from the Stone."

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Being an Anthology of the best Scottish Verse from the Earliest Times to the Present. Chosen and Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

Regionalism in poetry has seldom had a better excuse than in this volume, which takes much of the cream off of what we are pleased to call English poetry in the larger sense, and includes but little of the skimmed milk usually necessary to distend and dilate similar collections for purely territorial and patriotic reasons. Scotland has a superb poetic tradition from the very earliest times—A.D. 1286 is the date of the first piece, "On the Death of King Alexander the Third," author unknown—and a poetic literature that is complete in all the forms of composition, except perhaps the drama, which is poorly represented by the fragment from "Douglas" Home's play, which aroused such enthusiasm among the author compatriots that one of them is said to have cried out at its first representation, "Whar's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" Of course the ballad and the short lyric predominate, with Scott and Burns as the principal national exponents of the two genres. But there is no want of the art forms introduced by the Renaissance, and in one writer, Drummond of Hawthornden, Scotland acquired a sonnetteer who takes highest rank side by side with the greatest of the Elizabethan poets. Much of the work of later writers, like that of Drummond, seems to have little that is characteristically Scotch, and to represent general currents of literary cultivation, cosmopolitan intellectual ideals, rather than any national inspiration. Of course this is quite natural, and as it should be, for a country that is content to produce merely a folk literature cannot really be said to have taken a place in the first rank among creative peoples. Thus poets like James Thomson and John Davidson in our own day redound as much to Scotland's literary glory as at least such minor national poets, in the narrower sense, as Lady Nairne and James Hogg. Altogether it is a splendid and varied galaxy that Sir George Douglas has brought together, and one that will give a new conception to most readers of the intellectual activity of the northern kingdom, and the part she has played in helping to secure the pre-eminence of England's poetic literature.

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY. A Study of an Unknown City. By Martin Shaw Briggs, A.R.I.B.A. With 26 Drawings by the Author, and 19 Photographs. New York: Duffield and Company. 1911.

Lecce, the little Baroque town "in the heel of Italy," is by no means entirely unknown, for, as the author shows by his citations, more than one traveller, notably M. Paul Bourget, has been there, and occasionally left some description of its charms. But for the average tourist, and for the English or American tourist in particular, this ancient city of Magna Græcia is, indeed, unknown. That it will remain so after Mr. Briggs's enthusiastic and exhaustive account is little likely, and we may expect a succession of magazine articles concerning this pretty and bright little capital of the Terra d'Otranto. Mr. Briggs clucks and scolds over it like a hen over a newly hatched chick, and shows all the proud rights of proprietorship as he plays the part of a very competent and very excited cicerone. He not only describes in detail all the structures and edifices contained therein, from the Roman amphitheatre recently unearthed to the buildings of the seventeenth century, which give the city

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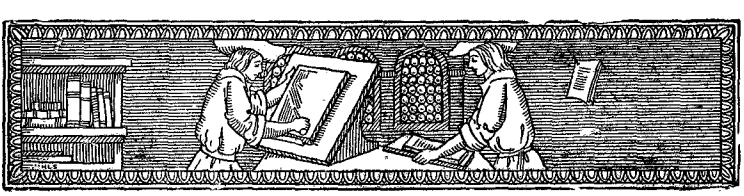
its peculiar architectural character and attraction as a unique specimen of the baroque style developed under unusually favourable conditions, but he takes us through the successive strata of history from the first Salentine settlers, followed by the Greek colonisers, down to the Norman pirates and the various dynasties that preceded Spanish domination. While much of this history is more or less common to all southern Italy, it is a romantic story well worth retelling, and the work as a whole is a travel book of more than common interest. New cities are not discovered every day in Italy, and somewhere within the walls of Lecce the name of Martin Shaw Briggs should be inscribed together with those of Tancred and the others of various races who have in all times disembarked upon this remote shore of the Adriatic, as a peaceful pillager of its pleasant spoils.

EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA. By William Edgar Geil. With 139 Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1911. Net $5.00.

A year or two ago appeared Dr. Geil's volume, *The Great Wall of China,* the record of a trip that made him one of the great travellers of our day. Still another undertaking took him up the course of the Yangtze and into Burma. Two such trips would have satisfied the ordinary explorer, but this one is indefatigable, and each exploit merely serves as an inspiration to others, if possible, still more ambitious than the preceding. Thus he formed the project systematically to "visit each of the *Eighteen Capitals,* and get a first-hand glimpse at every part of this 'Central Glory.' Others know well and closely one province or two, or even three; no one else has set himself to glance at all."

"For many moons yet it is unlikely that others will tread the same track, so we have not written a guide-book," he says. "But we have attempted to give an impressionist sketch of present conditions, noting the flux at this critical time." Most impressive is what he has to tell us of China to-day and of the changes that have been wrought in a generation: "China has for ages studied the arts of peace, and has looked down on mere fighters. Whatever her opinion of them intrinsically may be, she has bowed to present opinion, and has created fighters wholesale. The new educational system includes many military academies, West Points and Sandhursts. Barracks have risen at every great city, soldiers fill them as fast as they rise. . . . Arsenals are in evidence at every great centre; cannons and all other munitions of war are being made within the empire. . . . The whole empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare."

In curious contrast with these modern facts are the bits of superstition and legendary lore which Dr. Geil places in picturesque juxtaposition. He issues a call to the European savant to save what he can, and while he may, of the China of the past, which is fast disappearing. Already the Chinese scholars, ashamed of their fantastic and puerile chronicles, are destroying these records of an obsolete civilisation. A vandal rage seems to possess them against all that has kept them so long in somnolent isolation.



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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Marriage Portion. Keays. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply) $1.30.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Happiness. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.
4. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Finklers' Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Read Out Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Bypaths in Dixie. Cocke. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Safety Match. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Corner of Harley Street. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Six Girls and Betty. Taggart. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quick. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Roger Paulding. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. A Safety Match. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. A Likely Story. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
2. Warning Out in New England. Benton. (W. B. Clarke.) $3.00.
3. The Diary of Gideon Wells. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Dutch Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Historic Inventions. Holland. (Jacobs.) $1.50.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Gallery of Girls. Phillips. (Century Co.) $3.00.
2. When She Was About Sixteen. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Scouts of Pea Ridge. Dunn. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Ginger Cure. Bennett. (Duffield.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Stories from Hans Andersen. (Doran.) $5.00.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Chatterbox. (Estes.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Rational Banking System. Eckardt. (Harper.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Elliot. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Tracks End. Carruth. (Harper.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
5. Sixes and Sevens. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Story of American Painting. Caffin. (Stokes.) $2.70.
3. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) $1.25.
4. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn. Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano's.) $1.50.
2. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferraro. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Touring in 1600. Bates. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Sea-Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Mother Goose. Seale. (Elder.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Feast of St. Friend. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Elinor's Junior Hop. Cody. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Robert Louis Stevenson. Strong. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Testing Fire. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Airship Boys' Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. The Elsie Series. Finlay. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) $3.50.
2. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Field. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Serving the Republic. Miles. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Journal of a Neglected Bull Dog. Blair. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.
2. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
3. Industrial Depressions. Hull. (Stokes.) $2.75.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Four Gordons. Brown. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

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. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
. The Tariff in Our Times. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. Five Great Philosophies of Life. Hyde. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

. The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. Otis. (Crowell.) $1.25.
. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
. A Likely Story. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.35.
. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
. Increasing Human Efficiency in Business. Scott. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
. Finkler's Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.
. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Franz Liszt. Huneker. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
3. Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Burgson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Everywoman. Brown. (Fly.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Dangerous Age. Michaelis. (Lane.) $1.20.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco. McAdie. (Robertson.) $1.50.
3. California, the Beautiful. Elder. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Read Out Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbot. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Umbrella Man. "Dok." Lowmann & Hanford.) 75 cents.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferraro. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Life of Andrew Jackson. Bassett. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.

Juveniles

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

Fiction

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Life Everlasting. Correlli. (Doran.) $1.35.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

Juveniles

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. Recollections Grave and Gay. Harrison. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Studies Military and Diplomatic. Adams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. History of England. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.

Juveniles

1. Peter and Wendie. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Songs for Little Ones at Home. (American Tract Society.) 50 cents.
3. Kittie Rhymes. Hayes. (Jacobs.) $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Spell of Holland. Stevenson. (Page.) $2.50.
4. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Tell It Again Stories. Dillingham and Emerson. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Tommy Sweet-Tooth. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	200
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	187
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	171
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	99
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30	96
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25	67

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